BOOKMAN

SPECIAL XMAS NUMBER 1935

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THE BOOKMAN

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The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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NOTICES.

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A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

When the war broke out Mr. John Morse was in Eastern Germany, but managed to get across the frontier and joined the Russian army as a volunteer. After ten months of continual fighting in Poland and Courland, he was invalided home. He has now written a record of his experiences in "An Englishman in the Russian Ranks," which Messrs. Duckworth are publishing.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. are publishing early this month a lively, seasonable volume by Mr Walter Jerrold, to be called "Jerrold's Jest Book for 1916." A very attractive cover design for the book has been drawn by one of Mr. Jerrold's daughters.

Mr. Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski, whose latest novel "Victory" (Methuen) has been acclaimed by most critics as the best of his books, is the son of a Polish country gentleman, a poet and a patriot, who suffered political exile during many years. His mother shared her husband's fate, and died before he was liberated. Joseph Conrad, as he is known to his adopted countrymen, passed the earliest years after his mother's death in the house of his uncle whom we have met and appreciated in "Some Reminiscences"; later he was educated at St. Anne's School in Cracow. At the age of sixteen, when travelling over Europe with his tutor, he first heard spoken the language that he afterwards adopted. And from the first time he heard it he says he loved the sound of our tongue. Choosing, in despite of much opposition, a seafaring life, he became in due time a master in the Merchant Service. It was at this period that "Almayer's Folly" was written; not because the author wished to write novels, but because Almayer (to whom Conrad had delivered a horse in the sea-going days), and Nina, and Dain Maroola the Arab (a grandson of Tippoo-Tip, whom Conrad encountered while commanding an armed steamer on the waters of the Congo) plainly desired to become a story. They lived and wrestled for birth in the author's imagination. Curiously, Mr. Conrad never wrote a line for print till he was thirty-six; and like many another novelist's first book, "Almayer's Folly" must be a source of perpetual income to the original publisher to whom it was sold for £20. That is not so many years ago; yet already Mr. Conrad is one of the very few living authors whose first editions fetch fancy prices three or four years after their appearance. Mr. Conrad's method of work is to write slowly and revise a great deal. He is a believer in the power of the right word. He seeks for that and finds it. His work contains exactly those minute and rather disarming imperfections which in literature are the evidences of a mind wrestling towards a

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Edmund Dulac,** whose "Picture Book for the French Red Cross," is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

fastidious exactitude; just as in some beautiful handicraft, the hammermarks—to the discerning eye—typify a oving personality, which is staringly absent from the fine gloss and finish of the machine-made article. "Victory," which took two years in the writing, appeared first in an American magazine, and in one of our own evening papers. Last summer Mr. Conrad and his family went from England to visit the town of Cracow, which he had left forty-one years ago in order to take up sea life, and where neither Mrs. Conrad nor their two sons had ever been. Unfortunately the war overtook the party; and only after great delay, through the good offices of the American ambassador, were they enabled to leave Austrian Poland and return to England, where they are now re-established in their delightful old Kentish farm-house, to the content of their many friends and the villagers around them. At present Mr. Conrad is engaged on a long short story. It deals with his first sea command, and, like many of his previous works, is partly reminiscent.

John L. Carter,
whose new novel, "Nymphet," is published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

"Lute-Strings, Laughs, and Shifts of Song" is the title of an interesting volume of poems that Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing in his "Twentieth Century Poetry Series." The author, Mr. Theodore Maynard, a young contributor to the *New Witness*, has entered a Benedictine monastery since he arranged for the publication of this, which is to be his last as well as his first book. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has written an introduction to it.

Rt. Hon. Lord Redesdale (Age 28).
From Lord Redesdale's delightful book of "Memories" (Hutchinson), which is reviewed in this Number

The following interesting letter from a soldier at the front has been forwarded to us by the Syndicate Publishing Company, who publish the British Empire Universities' Modern English Illustrated Dictionary:

"15 Stationary Hospital,
"Med. Exp. Force,
"*October 4th*, 1915.

"I don't suppose you ever expected to receive orders for your Dictionary from the battle line, but it has made its appeal so that a man will turn aside for a moment from the thrilling scene of battle to secure a copy. Let me give you the history. I am sure it will interest you. I received from Wilts a copy of THE BOOKMAN for September. I lent it to a Captain Archibald, who belongs to the Egyptian Army, and who is the bacteriologist out here. He is the pathologist of the Wellcome Tropical Research Laboratories, Khartoum, and I believe one of the leading authorities for Tropical Diseases. He is an exceedingly fine man and has shown great kindness to me, insomuch that when I was ill he took me specially under his care, and I consequently received the very finest possible treatment. I felt a great indebtedness to him, and in this place of desert the only thing I could do was to pass on to him my BOOKMAN,

seeing he was interested in literature as well as bacteria. This morning at breakfast he asked me if I would mind if he cut out the coupon as he wanted to send for a copy of the Dictionary. I begged him to let me send for one for him. Will you please send out a copy addressed :

Captain R. G. Archibald, R.A.M.C.,
Bacteriological Laboratory,
c/o 15 Stationary Hospital,
Med. Exp. Force,

and I will bear the cost, if you will let me know postage, etc.

" I felt sure you would be glad to have these facts rather than just a coupon filled in and returned to THE BOOKMAN, for it will mean that a copy of the Dictionary will lie on the shelves of Gordon College, Khartoum. Khartoum, Egypt, Soudan, these names will picture so much to your fertile imagination. Again, we are on the 'lines of communication' here, and to strengthen the lines of communication in this world battle by your Dictionary seemed a suggestive idea that you might like to work out."

Rev. Richard Aumerle Maher.
Father Maher's powerful novel of modern, social and economic life, "The Heart of a Man," has just been published by Messrs. Pitman.

Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, whose series of beautiful photographs illustrates the book on " Moor Park, Rickmansworth," that Mr. Elkin Mathews has just published, is an American who has for some years past been living in England. Born at Boston, he went to Paris to study painting, but instead of doing so he spent his time in delighted wanderings about that city, visiting its galleries and churches and forming impressions of the streets and the people. Back in America he worked for two seasons at the Ipswich Art School in Massachusetts ; but in the end he devoted himself to the art of photography. " Although I am still a comparatively young man," he wrote of himself a little while ago in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, " I feel that I have lived

Alvin Langdon Coburn.
From his photographic study of himself.

a very full and varied life, and as I look back over my twenty-two years of activity I feel how lucky I have been in my choice of a life-work." In pursuit of what is more a pleasure than a profession with him, Mr. Coburn has travelled much in America and Europe, and has photographed some of the most beautiful scenes in those continents, and many of the

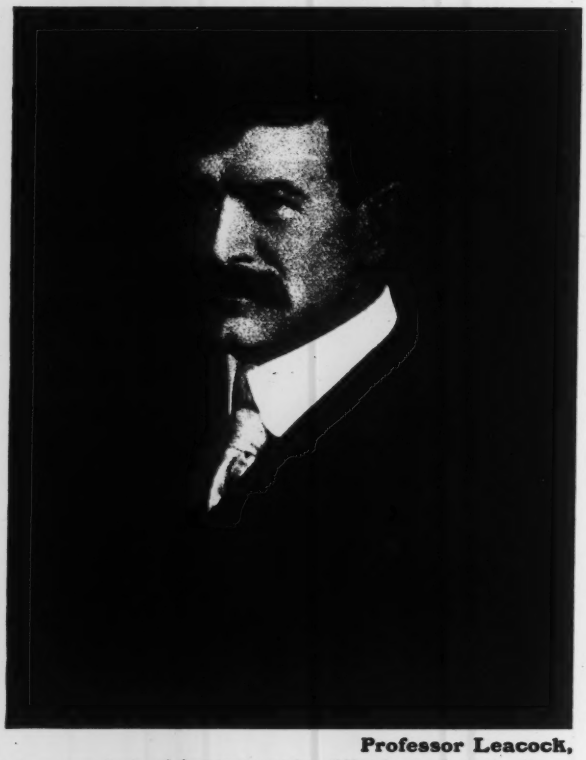
Abbe Felix Klein
whose "Diary ot a French Army Chaplain" (Melrose), is reviewed in this Number.

most famous men of the time—Meredith, Barrie, Shaw, H. G. Wells, Mark Twain, Jerome, Brangwyn, Bernard Partridge, Yone Noguchi—but the list of his distinguished sitters is too long for repetition. In 1906 he gave an exhibition of his work in landscape and portraiture at the rooms of the Liverpool Amateur Photographic Association, and in a preface to the catalogue Mr. Bernard Shaw spoke of him as "one of the most accomplished and sensitive artist-photographers now living. . . . It is Mr. Coburn's vision and susceptibility that make him interesting, and make his fingers clever."

The accompanying portrait of Thomas Hood is one that Mr. Walter Jerrold was unable to trace when he was writing his full biography of the poet a few years ago. Now, not only has its whereabouts been found but the painting is in Mr. Jerrold's temporary possession and we are therefore enabled to give a reproduction of it. In an undated letter from Ostend Hood wrote towards the close of 1837, "I shall be very happy to see Mr. Lewis, and show him all the countenance I can . . . by letting him take my own; but, for my own part, I never got any good of my face yet, except that it once got me credit for eighteenpence at a shop, when I had gone out without my purse." It was probably in December of 1837 that the portrait was actually painted, for on the 2nd of that month Hood wrote to a friend, "At this moment there is an artist on the sea, on his way to come and take a portrait of me." There were at that time three artists of the name of Lewis, but the portrait painter appears to have been George Robert Lewis who died in 1871 at the age of eighty-nine. When Lewis journeyed to Ostend to paint Hood's portrait the poet was suffering from one of his frequent bouts of illness, as he described himself a little later he was "as weak as gin and water without the gin." The portrait, however, was distinctly successful, and there are several mentions of it in his correspondence, "it is said to be very like," "as to my leanness, look at the portrait," and so on. A steel engraving was made from the painting for presentation with "Hood's Own," in the summer of 1838, and that hitherto has been the only form in which the portrait has been known. The engraving has some distinct differences from the original, to which, indeed, it barely does justice; it was probably at Hood's own desire that the book on which his left arm rests was in the engraving inscribed with the name of "Elia."

Mrs. Helen Mackay.

Mrs. Mackay's successful novel, "Accidentals," was published last spring by Mr. Andrew Melrose, who is shortly publishing a book of remarkable war poems by the same author, "London One November."



Professor Leacock,

whose new book of humorous stories, "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy," is published by Mr. John Lane.

Mr. Randal Charlton and Mr. Frank L. Lascot, who have been in close touch with Miss Cavell's family in England, have written an authoritative book on "The Life and Work of Edith Cavell," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

We regret we inadvertently stated last month that Mr. Beckles Willson's official "Life of Lord Strathcona," was to be published by Messrs. Constable. The book will be published by Messrs. Cassell.

Photo by Reginald Haines. *From the Painting by George Robert Lewis.* THOMAS HOOD.

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THE READER.

FRENCH WRITERS IN WAR TIME.

By Winifred Stephens.

IN this war French writers are nobly bearing their share of the national burden. Authors old and young and of all shades of opinion join hand in hand in the national defence. They serve *la patrie* on every field of activity—at the desk, in the hospital ward, among the refugees, on the relief committee, and in the trenches. Many have already perished: some on the field of battle, some like the veteran of 1870, Comte Albert de Mun, have died of their zeal in other war-time occupations. For among the writers of France the burden of years cannot extinguish patriotic ardour, neither can it serve as an excuse for inactivity. We know how Anatole France, undaunted by his three score years and ten, besought the Minister of War for permission to resume the sword which forty-four years ago he wielded against the invader. Since that request was denied him, reverting to a more familiar weapon, he has busied himself in sending letters of cheer and admiration to his younger and more fortunate brethren at the front. I know a French soldier who, in place of the religious medals worn by his comrades, carries as his only talisman, next his heart, a packet of those letters. Some of them, together with other war-time writings by France, have been collected and published in a beautiful volume, entitled "Sur la Voie Glorieuse."[1]

Though twenty years younger than Anatole, Maurice Barrès too was over military age; yet he too applied for permission to serve with the colours, and he too received the intimation that in other spheres of usefulness he might render his country better service. Since then there has hardly been a department of a civilian's war-time activity in which Barrès has not laboured. The ardour he now displays in the cause of national defence comes as no surprise to those who have followed his career through the last twenty years, who have observed the man of letters becoming the man of action, who have watched him emerging from the pure contemplation of his early works, "L'Œil des Barbares" and "L'Homme Libre" into the world of actuality. His multifarious activities even before the war, justified the bestowal on Barrès of that title "Professor of Energy," which he himself invented and applied to Napoleon.

And now, since the declaration of hostilities, all this stupendous energy Barrès has concentrated on the national defence. Herein he toils terribly. All who are fighting and suffering in this gigantic struggle, combatants and non-combatants alike, find a friend in Barrès. Unwearying are his efforts for *le secours nationale* and *la Croix Rouge*, and for that society he has founded for the training and equipment as useful citizens of crippled soldiers. Eloquent and successful appeals on behalf of all these objects Barrès is constantly making in his almost daily articles in *L'Echo de Paris*. He has lately visited the British Army in France and in Belgium; and his newspaper articles describing our home, Canadian and Indian troops have been translated into English for the *Daily Chronicle*.

Even before the war many of Barrès' readers lamented the inroads made by public affairs on that serene contemplativeness which has given us the noblest pages of his prose. It is inevitable that they should now complain that in him, whom they jestingly call *le littérateur du territoire*, the war has spoiled a great writer. For, as a famous English author remarked to me the other day, "the war is making journalists of us all."

Nevertheless, in the journalists' somewhat arid path, along which Barrès' patriotism now impels him, there occur ever and again green and fragrant oases, passages whose delicate sentiment, poetic style and fine romanticism recall the Barrès of "Le Jardin de Bérénce" and "La Colline Inspirée." Such a passage is the essay entitled "In a Lorraine Garden."[2] Here the author tells how there reached him at Paris news that his house in Lorraine, his birth-place at Charmes-sur-Moselle, where, as a boy of eight he had watched the Germans pursuing the French Army after the Battle of Froeschwiller, had again fallen into the enemy's hands. But happily the news proved false. Though the Germans were approaching, though the inhabitants had fled, thanks to the armies of the

Pierre Champion,

author of "Villon Sa Vie et Son Temps," on which, in June, 1914, the French Academy bestowed le Prix Gobert. M. Champion is now sous-lieutenant in a regiment serving in the department of la Somme.

[1] Paris: Edouard Champion. 3f.50. This book is the first of a series published in aid of the French wounded. Two other volumes, "Pendant l'Orage," by the late Remy de Gourmont, and "L'Etang de Berre," by Charles Maurras, have already appeared, while a fourth, "Jeanne d'Arc," by Maurice Barrès, is announced.

[2] It appeared first in *L'Echo de Paris*, then in the volume "L'Union Sacré" (Paris: Calmann Lèvy; 3f.50.), published last summer, and later in "Maurice Barrès—Pages Choisies" (Paris: Larousse; 2f.), the first instalment of an interesting series "Les Ecrivains Français pendant la Guerre," edited by Mdme. Marguerite Baldensperger, and introduced by a Preface and a Biography of the author in French and in English.

XUM

René Boylesve,
the distinguished French novelist who is now serving as *infirmier* in a military hospital.

Generals Castelnau and Dubail, the invaders were diverted and Charmes was saved. Consequently when, during one of his numerous journeys to the front, Barrès was able one autumn day to turn aside to Charmes, he found his childhood's home intact, though the garden *tout rempli du frémissement d'une radieuse journée d'Octobre* was strewn with the trunks and branches of trees which the soldiers had cut down to facilitate their firing.

"Adieu, beaux arbres," he writes, "mes compagnons de cinquante années, qui avez l'honneur de souffrir à la suite de l'élite humaine et d'associer à nos pensées le monde végétal. Je me laissais envahir par cette émotion, difficile à renfermer dans quelques froides lignes, où nous précipite la masse des souvenirs de notre enfance, suspendus comme des niches d'hirondelles au toit de la veille maison. Aucun vent, et les feuilles fragiles par un dernier lien tiennent encore aux arbres. Charmante minute immobile, extrême instant de l'âme précaire des jardins. Ah! que j'aurais aimé demeurer là et qu'il fût permis sans indignité de respirer tant de beauté! Mais nos frères sont dans les tranchées, au péril sous les froides nuits, et tout plaisir, cette année là est vilenie."

And throughout the war Barrès' soul has been in the trenches. He is never content save when moving in the heart of the army, especially of that eastern army, which is defending his own region of Lorraine.

Barrès is one of those who regard war as inevitable, as a permanent condition of humanity. And herein he resembles that other great literary artist Pierre Loti. "As long as two men remain on the surface of this planet," said Loti to the present writer, "they will fight."

Commandant Julien Viaud, better known by his *nom de plume* of Pierre Loti, had retired from the navy some time before the war. Early in 1915 he was appointed to a post in connection with the defence of Paris. In March, entrusted with a mission by the President of the Republic, he visited the Belgian headquarters and had memorable interviews with King Albert and his Queen. His journey through desolated Belgium, the ruins of Ypres and of Furnes, and his conversations with the heroic martyred sovereigns, Loti has described with all the magic of his marvellous art in some of the most beautiful pages written during the war. Never has he displayed more tenderness than when he tells of tiny children in a bombarded town who come up from their cellar hiding place to dance in a ring among the ruins, but who suddenly stop their game and hush their merriment when an elder child rebukes them for playing in such a place of sorrow and desolation.

Since their first appearance in *L'Illustration* these articles have been collected and published in a little book entitled "La Grande Barbarie," published for the benefit of Belgian victims of German frightfulness.[1]

One of the features of the war which most forcibly strikes Loti is the sense of brotherhood, uniting officers and men, which now, so he says, for the first time reigns in the French Army. This solidarity extends beyond the fighting forces to all classes of the French nation. Nowhere is it more marked than among French writers. One of the chapters of his book "L'Union Sacré" Barrès devotes to this *Belle victoire des cœurs qui si reconnaissent et fraternisent quand les intelligences bataillent.*

For the time being at any rate the war has effaced those high barriers which divided the various schools of French writers. It has brought together from the antipodes of French thought cosmopolitans and nationalists, pacifists and militarists, Remy de Gourmont and

[1] Paris: Calmann Lêvy; 2f.

Charles Péguy.
From Charles Péguy's "Œuvres Choisies" (3fr. 50), published by Bernard Grasset, Paris.

Jerome and Jean Tharaud,
two young French novelists now serving with the French Army in Flanders.

Charles Maurras, Gustav Hervé and Maurice Barrès. The war has made strange bedfellows. We can hardly say that the lion has laid down with the lamb, for there is little that is lamb-like in any of these strenuous fighters. Now for the first time in French history we see merging in one broad stream of patriotism those two hitherto divergent intellectual currents of France, one descending from St. Louis, Jeanne d'Arc, Bayard, St. Vincent de Paul, Corneille and Bossuet to Barrès, the other from Rabelais, Montaigne, Molière, Voltaire and Diderot to Remy de Gourmont and Anatole France.

In the attitude of the last two—cosmopolitan and pacifist—writers the war has changed much. The blow it inflicted on his ideals and aspirations has killed Remy de Gourmont. A consummate literary artist and a bold thinker, his complete cosmopolitanism once caused him to write scornfully of certain patriots and even of patriotism. The war convinced him that even those patriots whom he had blamed were serving their country and contributing to that magnificent patriotic movement which has roused in the defence of *la patrie* even socialists, pacifists, and anarchists.[1]

There never was a more ardent apostle of peace than Anatole France, yet even he is a supporter of this war. He has always foreseen it. It requires no very acute reader to detect its hideous possibility lurking behind those pages in which he celebrates peace. As far back as 1908 he said to the present writer: "We shall probably see a great European conflagration, and it will break out over the railway to Bagdad." About the same time in the introduction to "Jeanne d'Arc," while declaring his belief in the future union of nations, he asserted that "to-day none but a madman would maintain that we are assured of a peace which nothing will disturb." Nevertheless, France, like so many others, hoped against hope, he clung to the faith that so terrific a catastrophe must be avoided. And it was this faith which led him to oppose many of the measures taken to prepare for war, for he feared that they would merely precipitate the dreaded evil.[2] Now, however, that the conflict has begun, he is firmly convinced that it must be continued until the end, until Prussian militarism has been completely annihilated.

"Nous aimons trop la paix pour la souffrir louche, fausse ou débile," he writes; "nous la voulons grande et forte, assurée d'une longue et haute destinée. Je l'ai dit dés le début de la guerre, je ne me lasserai pas de le répéter; la paix, cette paix si chère, si précieuse, il est criminel de l'appeler, criminel de la désirer avant d'avoir réduit a néant les forces de l'oppression qui pèsent sur l'Europe depuis un quart de siècle, avant d'avoir préparé le règne august du droit. Jusque là nous ne devons parler que par la bouche de nos canons."[3]

It is impossible in the limited space at my disposal even to mention, let alone to discuss all the numerous books, some of them very significant, which have appeared in France during the war. With the war poetry of France, Mr. Edmund Gosse's admirable article in the July *Edinburgh Review* renders it unnecessary for me to deal. Very interesting in view of the present international crisis is Madame Edmond Adam's book "L'Heure Vengeresse des Crimes Bismarkciennes," which should be read in conjunction with two volumes "Kaiseriana" and "Le Kronprinz," by M. Paul Louis Hervier, a writer for the *Nouvelle Revue*, which Madame Adam founded.

Hitherto we have been concerned entirely with the elder French authors. But what of that young France so much discussed on the eve of the war? Where are her writers? With very few exceptions they have taken their places in the trenches. There they have displayed that energy, that hopefulness which distinguished young Frenchmen in the "bourgeoning century" to use the

[1] "Pendant l'Orage," p. 56.

[2] *See* his article "Pour la Paix," *English Review*, August, 1913.

[3] Letter addressed to a Russian newspaper, *Les Nouvelles*, and quoted in *Le Figaro*, May 2nd, 1915.

Maurice Barrès,
speaking to village children in the Vosges who are going to decorate the graves of French soldiers with flowers.

Anatole France.
From a photograph taken since the war began

expression of one of our own authors. Possibly in the intervals of their military duties many of these young authors are writing. One or two volumes have already come to us from the front. It was the young Le Goffic who, while serving in Flanders, furnished his father with the material for that striking book, "Dixmude." Another young writer André Warnod[1], has published an account of his experiences as a prisoner in Germany.

Not a few of the writers of Young France have already offered up to *la patrie* the last, the supreme sacrifice. The names of these heroes are engraved upon the hearts of their readers. They stand also recorded by the care of three devoted fellow-writers, Messieurs René Bizet, Fernand Divoire and Gaston Picard in an admirable monthly publication, *Le Bulletin des Ecrivains*, edited for free distribution among the French authors who are under arms. This journal bears upon its front page the names of those who have fallen on the field of honour. The list, alas! is constantly growing; it included seventeen names in November last year, fifty in February, and now it is creeping up towards two hundred.

Among these names are some which were just beginning to be known in this country—Charles Péguy, Paul Acker, Emile Nolly, Ernest Psichari, Renan's grandson, that gifted translator of Rudyard Kipling, Robert d'Humières, and André Lafon, whose novel "L'Elève Gille" won considerable appreciation here.

Of Péguy's unique personality and of his curious style, suggestive of a Hebrew psalmist and totally unlike any other ever produced in France, it is difficult to write so soon after his heroic death in the Battle of the Marne. We think of him as the founder and editor of *Les Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, that literary journal to which contributed, in the days of its splendour, the choicest spirits of the new age and some of the elder writers too. "Crainquebille" and "Jean Christophe" both made their first appearance in *Les Cahiers*. Any periodical would be famous of which this could be said. We also think of Péguy as the genius presiding over a literary circle, *la chapelle où il était aimé jusqu'à l'idolatrie*, which met on Thursday afternoons in the little office of *Les Cahiers*, in la rue de la Sorbonne. There I had the pleasure of a talk with him only a few months before the war burst upon France. We think of Péguy as the author of those wonderful mysteries of Jeanne d'Arc, the peasant maid of Lorraine, into whose mouth Péguy put a cry for mercy, a passionate prayer, inspired by the desolation of *la patrie*, which might well arise from many a broken heart in Lorraine to-day. Péguy himself, despite his university education and his literary career, remained, like Carlyle, a peasant, and the most modest of peasants. "Not even a peasant of the Danube," he wrote, "for that would have been literature (*ce qui serait la littérature encore*) but a peasant of the Loire, a wood-cutter of the forest of Orléans." Look at him in that admirable portrait which introduces the volume of selections from his works[2]. There he sits, clad in the long hooded cloak, which the humble wear in France. He has the high forehead, the overhanging brows of a poet and a dreamer, *bien campé sur la terre et toujours prêt a partir en plein ciel.*[3] On his countenance beam serenity and benevolence. We should expect him to be a man of peace. And Péguy himself looked forward to a peaceful though premature old age. Already at forty, so he said, he felt it coming upon him. "Quand je m'en vais déjà les mains derrière le dos, mon parapluie sous le bras, le dos rond je sens monter la courbure. . . . Je marcherai avec mon baton comme les veillards thébains, ces autres paysans. . . . On dira: c'est le père Péguy qui s'en va."

From that Theban old age Péguy was saved by the hero's death, which came to him at forty-four, on the 5th September, 1914, as sword in hand he was leading his men in a victorious onslaught upon the enemy.

There are names in *Le Bulletin des Ecrivains* famous in their own country, but unknown here. One is that of André Fournier, the young novelist, whose sole published volume "Le Grand Meaulnes" is a masterpiece of delicate romance and deep psychology. There are others unmentioned in *Le Bulletin*, the makers of a literature yet unborn. Many of these will survive the war. They will return victorious, they will live to give to the world pages charged with the lessons they have learned. "Livres," writes Maurice Barrès, "issus des plus graves expériences humaines, poèmes chargés des vertus de la bataille."

[1] "Prisonnier de Guerre." (Paris: Eugène Fasquelle.) As we go to press appears in the 15th October number of *The Mercure de France* the first instalment of another prisoner's narrative, "Prisonniers de Guerre" by Emile Xavie. To judge from these two chapters, the story will be striking, and will be told with an Erckmann Chatrian touch.

[2] By kind permission of the publisher of this volume, M. Bernard Grasset, the portrait is reproduced here. See p. 72.

[3] Maurice Barrès, "L'Union Sacré," p. 201.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DECEMBER, 1915.

We regret that as we have been compelled to go to press this year before the last day fixed for sending in papers for these Competitions we are unable to announce the results of the December Competition in our Christmas Number. Results will be given and new announcements made next month.

Photo by Gerschel, Paris.

Maurice Barrès,
de l'académie Française,
Député de Paris.

D'ANNUNZIO.*

By GEORGE SAMPSON.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO has lived to realise at least one of his imagined triumphs. In "The Flame of Life" we meet, as technical "hero," a poet and dramatist named Stelio Effrena, who becomes the lover of La Foscarina, a great tragic actress. The disguise is thin; for La Foscarina is as plainly Eleanore Duse as Stelio Effrena is, not so much plainly as ornately, Gabriele d'Annunzio himself. Well, at the beginning of the story Effrena stands in the Council Hall of the Doge's Palace, with the *Paradise* of Tintoretto on the wall behind him, the *Gloria* of Veronese on the ceiling above him, and all the royalty, nobility and gentry of Venice in the seats before him, and makes a very wonderful and moving oration. Something of this has come true; for not many weeks ago D'Annunzio made a speech to a chance gathering of his countrymen, and urged them in fiery words to decide whether they were to be a nation of hotel-keepers and *ciceroni* and Italy merely the honeymoon habitat of Teutonic brides and bridegrooms, or whether it was to be in its future a country worthy of its mighty past. Very soon after, Italy declared war against Austria. It would of course be rash to say that D'Annunzio's oratory settled the matter; but the event followed so soon, that the speech had quite a pleasant air of being decisive. The reissue of D'Annunzio's stories at this moment has therefore a topical interest. The volumes come to us as the work of one who not only writes novels, but aspires (like every great author) to the laurels of Tyrtæus. A thought of this should give a kindly turn to our reading. In the novelist we salute an ally and the mouthpiece of Italian aspiration.

Photo by H. Le Lieure, Rome. **Gabriele d'Annunzio.**
From a photograph kindly lent by Mr. Heinemann,

D'Annunzio's early work dates a little. He belongs to the Beardsley period, to the happy days of the early 'nineties, when we were so riotously young and so valiantly Wagnerian. How we delighted in that long exposition of "Tristan" in the "Triumph of Death"; "The Flame of Life," though later born, is still faithful—with a difference. Its musical text is "Parsifal"; La Foscarina is likened to Kundry, and the last scene in the book is the death of Wagner at the Palazzo Vendramin-Calergi. The penalty of being up-to-date is that you are so soon out of date. The sense of yesterday in D'Annunzio is really very slight, but it is needlessly intensified by a general introduction, belonging really to an issue of 1898, and smelling quite horribly of that period in its less agreeable aspects. In those prelusive pages, Mr. Arthur Symons enlarges on the Beauty of Unholiness, and the Importance of being Erotic, in terms that had then a vogue. It is quite startling to be confronted with it all again, and to remember that once there were people who took it seriously. I think Mr. Heinemann should have dropped this piece of antiquity. As information it is now hopelessly incomplete, and, in other respects, it has (so to speak) lain in the grave four days.

"The Child of Pleasure," the earliest of these volumes, was written in 1889, and is something of a curiosity. It is worth reading merely for its demonstration of how horribly bad the early work of a distinguished writer can be. D'Annunzio wrote it at twenty-five and it reads like an exaggerated parody of a super-novelette. The hero is handsome, wealthy, noblyborn, a great swordsman, a great jockey, a great poet, a great artist, and an irresistible lover, who suffers what he seems to think unmerited pain through his habit of being in love with quite a number of superbly handsome married ladies all at once. A person arithmetically minded could compile some alarming statistics of the art allusions in this volume. You know the sort of thing. The heroine, whose figure might have been outlined by Titian, and whose face might have been painted by a Flemish Primitive, appears wearing a robe that might have been coloured by Rossetti, and a collar that might have been designed by Van Dyck. Her gaze, which might have been limned by Greuze, is caught by a piece of tapestry that might have been invented by Primaticcio, and she gazes at it with a rapture that might have been painted by Guido Reni, till, with a gesture that might have been conceived by Nijinsky, she turns, knocking down a bronze tray that might have been fashioned by Cellini, with a crash that might have been orchestrated by Richard Strauss. There is quite a lot of this. I think that, unless you want to gratify your curiosity, you had better let "The Child of Pleasure" alone. Mr. Arthur Symons solemnly fathers it upon Pater. The real inspiration is obviously Ouida.

"The Victim," which comes next in order of time, is brief, original, intense, and dreadful. Here D'Annunzio has got over his attack of Ouida and is progressing

* The Novels of Gabriele d'Annunzio: "The Child of Pleasure," "The Victim," "The Triumph of Death," "The Virgins of the Rocks," "The Flame of Life." 3s. 6d. net each. —"The Honeysuckle: a Play in Three Acts." 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

in self-discovery. The climax of the story—it is a long monologue—is the murder of a child by the very device used in one of Mr. Arnold Bennett's early shockers—the stealthy opening of a window to induce pneumonia in a sick person. Mr. Arthur Symons, doubtless with an eye to Raskolnikov, names Dostoevsky as an influence. The influence may be admitted; but any resemblance must be denied. "Crime and Punishment" is a psychological study of a murderer after his act. "The Victim" is the story of a husband driven by hate and jealousy to kill his wife's child—his wife's, not his. In the one case, a murder is the premise, in the other it is the conclusion. Some Russian affinity is plainly indicated by allusions to "War and Peace" and by the inclusion of a character who is a sort of southern Levin; but the whole atmosphere is passionately Italian. I can conceive it told again and told better in verse, in some long Browningesque monologue. "The Victim" is a great advance on "The Child of Pleasure." The extravagance of the earlier book gives place to a tense, stern economy of means, and a swift focussing of the action to the burning point of murder.

"The Triumph of Death" is possibly the best known here of D'Annunzio's novels. It has affinities with "The Child of Pleasure," but it is written by an author who has clearly found himself. In the place of extravagance there is powerful and restrained realism. Story—as in his other books—he has next to none to tell. Temperament illustrated in episode and displayed in description may be taken as the D'Annunzio formula. In "The Triumph of Death" the episodes are specially lurid — for example, the half-witted child, the sick baby in the cottage, the drowned boy, the horrible Lourdes-like pilgrimage of the maimed and diseased. The literary power of the book is remarkable, but it is power devoted to the service of sin and horror.

"The Virgins of the Rocks," written two years later (1896), can be called nothing less than beautiful. It is a real prose poem, a symphony in words, with themes drawn from St. Francis, St. Catherine, and Leonardo da Vinci. It opens with an introductory movement whose motive is Race and the need for Aristocracy as a regenerating force in a world degraded by base equality. Then, with a change of tempo it passes to a graceful, plaintive second movement. In an ancient castle among the rocks dwells a family of the old Italian nobility, driven from the court of the Two Sicilies by the triumph of the Liberators. There are the old prince with his life of defeat behind him, the old princess, mad, the two sons darkly apprehensive of the same fate, the three daughters haunting their garden like Hesperides with nothing to guard, and all lingering out day after day, fading, withering, and waiting, ever waiting—for nothing. Nothing happens to them, nothing can happen. They are ghosts, shadows of the past. How far the thesis of aristocracy as a regenerating force is maintained by this picture of a noble family failing in mind, paralysed in action, and closely cloistered from the world, I cannot pretend to understand. But the book has its power. In these pages D'Annunzio sets forth his belief in Latin greatness and the coming of a New Rome to give laws to a future world of civilisation. It is an anticipation. It figures Europe, the heir of the Roman Empire, against the barbarians of the North. Of the earlier stories we can admit the power, the skill, and even the beauty—of an ignoble and meretricious kind. "The Virgins of the Rocks" must be placed on a higher level. It has not merely power, skill and beauty; it has vision; and in spite of its minor key it has a clear note of faith.

"The Flame of Life" returns to the glitter of the world—the gay world, I was going to say, only no one in D'Annunzio's world is ever gay. Like "The Virgins" this book has its noble and enlarging view of things. As I have already pointed out, it reverts to Wagner, but reverts to him only to show that the Wagnerian vision is essentially German and barbaric, hostile to the warm South whose capital is the Eternal City. The author's æsthetic predilections, so ludicrously excrescent in "The Child of Pleasure," are woven with a master-hand into the very pattern and texture of this later volume. We leave its poet-hero planning a new temple of the arts on the Janiculum, and we remember ruefully that the nearest D'Annunzio has been able to get to the universal art that he foreshadows is a Cinema Drama of the most inflated, egregious and worthless kind.

In "The Honeysuckle" we have the latest addition to the plays of D'Annunzio published by Mr. Heinemann. "Francesca da Rimini" and "Gioconda" we know already. This one is remarkable for its absence of the Italian note. Its atmosphere is rather that of Maeterlinck. It abounds in intimations. Its heroine is a sort of modern Electra or female Hamlet, whose prophetic soul discerns in her mother's second husband the serpent that did sting her father's life, by stealing upon his secure hour with juice of cursed morphia in a hypodermic syringe. In the suggestion of a brooding, fatal atmosphere the piece is highly successful; but I think D'Annunzio would do well to re-write it as a novel. The three acts give him no room to develop the finely-conceived character of the Ægisthus-Claudius murderer.

The interest already taken here in the rather exotic art of D'Annunzio is a little difficult to understand. It is very desirable that we should read the literature of modern Europe, but usually we don't. Why have we taken—with moderate rapture—to D'Annunzio? I cannot say. His pictorial appeal is certainly great, and he has no rival among novelists in the interpretation of art and music. One of the qualities that Italians find most attractive in him, the beauty of his writing, is naturally discounted in a translation, though it is only fair to add that some of these volumes read excellently. Miss Agatha Hughes' version of "The Virgins" deserves special praise. Perhaps the fact that D'Annunzio is a genuine voice of ultra-modern Italy may explain something of his vogue. The Italy of Manzoni's "Betrothed" and Ruffini's "Dr. Antonio" (a book, by the way, that some one ought to re-issue) has now passed away. D'Annunzio, for all his sympathy with the ancient and the mediæval past, represents emphatically the newest Italy, and in the present clash of nations his voice has rung out unmistakeably as the trumpet of a prophecy. So far, nothing that he has written seems quite worthy of his gifts. There is always something to forgive, something, even, to deplore. Perhaps the fiery ordeal of war may purge his grosser qualities and leave him "*Puro e disposto a salire alle stelle*"—"pure and made apt for mounting to the stars."

GORKI.*

BY HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

RUSSIA—largely because she is an unknown quantity, a changeling to the sophisticated, commercialised nations of the West—is the victim of many generalisations. To one altitude she is the demon of corruption, to another the angel of redemption. It is only to a few impartial observers that it has occurred that she may be both—the angel and the demon co-existing side by side in the same personality, neither encroaching upon the prerogative of the other, but showing dominion alternately, like Vice and Virtue in the Morality plays, and Castor and Pollux in the classical legend. To Western minds, with their critical, compromising, intermediate moralities, this true mediævalism of the Russians is almost unintelligible, in exactly the same way that the Greek conception of Dionysus was unintelligible to the Romans of the Empire. I am not the first to point out that modern Russia (that is to say, mediæval Russia) is a kind of re-incarnation of the Dionysan idea. But it is so suggestive and, at the same time, unfamiliar a comparison, that it is worth while touching upon it. Dionysus was, I take it, a symbol of ecstasy. Now, ecstasy is a two-edged sword; it signifies both possession and inspiration. Bacchus, to the Romans, was the presiding deity of festivity; Dionysus, to the Greeks, was both a savage and drunken reveller on the plains of Thrace, and a personification of the divine fire, a representation in terms of health and youth and ruddiness, of mystical rapture and communion with the eternal. Dionysus, in fact, does not so much reconcile as concentrate within himself the early Christian cosmographies of angels and devils. And it is this Dionysan comparison that makes Russia so vitally interesting a nation. Ourselves have none of these exciting extremes, and none of the still more exciting speculations as to which will ultimately emerge—the devil or the angel. We are in danger of neither, and walk in civilised serenity, with the devil on one side of us and the angel on the other.

Maxim Gorki.
From "My Childhood." (Werner Laurie).

I am tempted to these reflections by reading Maxim Gorki's "My Childhood," a book, it is true, in which the demon has the pick of the best dishes, and the angel has to be content with the crumbs. Perhaps Lamb, with his nice sense of form, would have called it one of those books which are no books. For it is disobedient to every canon of art it is possible to break. Its style, methods, composition, and structure are inchoate and anarchic to a degree undreamed of in English letters, if we except the perversities of the Vorticists and their brethren. It is consistent only in one particular—in the unrelieved picture of misery, crime, desolation, horror, madness, and nightmare amid which Gorki passed the susceptible years of infancy. I can no longer wonder that some of his books read like the convulsive agonies of disease. At the period in which the book opens his peasant father is dead, and the household consists of his mother, his grandfather and grandmother, and his uncles. Uncle Michael and Uncle Jaakov have bursts of epileptic fury against one another, and fight literally like wild beasts. One of them besieges the house, with intent to murder all the occupants. The grandfather brings him to reason by beating his head with an iron bar. Maxim himself is frequently flogged into unconsciousness. Uncle Peter, a kind of senile satyr, kills himself motivelessly in the garden. The grandfather crashes his wife's head upon the floor with such demented ferocity that Maxim has to pick the hair pins out of her skull. His mother marries again—a dissolute embezzler called Eugen Maximov. Coming home one day from school, Gorki discovers Maximov kicking his mother in the breast. He tries to stab him with the bread-knife. Squalor, poverty and drunkenness sit round the hearth like evil spectres. The school-children steal timber from the Volga to stave off the pangs of hunger from themselves and their parents. Thieving is an economic necessity for the whole village. No wonder that Gorki "for a long time lived as in a dark pit, despairing of sight, hearing, feeling—blind and half-dead."

And yet these poor, maddened wolves have their moments of supreme spirituality, a spirituality seemingly dissociated from their miseries and brutalities. Sometimes they sing and dance and pray as though in the golden age. They are as capable of sublimity as of bestiality. The old grandmother is the magnet for this spirit. Her husband, whose violence nearly kills her, she regards indulgently as a cantankerous child. If Gorki's mood is of "sullen endurance," hers is an exquisite resignation. Her prayers are untouched by the calamities of her environment:

> "Source of our Joy! Stainless Beauty! Apple tree in bloom! Dear Heart, so pure, so heavenly! My Defence and my Refuge! Golden Sun! Mother of God! Guard me from temptation; grant that I may do no one harm, and may not be offended by what others do to me thoughtlessly."

As Gorki says:

> "As I remember these oppressive horrors of our wild Russian life, I ask myself often whether it is worth while to speak of them. And then, with restored confidence, I answer myself—'It is worth while, because it is actual, vile fact, which has not died out, even in these days;'"

* "My Childhood." By Maxim Gorki. 10s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

or, as James Thomson puts it:

> "Because a cold rage seizes one at whiles
> To show the bitter, old and wrinkled truth
> Stripped naked of all vesture that beguiles."

Whether it is worth while to draw up so relentless a catalogue of horrors, untempered by artistic selection, untransformed by style or personality from photography to painting, is disputable. Gorki, at any rate, must be ranged with the secondary rather than with the first artists of Russia—with Andreieff, Sologub, and Artzibashef. But as light upon the vexed obscurity of the Russian soul and its angelic and demonic elements, its fascinating contradictions, and its quite magnificent hopes for the future, the book is a valuable document.

BRITISH AUTHORS AND THE WAR.

By A. St. John Adcock.

I.

COMING out of a railway-station yesterday morning, I found myself caught in the current of a great stream of soldiers who were pouring into it; and stood aside for them to go by. Then I noticed certain young and elderly women waiting near the barrier that kept the platforms clear. Some of them had children in their arms, or holding to their dresses, and they and the children were poorly clad. Among them, however, were other women, evidently happier circumstanced; you would guess from their gracious manner and appearance that they were not negligible members of society in their own neighbourhoods, but here such social distinctions were lost. They were all just wives and mothers of soldiers. Now and then the soldier this or that one was eagerly watching for would detach himself from the passing stream to whisper hurried words, to say a last good-bye, then tear himself from her arms and hasten on again. I loitered till the platform gate closed after the last man; till the troops were entrained, and the train started, with tumultuous cheerings and waving of hands and caps from the carriage windows, and a waving of hands and handkerchiefs from that group of women, whose tears were terrible to see.

It occurred to me that if all the women there had looked poverty-stricken I should have felt ashamed. In the past, with an easy conscience, we left the poor men of the country to go and fight for it; the hundreds of officers who led them were drawn from the upper classes, but the thousands of men in the ranks all belonged to the lowest class, and we accepted it as the natural and proper order of things. Now that is changed; officers and privates are of all classes, and of none. The Army is a great democracy; we no longer talk any solemn nonsense about one class being born to command and other classes to obey; a new spirit is abroad, and officers and men regard each other humanly, as good brothers-in-arms, the men yielding a ready obedience to leaders whose superiority is an official and not a personal distinction.

You may suspect me—I might half suspect myself of prejudice or sentiment in saying this, so I am glad to be able to take shelter behind the unimpeachable opinion of Sir Evelyn Wood. Glad, but not surprised, for I chanced to be at a military dinner a little while ago where Sir Evelyn was the chief speaker, and he spoke, not like the old-fashioned martinet, but like the great soldier he is, who has tested men and knows that, whatever their rank, they have no higher attribute than their manhood.

"I was often asked in the early days of the war," he writes in an Introduction to 'Sir Ian Hamilton's Despatches from the Dardanelles,'[1] "whether I thought that the men in the ranks were of the same fighting value as those of two generations ago, and invariably answered confidently as follows: 'Yes, just the same at heart, but with better furnished heads. . . . Education has done much to improve the Fighting Services, but the most potent magnet for bringing out the best of the Anglo-Saxon nation is the fuller appreciation of Democracy. The officers, not content with leading their men gallantly, which they have always done, now feel for them and with them as staunch comrades. All ranks are now nearer, geographically, mentally, and morally, than they have ever been before, to the heart of England. . . . In the last half-century the power of appreciating noble deeds and the merits of capable officers has increased. The days are fortunately passed since our senior generals said: 'We find all our officers much of a muchness.' There is now a more generous acknowledgment of the fact that the life of a labouring man is as much to him as that of a peer to a duke's son; there has grown up amongst our soldiers a deeper sense of appreciating valour apart from natural or acquired advantages."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **W. B. Maxwell.**

Read this opinion of a man who speaks with knowledge, and then read somebody's quite honest but ill-informed references to our Army, lamenting that the tramp has now disappeared from our

[1] 1s. net. (Newnes.)

highways, and suggesting that "like the criminal proper, he has enlisted." The suggestion, of course, has no foundation in fact; everybody who is acquainted with our country life knows that as a result of very drastic police regulations the tramps vanished almost completely from our highways some four or five years before the war. The only two British authors of prominence who have said things about us that the Germans have found grateful and comforting are Bernard Shaw and Frank Harris, and we at home know that these gentlemen are not to be taken too seriously. Each has to maintain his reputation for smart writing; it has apparently become such a habit with them that they

Photo by Will Cadby. **Albert Kinross.**

must needs go on doing it in all circumstances, at all costs; and one is inclined to be tolerant with them knowing they are only coruscating cleverly in this blaze of war because they are temperamentally incapable of realising it is not the mere limelight to which they have grown so accustomed and cannot live without.

If they were in any sense representative, their fulminations might have some significance; happily they represent nothing whatever but themselves. The general attitude of our men of letters towards the war is emphatically expressed by H. G. Wells, Hilaire Belloc, Arnold Bennett, Maurice Hewlett, Jerome, G. K. Chesterton, Cunninghame Graham, William Watson, Alfred Noyes, H. M. Hyndman, Thomas Hardy, and many another. But, in the main, if you want to assure yourself of what that attitude is you do not look at what our British authors are saying, but at what they are doing.

The peculiar interest of "*The Times* Red Cross Story Book[1]" is that it is not only a quite exceptionally brilliant collection of short stories, but that the score

[1] (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Charles G. D. Roberts.

of authors who contribute to it have all entered the Army or the Navy since the war commenced, and are now on active service abroad or at home. The stories are a delightfully varied miscellany of humour, pathos, sentiment, or romantic or dramatic narration; the admirable illustrations of Dudley Hardy, Will Owen, and other distinguished artists add very appreciably to the beauty and interest of the volume; but I fancy you will feel that the unique significance of such a book lies in the few words of military description that appear under the name of each author. Here is

Patrick MacGill.

the list of those authors, and it speaks with an eloquence of its own: Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry; A. E. W. Mason, of the Manchester Regiment; W. B. Maxwell, of the Royal Fusiliers; Ian Hay, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; Barry Pain and Cosmo Hamilton, of the Royal Naval Air Service; A. A. Milne, of the Royal Warwick Regiment; Desmond Coke, of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment; Compton Mackenzie, of the Royal Navy; R. E. Vernede, of the Rifle Brigade; Ralph Stock, of the Artists' Rifles; C. G. D. Roberts,

Photo by J Moffat Edinburgh. **Ian Hay.**

of the 16th King's (Liverpool) Regiment; Theodore Goodridge Roberts, his brother, of the 1st Canadian Expeditionary Force; Martin Swayne, Warwick Deeping, and Austin Freeman, of the Royal Army Medical Corps; Oliver Onions and Albert Kinross, of the Army Service Corps. Martin Swayne has seen service at the Dardanelles; Compton Mackenzie is still there. Albert Kinross has been invalided home from France and gone out again; and most of the others are now on duty in the firing line, but one is forbidden to mention the whereabouts of their regiments.

Many novelist-soldiers have been omitted from this book for lack of space or because it has been found impossible, one understands, to get into communication with them. In any case, the number of British authors who have joined our armies as officers or privates since August, 1914, is so large that it would have needed half-a-dozen volumes to accommodate contributions from them all. Patrick MacGill, of the London Irish Rifles, has sketched his officers and comrades, and told the story of his early experiences in the ranks down to the day when his regiment embarked, in "The

Lord Dunsany,
whose new book, "Fifty-one Tales," was published recently by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

Amateur Army,"[1] and since he has been fighting in the trenches, has written a series of vivid impressions of what he has seen and known of the war, some of which have already appeared in the newspapers, and all of which are gathered into "The Red Horizon,"[2] which is to be published shortly. He took part in the recent victorious battle of Loos, and came through it uninjured. Ford Madox Hueffer is serving in the Welsh Regiment; Edward Thomas in the Artists'

[1] [2] 1s. net each. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Oliver Onions.**

A. E. W. Mason.

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Rifles; Hugh Walpole in the Russian Red Cross; Joseph Clayton in the Eastern Foreign Service Battalion; Scudamore Jarvis in the Dorset Regiment; A. J. Dawson in the Border Regiment; Charles Gordon (Ralph Connor) is a Chaplain with the Canadian contingent; Horace Wyndham and Basil Tozer have been serving with the Army Service Corps in France since the early days of the war; Lord Dunsany and Francis Ledwidge, the "scavenger poet," are captain and corporal in the Inniskilling Fusiliers; and on active service in the army or navy are Filson Young, Haldane Macfall,

Photo by E O. Hoppé. **The late Dixon Scott.**

A. J. Anderson, Scott Craven, Roger Pocock, Ward Muir, Scotland Liddell, John Masefield, Charles Inge, Maurice Drake, Stephen Gwynne, Dion Clayton Calthrop, and many another. At least as many, who are beyond military age, are serving in our Citizen Armies, and I have given up trying to count how many, also beyond military age, are enrolled as Special Constables.

II.

One name that will be familiar to all readers of THE BOOKMAN—the name of Dixon Scott—was written little more than a month ago in that Roll of Honour which keeps the deathless record of our dead. His is at least as great a loss to literature as was the death of Rupert Brooke. An essayist of rare charm and distinction, a critic of the keenest insight, the most sensitive feeling for beauty, the surest analytical cunning, his brilliant gifts were fully recognised already by the discerning, and his kingdom seemed only waiting for him to enter into it. "Dixon Scott died before the promise of his richly-endowed personality was quite fulfilled," writes a colleague on the *Liverpool Courier*, to which he was for many years a regular contributor. "He was a magician in words, a lord of language, a creative artist in criticism, a keen observer, and a subtle appraiser of art and life." Sir W. Robertson

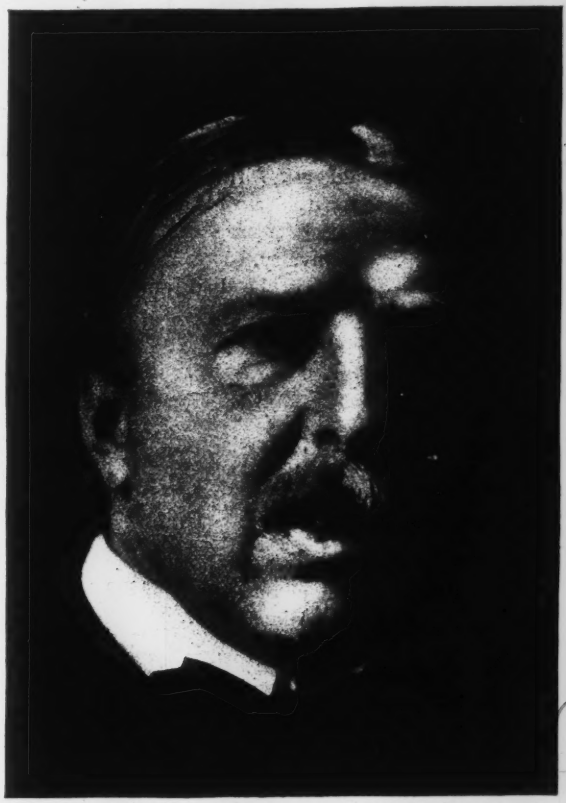

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Ford Madox Hueffer,**

whose two books about the war, "When Blood is their Argument," and "Between St. Denis and St. George," are published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Warwick Deeping.**

Nicoll has spoken of him as "our greatest critic," and nobody who knows his work will feel that the claim is too large. Yet the man himself always impressed you with a feeling that he was only at the beginning, that he had not yet reached his height, and what he had done "was still but earnest of the things that he would do." He laid aside the work that was so obviously his own, and took up his share in the burden of the war from the strongest sense of duty, and in the finest spirit of chivalry. Not robust, his health never quite satisfactory, he had ample excuse for evading service, but had no desire to be excused. He followed the early stages of the war with intensest interest. "It makes this writing business seem too terribly trivial," he said. "I expect I shall have to go. I feel I ought to. Perhaps it's silly to think so much of it—this tinkering with literature makes a man fanciful and sensitive, and apt to take himself too seriously. It makes us overnice when we come up against brutal facts, and unfits us for such a thing as the military life. I don't believe I should ever be able to bring myself to stick a bayonet into anybody. I wonder?"

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch.

He began by giving his services as a volunteer dispatch-rider to a regiment of the Royal Field Artillery; went with them when they went to continue their training at Faversham, and presently being urged to accept a lieutenancy, he did so. He threw himself into his new profession with characteristic earnestness; found the study of tactics and strategy "enormously fascinating," and was glad to revise certain preconceptions of the military career. "I had a notion that it must have a dreadfully stultifying effect on one, and didn't like to think I should develop the adjutant mind and become a sort of man-machine, with no feeling left for anything but drill and system and discipline, and that sort of thing. But there's more humanity in it than that. What you read in the papers about the spirit of comradeship between the officers and men is true, and it's rather fine."

Towards the end of last September he sailed with his regiment for the Dardanelles, landed at Gallipoli on the 2nd October, and on the 23rd died of dysentery, on a hospital ship, and was buried at sea.

If I write no more of him here it is because words seem to lose their meanings in face of such a death as this. One day I hope, before long, the best of his essays and criticisms will be gathered into a book—they ought to be—and these will do more justice to his memory than anything that anybody could say of him.

III.

The war that has been turning authors into soldiers and sailors, has turned some soldiers and sailors into authors. There are no fresher, more graphic, or more entertaining stories of life in the Navy nowadays than you will find in "Naval Occasions"[1] and "A Tall Ship,"[2] by that unknown naval officer who conceals his identity under the pseudonym of "Bartimeus"; there is any amount of high spirits and rollicking fun in Captain R. W. Campbell's tales of the British troops in "Private Spud Tamson,"[3] and in his yarns of the Australians and New Zealanders at the Dardanelles in "The Kangaroo Marines"[4]; and for humour and vivid realism there has been nothing yet to equal the pictures of the fighting in Flanders that you get in the anonymous "Sapper's" two books: "The Reminiscences of Michael Cassiday"[5] and "The Lieutenant and Others."[6] Another book of such stories which will compare with even the best of these is "With the Army"[7]; it is written by another Army officer, a pseudonymous one, and will probably be published before these lines are in print. There is some capital verse, written in a vivid, vigorous vernacular, and pleasantly suggesting the influence of Kipling, in Captain Blackall's "Songs of the Trenches,"[8] where you may learn:

"....the song of the blooming trench:
It's sung by us, it's sung by the French;
It's probably sung by the German Huns;
But it isn't all beer, and skittles, and buns.
It's a song of water, and mud, and slime,
And keeping your eyes skinned all the time."

Or you may read how:

"The Maxim muttered the music,
The pom-pom marked the time,
And the whimper and whirr of the shell o'erhead
Out-voiced a ruthless rhyme.
Oh, the guns all clamoured the chorus,
Both large and small as well,
From "Grandmamma" to the armoured car,
That morning at Neuve Chapelle."

Few of the authors who have donned khaki have had leisure for the writing of books in the last year, and in all likelihood the few who have published any had

[1] 1s. net. (Blackwood.) [2] 1s. net. (Cassell.) [3] 1s. net. (Blackwood.) [4] 1s. net. (Cassell.) [5] [6] 1s. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton.) [7] 1s. net. (Heinemann.) [8] 1s. net. (John Lane

written them wholly or in part in the days before the war. This was so, at all events, with Edward Thomas's "Life of the Duke of Marlborough,"[1] if it was not with his admirable anthology of patriotism, "This England."[2] From Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch we have had that delightful serious-humorous war novel, "Nicky and Nan"[3]; from Albert Kinross one of the happiest of his stories, "The Fortunes of Virginia Bright"[4]; and from Ford Madox Hueffer, "When Blood was their Argument,"[5] a trenchant study of Germany and German ideals, and "Between St. Denis and St. George,"[6] an outspoken reply to pacifists and pro-German apologists.

Rudyard Kipling's two strikingly characteristic books, "The New Army in Training"[7] and "France at War"[8] and Neil Lyons's shrewdly humorous "Kitchener Chaps,"[9] occur to you at once among the war work of authors who have remained among the civilians, but to attempt even the baldest catalogue of all such work by such authors within the limits of a magazine were to attempt the impossible. Already the results of their labours have filled three volumes of Messrs. F. W. T. Lange's and W. T. Berry's useful bibliography, "Books of the Great War,"[10] and if the struggle continues for another year there is every prospect that they will fill three more. From which it is obvious that Germany is unduly optimistic in saying that the British people are tired of the war: they are not even tired of reading about it.

[1] Chapman & Hall. [2] 2s. 6d. net. (Oxford Press.) [3] 6s. (Blackwood.) [4] 6s. [5] [6] 2s. 6d. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton.) [7] [8] 6d. net each. (Macmillan.) [9] 1s. net. (John Lane.) [10] 2s. 6d. net per vol. (Grafton).

LILLIPUT REVELS.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

MRS. STRANG'S "Annual for Baby"[1] will win the hearts of mothers and aunts and all interested in the King of the House by the charming baby on the cover, in whom everyone will recognise a likeness to her special monarch. The pictures in the book are delightful, and they are laid on good stout cardboard, which even the most energetic baby will not easily destroy. The subjects are exactly what they ought to be—viz., Baby's friends among the animals. There is a group of puppies the grown-ups must bow before, and there is some very easy and big letterpress. There will be many babies this year under the shadow of the war—though they must not know it, dear lammikins—and this will solace an hour for Baby in which otherwise he might miss the Perfect Playmate of old.

"The Child of the Sea"[2] is a re-telling for children of the old-world romance of Amadis of Gaul and Oriana, and is somewhat of a departure in the way of children's books. The beautiful old romance, told simply and effectively by Mrs. Littlewood for her children, is far more in keeping with the spirit of these great days than the Christmas books according to the old formula—for in these days here in our own country, our own circle, our own home, very gallant knights and very noble ladies, and chivalry and romance are once more in fashion. I must say a word for the beautiful shadowy illustrations in colours of Miss Honor Appleton. They are entirely in keeping with the dim tapestry of the old romance.

[1] "Mrs. Strang's "Annual for Baby." (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

[2] "The Child of the Sea." By S. R. Littlewood. 5s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

"A Nursery Book of Science"[3] by that old friend of

[3] "A Nursery Book of Science." By the "Cockyolly Bird." 3s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

Honor C. Appleton
Presently the smoke began to clear away, and they saw in the middle of it a serpent, much bigger than the biggest ship in the world.

From **The Child of the Sea.**
(Simpkin, Marshall).

"Long Live the Lady Angele."

From the "Rose Book for Girls" (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton).

the nursery, the "Cockyolly Bird," shows what a wary old bird he is, for he teaches and he delights, and the children will never detect the useful powder in the jam, but will imagine all the time that they are only playing while they are mostly learning. This is a book which will make a special appeal to the good people who like something of work in the children's play, and the most wonderful thing will be that the children—all normal children are curious—will discover in this book that the things of every day are just as full of wonder and delight as any fairy book. There are plenty of pictures—a great number of them gaily coloured.

"Plants We Play With"[1] is not a book of the teaching kind, as one might suppose, but a book of charming flower-pictures with letterpress telling the games the children of the English Midlands play with their playfellows of the fields and hedgerows, games which, with slight variations, are, one imagines, fairly common over the British Isles. The drawings of the flowers and plants have a Japanese delicacy, and since most children, or all children, are born with the country heart, although some have the misfortune to lose it in the city, the book will be a pretty safe choice for a gift-book.

"The Children in Japan,"[2] with illustrations by Willy Pogany, all for a shilling, will take the fanciful child on a fine voyage of exploration to the Land of the Rising Sun. One cannot but believe that Jack and Jill were real children, and that they travelled to Japan by the P. & O. or the Messageries Maritime—unless, indeed, they were born there—rather than by that delicious vessel of Mr. Willy Pogany, which surely is one of the Three Ships that were seen a-sailing. That drawing—and it is one of several—is worth a great deal more than the modest shilling charged for the book.

Baby will never learn his letters in jollier fashion than by the "Animal A.B.C.,"[3] where every letter has its animal doing something, with a little background picture which will make Baby's eyes open very wide. I hope he will not be like a little boy I once knew who knew the thing when he saw it—and spelt out "h-e-n—shicken."

KATHARINE TYNAN.

POST-SCRIPTUM BY PAMELA.

The "Grand Duchess Benedicta"[4] is the first convent school story I have read, and it is a welcome change from the very much beaten track of the average girls' school story. The plot arises out of the desire of several of the girls at the Convent of All Saints to play a trick on one of the nuns, Sister St. John, in order to pay her out for what they consider her undue favouritism of a new girl, Alice Johnstone-King. A new girl, a foreigner, is about to arrive at the school, who is a distant connection of one of the conspirators, Chris Maitland, and Chris, after much thinking, hits upon the brilliant idea of presenting Benedicta D'Argot to the school as grand duchess of a somewhat vague kingdom on the Continent. "You see," she explains, "there are dozens of them in Germany, and Sister

[1] "Plants We Play With." By J. H. Robertson. 3s. 6d. net. (Wells Gardner.)

[2] "The Children in Japan." 1s. net. (Harrap.)

[3] "The Animal A.B.C." By Harry Golding. 1s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

[4] "The Grand Duchess Benedicta." By A. E. Burns. 3s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Iris in Penance.

From "The Grand Duchess Benedicta" (Longmans).

St. John couldn't know them all." The plot turns out an extraordinary success, although eventually it is not Sister St. John who is the victim of it, but the neat girl Marion Langton. The reader cannot help feeling a little sorry for poor, innocent Marie Thérese de Villeroi, who, owing to the fact that she also is a foreigner, is dragged into the plot as a would-be assassin of the much-wronged grand duchess. However, eventually the plot, which has been so successful as rather to alarm the instigators of it, explodes suddenly, and the innocent cause of it turns out to be Sister St. John's niece, which fully explains what the indignant school-girls considered the favouritism shown to her. The life in a convent school is described very truly in this book, which is sure to delight many girls.

"The Rose Book for Girls"[1] is a delightful collection of stories, ancient and modern. The story of Saint Angelé of Hennebon, with which the book opens, is sure to delight girls of all ages, and the high standard is kept up throughout the book. A story by Angela Brazil is always sure of an enthusiastic reception by girls, and her contribution to the "Rose Book" is no exception to the rule. "The Ghost of Biddlecome Manor" produces the nice creepy feeling that only a really good ghost story can give. There is also a very charming story in which a German and an English girl figure, called "Enemies Allied." There are so many stories, each deserving of especial praise, in the book that it would be impossible to name them all, but the book is one to be recommended safely to all readers.

There are many of us who could find it in our hearts to envy the children who even in these days can forget; and the delightful collection of Fairy Tales,[2] edited by Harry Golding, will do its share of war work by giving many little ones whose fathers or big brothers are out in the danger zone, many a happy hour. The stories are told in simple language, so that even the very young children will find no difficulty in understanding them, and the very charming illustrations, for which we have to thank Miss Margaret Tarrant, are delightful little stories in themselves. We are quite sure that all mothers will consider the hours of happiness which this book will give the little ones more than worth the 3s. 6d. they pay for it.

The Christening.

From "Fairy Tales" (Ward, Lock).

POST-POST-SCRIPTUM BY BUNNY.

"THE ARMY SHOWN TO THE CHILDREN."[3]

Captain Atteridge gives an excellent brief description of the composition and organisation of the British Army. Though expressly a book for children, it might well interest older persons. Each department of the Army is here fully described, and the history of each regiment is briefly told. Captain Atteridge describes the work of the Army from its earliest days, and the changes in equipment and uniform. The book is illustrated with about fifty coloured plates, which give it a more realistic touch. The great story of the making of Kitchener's Army is told in a few words, and special reference is made to the beginning and progress of the present war. On the whole, it is a book which ought to attract the keenest interest. It is good to read, and all it has to tell is so well worth telling.

"THE NAVY SHOWN TO THE CHILDREN."[4]

Mr. Percival Histain describes fully the work of the Navy, its different departments, and its wonderful organisation. Like "The Army," a book of the same series, it might well be read with pleasure by children and older persons alike. Reading this book helps one to realise what a tremendous thing naval supremacy is.

[1] "The Rose Book for Girls." Edited by Mrs. Herbert Strang. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

[2] "Fairy Tales." Edited by Harry Golding. 3s. 6d. net. (Ward, Lock.)

[3] "The Army Shown to the Children." By Captain A. H. Atteridge. 2s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

[4] "The Navy Shown to the Children." 2s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

The full history of the Navy is told in its very interesting pages, with special regard to the training of officers, and their duties in the Fleet. Every unit of the Navy, from the Dreadnought to the submarine, is fully described and discussed. It is made clear to you that what the Navy has done for Britain in the past is only equalled by what it is doing to-day. This is certainly a book that will be read with pleasure and interest by both old and young. Like the book about the Army, it is illustrated with numerous first-rate colour-plates that help you to realize everything more clearly.

STYLE.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY, HON. D.LITT.

THERE are many good points in Mr. Rannie's book as well as, perhaps, some not so good; but there is one which, whether intrinsically or completely good or bad, acquires for it special attention. The present writer has a dim and corrigible, but, he thinks, correct, memory of (he thinks again) Sir Richard Burton writing to some periodical nearer forty than thirty years ago, and congratulating it on having published a review of a dogmatic character, "as contrasted with the æsthetic stuff now rampant," or words equally Burtonian, to that effect. It is, of course, perfectly true that at that time, and since (nay, for a considerable time earlier) purely dogmatic criticism has been in the minority. Coleridge began the revolt against critical dogma, though he did not invariably carry it out; Hazlitt was its Danton if not its Robespierre; Mr. Arnold rather tried reaction in principle than observance of it strictly in practice; Pater brought the purely æsthetic handling to something near its farthest in at least one direction. Nor has all the other revolt of twentieth against nineteenth century been really dogmatic. Even Signor Croce, the greatest of our living dogmatists in criticism, dogmatises æsthetically or founds dogma on æstheticism—whichever phrase he prefers. And side by side with the æsthetic tendency there has grown up the historic; indeed, the two, in persons of any mark, have rarely been disjoined, though the union in some cases, especially Mr. Arnold's, has sometimes been considerably *ad libitum*, and has even permitted itself an almost complete divorce now and then.

Mr. Rannie's way is different, and in more than his title it reminds one rather forcibly of the late Professor Bains: though he has humour or common sense enough to refrain from insisting that "the occasion [of kissing] should be adequate, and the actuality rare." His book is compact of classification and definition: it proceeds entirely as M. Brunetière once said, "*par cases et par compartiments*," and every compartment is headed, or, so to speak, labelled, by a definition.

Now definitions are capital things in their way, and a method which proceeds by them is, at any rate, safe from the intolerable "woolliness" which characterises some modern treatments of the critical kind. But "the feelings are" not the only "dangerous guides," though Amy's mother may have found it to her interest to suggest this. For instance, quite early in Mr. Rannie's book we come across the following, which though not exactly a definition, is at least a contribution towards one: "Another great difference between poetry and prose is that the former favours literary egoism, while the latter favours literary utilitarianism."

Now this is certainly handy, and it sounds authoritative. But will it work out? Certainly some poetry is more egotistic than some prose; perhaps there is in proportion more egotistical poetry than egotistical prose. In one form of poetry—lyric—egotism certainly dominates, though, perhaps, not so exclusively and essentially as some critics would have it. But are these predominances sufficient to create any real crucial *differentia*? Homer is generally considered not a bad and even a curiously "pattern" poet; is he egotistic? Montaigne is something of a protagonist in prose. There is certainly an immense amount of egotism in him; but is there much "literary utilitarianism?"

This is the perpetual danger of these systems of classification and definition in such an undulating and shifting matter as literature. When you once get beyond the eternal and immutable characteristics of form, your material is perpetually slipping and sliding and changing colour and substance under your hand.

Not that Mr. Rannie disdains form. He rather apologises for not doing so. "We must not be too ready"—let him reassure himself as far as some quarters are concerned—"to say that metre is not the essential difference between poetry and prose." He thinks it "seems childish" to dignify metre in that way, though he argues that is not really so. But as this odd apologetic shows, he cannot be happy with this "childish" faith, and must have his good, thick, strong, stupefying "incense-smoke" of proposition and definition and distinction, and everything which ends in "'tion," to soothe and satisfy him.

So, at the other end of the book, he lays it down that there are three ideals of the novelist—lucidity, proportion, and truth to life. Now it certainly will be good that the novelist should have all these three ideals before him. But only the third is in any way distinctive of his art; and even it he shares with all the other "imitative" branches of literature and other arts as well. There is nothing in the smallest degree "proper to him" in "lucidity," though, despite the example

* "The Elements of Style." By D. W. Rannie. (Dent.)

A Bomb-proof Shelter.

From "The Army Shown to Children" (Jack).

of one famous novelist, at least, he ought to have it. So ought everybody who writes on any subject in any form. "Proportion" may seem (especially to those who set much value on plot) more individually appropriate, yet some capital novels have very little of it; a novel may be carefully proportioned and yet—the unpardonable sin—be dull; and, again, most, if not all, classes of literary work should observe proportion as well as they can.

Nobody but an ignoramus or a fanatic now speaks disrespectfully of the Schoolmen: yet few persons of good information and sound judgment fail to see the weak points of scholastic treatment. Among the weakest of these are undoubtedly the multiplication of "'nesses and 'tudes and 'ties" which Hobbes bombarded; the endless criss-crossing and schematising of "qualities" which, to some extent no doubt, was derived from Greek rhetoric, with its equally endless subdivision of "figures." One thinks again of the Aberdeen professor's "intellectual" and "emotional" qualities of Style, which have made such sport for other professors and for students with some dialectical faculty. Mr. Rannie, as was said above, avoids his master's astonishing want of the sense of humour; but, as has been partly shown, he lays himself open in the same way to constant distinctions, objections, and counter-theses. One asked, for instance, in reading the old book, whether such a classification as "figures founded on contiguity" had any real justification, imparted any real intelligence, served, in fact, any purpose at all except the construction and labelling of a new pigeon-hole, the contents of which, in most if not all cases, might just as well go into another or twenty others. We turn to the new, and we read that "*Fitness may overpower archaism,*" and further "that standards of fitness vary, and are chiefly determined by considerations of *religion, modesty, humour* and *learning.*" At once the inexorable critic feels bound to point out that the second proposition weakens the first very much; that the first itself is more oracular than illuminative; and that the third is almost startingly inadequate, because it excludes Expression altogether, and gives a scanty, a rather haphazard, and an exceedingly ambiguous list of Matters. For instance, how does "religion," by constituting fitness, combat archaism? One of the ways—the fact that religious formulæ hold the ground unchanged longer than others by constant public repetition and early inculcation—is, perhaps, the most important of all. But the context shows that Mr. Rannie is hardly even thinking of this.

The fact is that no book can consist exclusively of formulated and categorical propositions like these without inviting that polite, but peremptory, denial which Mr. Carlyle couched in a famous phrase. Such denial, with the resulting argument, is, no doubt, now and then quite a set-off to literary study: but when a book consists entirely of occasions for it the thing gets wearisome.

There is also a further danger about it—that it is almost impossible for the writer to escape occasional—one is almost inclined to say constant—platitude.

> "For it is no paradox to say that archaism of this kind—archaism, such as that practised by William Morris or Mr. Maurice Hewlett, is as much a phase of an accomplished contemporary writer's idiom as a less self-conscious and more colloquial diction."

Certainly it is not paradox; but it may go near to be thought to come under the letter *p* on the other claim. Or take another:

> "From these sentiments arose the Revolution, an event of mighty consequence, and the foremost foundation of British liberty." "*In this sentence the appositional phrases almost amount to a definition of the Revolution.*"

The italics are ours, and we should like to have Mr. Rannie's definition of a definition.

Nothing is farther from the intention of the present critic than to put off such a book as this with a jibe. It contains careful and often intelligent thought on an interesting and important subject; it is a praiseworthy attempt at systematic treatment of that subject; and if the student knows enough about the matter not to be taken in by its unconscious fallacies, and not enough to have anticipated its sounder conclusions, it will undoubtedly do him good. But it is rather a "contribution" to literary criticism than an "introduction" to it; its apparent system too often resolves itself into a deceptive (though never intentionally deceptive) agglomeration of propositions, both disputable and not really connected; and a large part of it is only busied with "Style" in such a wide and vague sense of that, no doubt, rather treacherous word, that a rigorous blue pencil would reduce its bulk very materially.

XUM

New Books.

STEVENSONIANA.*

In a letter written to Mr. (now Sir) Sidney Colvin while on the s.s. *Janet Nichol* in the spring of 1890, Stevenson tells him that he was "sharply ill at Sydney, cut off, right out of bed, in this steamer on a fresh island cruise, and have already reaped the benefit. We are excellently found this time, on a spacious vessel, with an excellent table; the captain, supercargo, our one fellow-passenger, etc., very nice; and the charterer, Mr. Henderson, the very man I could have chosen. The truth is, I fear, this life is the only one that suits me; so long as I cruise in the South Seas, I shall be well and happy—alas, no, I do not mean that, and *absit omen!*—I mean that, so soon as I cease from cruising, the nerves are strained, the decline commences, and I steer slowly but surely back to bedward." It is an account of this voyage in the *Janet Nichol* which lasted from April 11th to July 25th that Mrs. Stevenson now gives us as a delightful complement to her husband's works. It is in the form of a diary, and was originally intended to be a collection of hints to help her husband's memory where his own diary had fallen in arrears. That is a very modest estimate, and whatever the intention it has been capitally compiled and will be welcomed wherever there is a Stevensonian. Even if R. L. S. had never written a word himself, Mrs. Stevenson's unpretending volume would be very attractive on its own account, not only by reason of the delightful descriptions of the many groups of islands visited, but also by making us intimately acquainted with such a number of picturesque and vastly interesting people. The supercargo and "our fellow passenger" were Ben Hird and Jack Buckland, to whom, along with Harry Henderson, Stevenson dedicated his "Island Nights' Entertainments." In the whole book there is nothing with which any one could find fault except that there is no index and that on the ship's arrival at Namorik, one of the Marshall Islands, the only incident noted is that "Louis went on shore and met a wicked old man who afterwards appeared in the 'Beach of Falesa.'" Who that has read that most fascinating story would not wish to know as much as could be gleaned of that consummate villain, Case; for it is to be presumed that it is he whom we are to understand by the phrase, "a wicked old man." He is certainly one of those "persons one would wish to have seen." Nor is he the only one. Tom Day is another—the man who took pleasure in representing himself as "the most desperate of ruffians." This is his story as related to Stevenson:

"A native had shot at him without provocation. Some one said, 'Don't shoot; it's a white man.' 'A white man can cut a bullet as well as another,' was the native's reply as he fired. Tom put his hand to his ear, found that a shot had grazed it and his head, and the blood was running from the wound. Infuriated, he rushed into the house for his rifle, but when he got back the man, frightened at what he had done, had disappeared. Tom tried to persuade the people standing about to go after the man, pinion him, and fetch him back to be tried. To this they objected; they could not get him, they said, as he was a chief and had people to protect him. One of the men came close to Tom. 'Better we kill him,' he said, in a low voice, which Tom imitated. 'If you do,' was Tom's answer, 'fetch me the head.' Then turning to us with an apologetic air he explained that 'If I had not asked to see the head they'd just have gone and killed some poor inoffensive fellow, and I'd never have known the difference.' That night he was called up by the men who had the head, sure enough. 'I made 'em stick it up on the wall,' said Tom, 'and then I got a light and looked at it. I jerked it down and slung it as far as I could; and, by golly, the old woman was in the way, half scared to death, and it took her on the side of the head and knocked her down, and I had to pour three or four pails of water over her, for she had fainted dead away. And after that,' he continued with an air of virtuous indignation, 'they wanted to make trouble about it in Sydney—they said I had killed a man. What did they mean by it, I'd like to know? I never killed no man; I only told them to fetch his head so I could be sure it was him.'"

He certainly did not malign himself by representing himself as "a most desperate ruffian." Tom had been a sailor, and had deserted from three men-of-war. Such is the kind of characters one comes across in voyaging through the South Seas.

Here is another creepy story:

"Speaking about the superstitions of Penrhyn [one of the Manhiki Islands], Mr. Hird recalls the following grisly incident that occurred when he was stopping on the island. A man who was paralysed on one side had convulsions which caused spasmodic contractions on the other side. One of the sick man's family began at once to make a coffin. 'But the man's not dead,' said Mr. Hird. 'O yes,' was the reply; 'he's dead enough; it's the third time he has done this, so we are going to bury him.' Mr. Hird went to the native missionary, but his remonstrances had no effect; he kept on protesting until the last moment. 'Why, look,' he said, 'the man's limbs are quivering.' 'Oh, that's only live flesh.' The belief was that the man's spirit had departed long before, and the devil who wished to use the body for his convenience had been keeping the flesh alive. Mr. Hird thinks that the man was insensible when buried and must soon have died."

It would be giving an erroneous idea of this appealing book if it were to be supposed that the foregoing excerpts forms its only kind of attraction. It is brimful of varied interest from the first page to the last. As it is stated to be but a *part* of the diary kept by Mrs. Stevenson during the cruise, it is to be fondly hoped that we may be favoured with a further instalment. It is beautifully printed, and well illustrated with photographs never before given to the public.

S. B.

* "The Cruise of the *Janet Nichol*." By Mrs. R. L. Stevenson. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

A PRINCE OF MEMOIRISTS.*

Louis XIV. had many spies about his brilliant Court, but none so indefatigable as the Duc de Saint-Simon, who spied, however, neither for the king himself, nor for his own mercenary ends—though saddled all his life with colossal debts—but for the empty praise of posterity. Fired by the works of earlier chroniclers, who had already enriched the literature of France with a matchless series of historical memoirs, beginning with Villehardouin at the close of the twelfth century, and continuing through the ages with Froissart, Commynes and others, he decided worthily to follow in their footsteps. Saint-Simon was only nineteen when he formed this resolve in 1694, and for generations he made it his business to keep his eyes and ears open, and jot down his daily notes with that object in view. Failing to make a name for himself in the great world of affairs in which he moved, and in which he had exceptional opportunities as the son of one who had been a favourite of Louis XIII., he saw his surest hope of fame in studying "the insects of the Court," and telling posterity exactly what he thought of them. Boswell was not so minute or assiduous in collecting materials for his portrait of Johnson as was Saint-Simon in preparing these memoirs of the French Court in the last twenty-four years of Louis XIV. and the days of the Regency. "He wrote like the devil for immortality," declared Chateaubriand.

Lest anyone should pry into his secrets he kept his monumental manuscript under lock and key—no small matter, since the work gradually assumed such proportions as to make twenty volumes when at length it was published in its first authentic edition in 1829. The memoirs were known and discussed long before that. The duke's cousin, the Bishop of Metz, claimed the manuscript after Saint-Simon's death, and though the Government impounded it on the ground that it might contain State secrets—the author having been employed as an ambassador on one occasion—it was borrowed at times by the favoured few, affording endless amusement to Madame de Pompadour, Voltaire, Madame du Deffaud and others. When first published in full in 1829 it created an immense sensation, six editions, each in twenty volumes, being exhausted in the first twelve months. Saint-Simon's faith

* "Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon." An Abridged Translation with Notes. By Francis Arkwright. Illustrated. 4 vols. 10s. 6d. net each. (Stanley Paul.)

in himself and his work was justified. His memoirs have not only immortalised his name but have also furnished modern historians of his age with much of their choicest material. Like the old three-decker, however, they have long since lost their popularity. No one, save the very serious student, has time nowadays to wade through twenty volumes of Saint-Simon, with his dreary interludes of discussion on points of precedence and etiquette that drive the modern reader to despair.

Bombardment of Liège.

From "The Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon" (Stanley Paul).

If ever a work needed pruning for present-day needs it is this; not so much because it is occasionally coarse —Saint-Simon himself was a pattern of respectability and turned down these occasional leaves with a blush—but because so much of it is choked with superfluous matter which prevents us at times from seeing the wood for the trees. Mr. Francis Arkwright has pruned severely in this new translation, eventually to be completed in six volumes —making some 3,000 pages in all, judging from the average of the four volumes already issued—and though he has not succeeded in removing all the unnecessary undergrowth, he has cleared a passable course for which students of history will be grateful. It is doubtful whether the general reader of to-day will take to Saint-Simon even in this abridged translation. He prefers the racier memoirs of those modern authors who, as Mr. Arkwright says, dig into Saint-Simon as into some vast rubbish-heap, in search of jewels wherewith to adorn their own writings.

The real value of the new translation lies in the fact that it furnishes the English student for the first time with an adequate version of a work which is now much too long to be read in its own language. The older translations were pruned more severely for the special benefit of the general reader, but the continuity of the narrative was necessarily not so well preserved as in the present case. Here the translator has made a point of omitting nothing which throws any light on the history and manners of the time, and the publishers have done their best in producing the work in an entirely worthy manner. With an adequate index to the completing volume—much will depend on that—Mr. Arkwright's version is destined to become a standard reference book on the period for English students.

The golden age of Louis XIV. was waning when Saint-Simon, piqued through being passed over for promotion, resigned his commission in the army to begin his more fitting career as an industrious observer and chronicler at Court. His military services were unimportant, except that he claims to have saved the life of his father-in-law, the Marshal de Large, while that warrior was commanding the army on the Rhine. This was after the doctors had despaired of the Marshal's recovery from a serious illness, Saint-Simon taking upon himself to administer "English drops," the chief ingredients of which included dried vipers and powder made from the skull of a man who had been hanged. Yet he could scoff later on at the Duke of Orleans' dabblings in astrology. It is not until the Duke gets well into his stride that he really grips our interest to-day. Then he peoples the courts and corridors of Versailles with a moving throng which passes and repasses until the whole scene springs to life. No one escapes the closest scrutiny. In the confidence of many of the most influential personalities Saint-Simon was specially intimate with many of the ladies of the Duchess of Burgundy's household. These born gossips did not scruple to reveal all the secrets of their own circle, as well as much that went on in the mysterious sanctuary of Madame de Maintenon, whose power over the King and Court, under the influence of the Jesuits, was at its height when the memoirist first repaired to Versailles. Often we are transported to places far removed from Court life with its scandals and gossip and interminable disputes as to privileges and precedents, and the position of "the bastards," upon whom the author never tires of heaping his honest hatred. The side-lights on the campaigns in Flanders in particular possess a new and special interest at the present time, when France and Britain are fighting side by side over ground which, as foes, they saturated with their blood some four hundred years ago.

F. A. MUMBY.

PHASES OF LIFE AFLOAT*

If one has an especial fault to find with this latest novel of Mr. Noble's it is that he drives his purpose home too ruthlessly. The story itself is as human and real as it need be. Its men and women are all alive, though they lack the little characteristics that make individualities; they live, suffer and are joyful mainly by the dint of their author's manner of biting them and their actions into our imaginations—as is the case with all Mr. Noble's characters—and, perhaps because we have known their like in real life. All the same, the book contains rather too much of the "purpose," *i.e.*, the injustices and the fatuities under which Merchant Service captains and officers have to do their work.

Denis O'Hagan—young and stalwart and than whom

* "The Bottle-Fillers." By Edward Noble. 6s. (Heinemann.)—"Pirates: With a Foreword and Sundry Decorations." By Lovat Fraser. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

a better fellow never trod a ship's deck—is returning home, from America, in the *Sphinx*, a crank-steamer of which he is master. She has a deck load of machinery, etc.: First injustice, for the time is winter, and the tramp has a sou'-west gale on her quarter. These cases break adrift, with the fairly inevitable result of material damage, injured men, long hours in battling against the savage, inboarding seas, and utter personal exhaustion. So that both O'Hagan and his sterling chief officer are knocked up entirely when they should both be on the alert for their landfall. Under these circumstances it was only to be expected that the ship would go ashore, which she does, and master and mate have their certificates suspended for losing the vessel—second injustice, which is made worse by the two men being put on Lloyd's Black List, thus prevented practically from getting a living. The next injustice is that to all intents and purposes they are tried by a common magistrate, who scarcely knows the head from the stern of a vessel.

Now all this is true to Merchant Service life to-day—alas! that it is so true. And in stating the real thesis of the novel no word has been said of the masterly way in which Mr. Noble puts his case—*i.e.*, that wallowing in the gale, the half-futile efforts of the crew to correct the ravages of the unwieldy deck cargo, etc. As to the trial of O'Hagan and his mate, officially termed an "inquiry," this is given with surely too much reportorial fidelity—far less of it would have served the same purpose and not have retarded the story in this undue fashion. However, from this point in particular we plunge into the outcropping ups and downs, the hard fighting of Denis and his equally brave and wholly charming young wife. We see the crushing difficulties of his situation; we recognise the reality of it all; we are carried along by the tense nature of the writing, even when the story moves but little; and we know that this is an uncommonly fine and human novel. But we rebel emphatically against the drowning of Denis and Lucy at the end. We like them so much; they have suffered so much; the "purpose" does not need their death; and so far as novel-writing is concerned this harrowing end, grim and nature-savage though it be, is both needless and inartistic.

At the first glance one hardly knows what to say of Mr. Lovat Fraser's reissue of the 1735 "History and Lives of all the most Notorious Pirates and their Crews," with the "Twenty Beautiful Cuts, being the Representation of each Pirate." "Beautiful!"—crude, grim, woodcut caricatures of that day! Yes, it was certainly good to put these in; they play up so much to the generally accepted notion of those bloody highwaymen of the deep. As to the "Lives," there are just a dozen of them, including, of course, the best known, such as Avery, Kid, Teach and England. They are treated in a quaint, impressionist manner that is quite entertaining on its own account. They are quite artless, and appear to have been written by a ship-master who knew more about his subjects than he gained by any honest calling. Yes, on the whole it was wise to republish the book; and Mr. Fraser's "Foreword" shows that he has more than a smattering of his subject. Yet, whilst he was about it why did he not give us that bigger, comprehensive work on piracy which is waiting to be written, and "embellish" it with such "decorations" as make the best of this book?

J. E. PATTERSON.

LOOKING FORWARD.*

For the past half century Mr. Hyndman has been the leader of British Social Democracy, concerned, primarily, with questions of social reconstruction. But he has not limited himself to abstract theories; he has been interested in international affairs of every kind. Thus he was one of the first public men to declare that Germany meant to make a bid for the military overlordship of Europe, and that, if we would avert such a calamity, we must have an armed nation to oppose to the drilled, trained, and armed millions of Prussian Junkerdom. That he so signally failed in his efforts need not surprise us. His lack of success in the political sphere naturally led to failure when he tried to persuade, or goad, the public to move in other matters.

Circumstances, however, have proved that Mr. Hyndman was not a mere scaremonger when he was fulminating against Germany, and he now claims that he was no visionary when he declared that the co-operative commonwealth of his desire would come before most people expected. The war has shown us that certain industries are vital to our national health if not to national life. "No one complained when the Government, acting as it averred, in the national interest, took control of the whole of our railway system"; the assumption being that the Government should also have taken over for the nation, or, at any rate, nationally controlled, all other national industries, such as shipping and mines. Not that he is satisfied with the part the Government has played (Mr. Hyndman believes in never being satisfied); he thinks there has been too much of the taint of bureaucracy about it all. But, in spite of this, "far be it from a Social-Democrat, of necessity a philosopher, a collectivist, and a man of peace even at the price of war, to cavil at the use of the nation's resources under national management for the benefit of the realm."

As for the future, we must work to justify the position it is hoped our soldiers will win for us in the world. Democracy must have more than mere lip service paid to it. Our whole social structure must be refashioned, and the refashioning will take much time and labour. "The mischiefs bred of generations of apathy and neglect cannot be remedied all of a sudden to meet a set of circumstances that ought long ago to have been seen and prepared for." In education, in matters pertaining to public health and physical well-being, root reforms are necessary. Our industries must be reorganised for the benefit of the nation and not run for the enrichment of a section of society. Slum areas must be abolished, and our towns and cities made fit for decent people to live in. In short, Mr. Hyndman demands the collectivist State for which he has so long laboured. England, he says, is now acting, to a great extent, under a system of State Collectivism; but it is an exceptionally bad system, hastily adopted to meet certain urgent requirements, inchoate and ill considered. It must be developed into a sane, scientific system. War is teaching us much. The people are learning that if certain modifications of our economic laws and of our political constitution are necessary to preserve the nation in a time of danger from outside sources, the same modifications may be necessary to give the nation health in time of peace. "What has been forced upon the nation, as a temporary expedient in a time of stress and strain, will be carried to complete fruition, so soon as the people comprehend what has been done." With some of Mr. Hyndman's opinions and assertions we are in complete disagreement, but he has written an excellent book, which should find a ready sale among that vast mass of liberal-minded people that concerns itself with the progress of democracy and true national development.

R. K.

* "The Future of Democracy." By H. M. Hyndman. 2s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY*.

It is true, if trite, to say that the days before the war seem "incredibly remote," but it is well to remember that the remote is not necessarily the irrelevant. At first it seemed as though the things that were our concern before the descent of the flaming sword could never by any possibility interest us again; and, indeed, ought not to, on the theory *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. All our recent activities had been vicious, a direct summons to Armageddon. In the arts, for instance, all that welter of movements—cubism, vorticism, imagism, and so on—in which we had

* "Vanishing Roads." By Richard Le Gallienne. 6s. net. (Putnam.)

THE QUEEN'S GIFT BOOK

From the painting by William Llewellyn, A.R.A., in Buckingham Palace.
A half-tone reproduction of the colour frontispiece from "The Queen's Gift Book." Published in aid of Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospitals for Soldiers and Sailors who have lost their limbs in the war.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

H.M. QUEEN MARY.

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been indulging was in some curious way an irritant to the dogs of war and utterly poisonous to good living. Let us therefore be thankful to be out of it, even at the price we were paying, and turn our back on æsthetic iniquity for ever, seeking salvation in patriotic poetry and a reversion to the ideals of Martin Tupper, who, by the way, was himself a war poet.

But it was not long before we grew a little ashamed of this frantic, romantic cry of "*Mea culpa*," and realised that it was the war itself, and not the things which it had interrupted, that was unhealthy, and that "business as usual," whatever it might be in commerce, was a good maxim so far as the arts were concerned, however difficult it might be to put in practice. The pictures and poetry and music which were produced in the last few years were discovered, by those who still concerned themselves with such matters, to be absolutely, if not relatively, as important or as insignificant as they had ever been. We gave up resenting the appearance of new works of art, and the critical formula, "In other days this would have been interesting," and its variants, fell into desuetude.

But the things which have grown old-fashioned by a natural process, and not by reason of this disgusting and yet ridiculous accident, are another matter. The evolutionary, or, rather, the cyclic change of fashion, is a phenomenon of which it is perfectly legitimate that criticism should take cognizance, for it is an essential element in the appreciation or depreciation of a work of art. And nothing latterly has seemed so *démodé* as the typical work of the last generation, the generation whose heyday was in the mid-'nineties; who produced the "Yellow Book" and the "Savoy," and whom, for the sake of convenience, we call decadents. They were so remote from life, these spinners of exquisite webs, these amateurs of exotic emotions; and we were so strenuously, even robustiously, in love with life. The truth was not in them.

And yet—was it not? Or at least as much of it as is in our own contemporaries? It is difficult for any generation to be just to the one before. It owes it too much, and is in reaction against it. We have battened on the work of our predecessors until it has become trite to us. We have gone through its experiences vicariously until we have tired of them and want fresh experiences of our own. There is probably not one of the Georgian poets but has his decadent juvenilia locked away in his desk; and one is ashamed of one's juvenilia.

But that is not to say that Mr. Arthur Symons was further from the truth than Mr. Chesterton or Mr. Wells, or, to take a younger example, Mr. Gilbert Cannan. He saw things from a different point of view, that is all; and it is a point of view which we have for the moment deserted. No doubt we shall come back to it, and it may be that, as a direct result of Armageddon, some will return to it sooner than they would have done in happier circumstances. That aristocratic detachment from life, the cult of beauty for its own sake, the turning in despair from the general to the individual problem, will doubtless be the refuge of many sensitive minds.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has never deserted the old point of view. He was a secondary star in the constellation of the decadents in their brightest years, and he still "keeps their fallen day about him." He has become an American and, as he confesses, middle-aged, but he still loves the Golden Girl, and who shall say that the quest of her is not at least as permanent and authentic a quest as the quest of social justice, which absorbs so many of our younger knights-errant? He is still thrilled by the "darling stockings" and the "not too swiftly flying petticoat"; but he is reminiscent rather than actively engaged in pursuit, and he is quite an ardent feminist, maintaining that feminism and amorism are by no means mutually exclusive.

Mr. Le Gallienne is always amusing—though not always consciously—when he writes of women, but he has a pleasant pen whatever his theme. In his latest book the themes are very varied, and some of them are fresher than others. His style is florid—"hyacinthine" seems to be the word for it—and it sometimes only gilds the commonplace, but quite often it is put to charming uses, as in the little fantasy that ends this collection—"The Bible and the Butterfly," and in "The Haunted Restaurant" and "The Little Ghost in the Garden." The papers on Pater, "Fiona Macleod" and Forbes-Robertson are sound criticism. Mr. Le Gallienne loves many things—including aeroplanes—and is tolerant of many—including the late Mr. Guy Boothby. His principal dislikes seem to be Mrs. Grundy and Mr. Bernard Shaw, and they, after all, are cousins german.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

OLD DELABOLE.*

There is an interesting word of dedication prefixed to the new novel put out by Mr. Eden Phillpotts: "To Thomas Hardy, in honour of his unapproachable art and with affection for his most approachable self." It speaks of a charming friendship. The Rationalist author might not feel it amiss, one imagines, to dedicate, if he still could, the bulk of his work to the master he admires and loves. The present book is the second of his industrial studies. It pictures life in a Cornish village whose people quarry slate—under a decent-minded company of "adventurers" and the management of his hero, Tom Hawker. The people are ignorant and pious, but have that vein of natural good sense, alloyed with folly, on which his humour plays with a kindly light at all times. So far as the story is concerned, this is simple. A girl of some education, equally respecting Hawker and another man, takes the latter, quarrels with him because his sense of justice as trustee of her father's estate is rigid, and, on trying to change sweethearts, is put right by the hero (who loves her) and sent back to his rival. Tom Hawker's quiet mastery of her, and of the quarrymen too, is conceived very finely; he is one of Mr. Phillpotts's larger types, and impressive with less drawing than some others. Two firm touches, as well as the general treatment of this book's *milieu*, go with his last novel to show that in turning to the labour problem he sets his face against a democratic Socialism, or at least against the conceptions of some democratic Socialists. Even those who do not rise to the stern heights of his Rationalism may be grateful for the large artistry with which he makes industrial life romantic; for romantic it becomes under his hand. He stands in consequence for gentle manners. In regard to the play of sex upon conduct he stands, too, for gentler judgments than his Cornish folk in their Nonconformist fervour and great simplicity can always form—though he thinks them kinder than their conventions. A book-lover is grateful to him most, however, for the smaller studies of human nature that make one smile. This novel is no less rich than others in them, and it will be loved for an unforgettable type in Grandfather Nute—whose green old age is buoyant with honest kindness, and quite a trial to his family and friends. In a pious company pictured with unfailing insight and fairness, and even with some affection, he is the sunniest and most sympathetic figure. One is happy to see him marry again at seventy.

THE TRANSLATION OF AN EXOTIC.†

The publishers of this volume naïvely speak of Baudelaire's "great and growing reputation" much in the same way that rising novelists or poets of the day are referred to by benign critics. Extolled by Swinburne, and cribbed from by that prince of pilferers Oscar Wilde, Baudelaire's achievement was such that foreign patronage can add little to its lustre. Probably one of the earliest

* "Old Delabole." By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Heinemann.)

† "Charles Baudelaire." By Theophile Gautier. Translated into English, with Selections from his Poems, "Little Poems in Prose," and Letters to Sainte-Beauve and Flaubert, and an Essay on his Influence, by Guy Thorne. 10s. 6d. net. (Greening.)

references to the French poet in this country was made by Swinburne in the defence of his "Poems and Ballads." The fact that he had been quoted in connection with this controversy was sufficient to give the impression, to those who could not or would not trouble to study the poet at first hand, that he was nothing but a writer of the most sinister and corrupt character. In the second series of "Poems and Ballads" Swinburne paid a high tribute to the author of "Les Fleurs du Mal," in his noble elegy, "Ave atque vale." Baudelaire is one of those instances of the true poet who understands to perfection the art of matching the form of his verses and the matter. It was a faculty that never failed him, and was something more than the consummate art by the exercise of which Théophile Gautier produced his enamels and cameos, it was a part of Baudelaire's natural genius. His poetry, which depends so much on the *mot juste*, almost defies translation. Swinburne or Rossetti, who both gave proofs of the well nigh impossible feat of translating Villon, might have produced versions of "Les Fluers du Mal," but lacking their gifts, it is doubtful if the poetry of Baudelaire should be translated. The subjects in themselves were frequently too gruesome to be detached from their original cadences which make them tolerable, and those who are unable to read them in French would be wise to leave them alone.

Although Baudelaire has not wanted for biographers, it is doubtful if anything will ever be written of him to approach Gautier's masterly study of the decadent poet. Baudelaire's inscription to "Les Fleurs du Mal" is one of the most noteworthy of dedications, and a witness to his admiration for Gautier. "To the impeccable poet, to the perfect magician of French literature, to my dearest and most venerated master and friend Théophile Gautier, with sentiments of the most profound humility." Gautier's thorough knowledge of Baudelaire enabled him to tell us all that is worth telling of his friend's life. It is a sketch, but the sketch of a master's hand, from which no detail is absent that is essential to the portrait. No future picture of the poet can be accomplished without the use of Gautier's sketch as he has given us an analysis of Baudelaire's mind and a vivid picture of his striking personal appearance. One obtains, moreover, a glimpse of the world to which the two poets belonged, and one realises that no posthumous biographer could have reconstructed the background or visualised the characters of that strange artificial paradise of Parisian Bohemia in the late 'fifties. It was the second romantic movement in French literature, and Baudelaire, who had his worshippers or disciples, set himself the task of shocking the prudes of his day. It is evident that he loved to pose, and if the public chose to believe him as wicked as his book, they were free to do so. The impeccable Théophile was as happy in his subject as Baudelaire was fortunate in having for biographer his master, for so he always regarded him. Gautier thoroughly entered into the spirit of Baudelaire's manners and mannerisms. When he describes the peculiar affectations of his dress, his reticence of speech, his dislike of gesture, one is made to realise that Baudelaire was an actor who could play to perfection and who never forgot his part. He could, however, when he chose, lay aside the mask and buskin, as one can see in his correspondence and some of his prose writings—notably in his early essay on Wagner.

In his literary work Baudelaire did everything well, and his translations of Edgar Allan Poe are admirable because he retold the stories of the American writer in magnificent French prose. Some people, and perhaps Mr. Guy Thorne may be counted among them, think that Baudelaire's versions are an improvement on the originals.

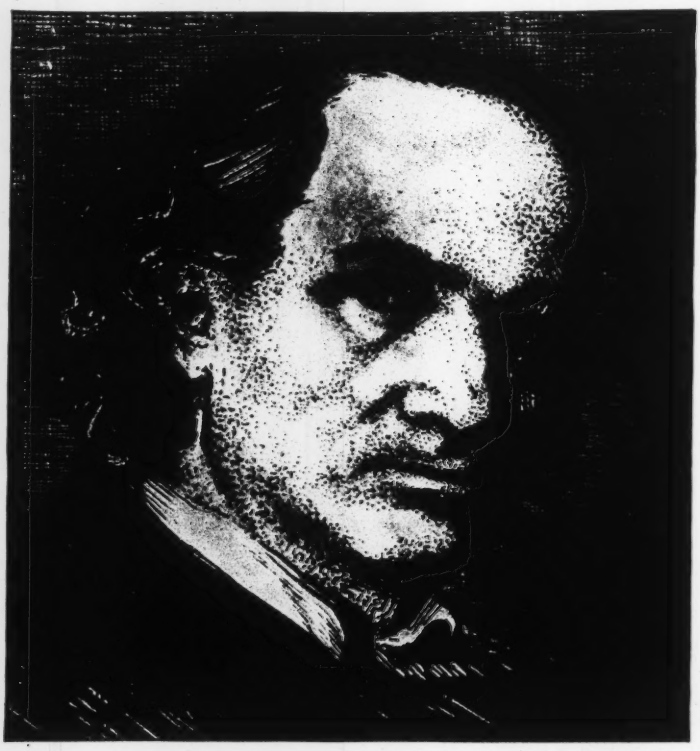
Mr. Guy Thorne has given us in his volume a translation of Gautier's study of Baudelaire, as well as of a selection from "Les Fleurs du Mal," and a few of his letters. To these he has contributed "Some remarks on Baudelaire's influence upon Modern Poetry and Thought." It would seem that Mr. Thorne has allowed his enthusiasm sometimes to get the better of his judgment. In the translation of Gautier's memoir of Baudelaire, for instance, his pen has slipped into a few errors. To give two examples: Gautier speaks of the loss of Baudelaire, and not of Théodore de Banville as it is given on page 4 of Mr. Thorne's translation. A closer inspection of the original text would have revealed this, even if the fact that de Banville survived Gautier had not shown that something was wrong. Again, on page 20 the translator writes: "This style of the decadence is the *dernier mot* of Verbe, summoned to express all and to venture to the very extremes," which is certainly not a happy rendering. Mr. Guy Thorne's "remarks" are restricted to the French poet's influence on English letters; and of those of our poets, who were thus influenced, the greatest was undoubtedly Swinburne. Mr. Thorne's opinion is perfectly sound when he affirms that "no single word" of Gautier's study of Baudelaire "could be altered or improved upon." The portrait of Baudelaire reproduced as a frontispiece to the volume is singularly unattractive.

ROGER INGPEN.

LANOE FALCONER.*

May not the author of "Mademoiselle Ixe," "Cecilia de Noël," and "The Hôtel de l'Angleterre" come to be regretted and loved by a special set of readers, like the author of "The Roadmender"? Her biographer is sure that she will, and I think it possible. Lanoe Falconer (Mary Elizabeth Hawker) gave us "a tiny modicum of work that promises to be of permanent value," and her life had, it seems, those elements of charm and pathos by which, as soon as they become well-known, the gratitude of true minds is fixed. But there is as much difference between

* "Lanoe Falconer." A Biographical Appreciation by Evelyn March-Phillipps. 6s. net. (Nisbet & Co.).



Charles Baudelaire.
From "Charles Baudelaire," by Theophile Gautier. Translated by Guy Thorne (Greening).

the two personalities of these authors, and the circumstances in which they worked, as there is in what they wrote; and I am afraid Mrs. March-Phillipps lets her sense of tragedy and pity dwell too long upon the last six years of broken health, in which Lanoe Falconer produced nothing but a diary of "thought notes." These are too unlike the novels and short stories to be taken as character notes. The brain was starved by a chronic indigestion. To quote its poor efforts freely as developments of "the spiritual life" is in this case not only to divorce health from religion, but to forget that Lanoe Falconer's bravery and humour were what we valued. The humour most of all. It had the sure touch that belongs to those who can see themselves as humorously as they see others.

However, this makes the story of her early life delightful; and as it can be followed in a sort of facetious journal, kept between the ages of twenty and twenty-six for the entertainment of herself, a sister and a brother, we get to know her pretty well. There was a stupid and pretentious stepfather who never did, and who in later years became a crazy tyrant; but why Mrs. March-Phillipps "can scarcely forbear calling him her evil genius," one is left to wonder; she made fine fun of him. The light chronicle has nothing to relate but the humours of an average country household, yet it sparkles.

"'Godmother' wishes to know of books suitable for a small pet groom. They must be at once horsey and moral in tone. . . . Mrs. Mallet has been hearing noises again, in describing which she paid an indirect compliment to Miss Hawker's fairy-like step. 'It were a 'eavy noise. I cannot compare it to hanything but a draggin' a 'eavy pile of furniture, which I really believed, Miss, it were you, a-comin' upstairs to call me.'"

I am sure we ought to have been shown more of it. The Hurstbourne Priors family are too dimly seen. Marie's much-tried mother, her keen-eyed sister Julia (who discovered the true facial expression of the parrot), her brother, and even the egregious Mr. Fennell, should be realised more sharply than they are. She herself is only described for us effectively in middle-age:

"You saw a woman with a plain face, but an attractive face, a slight, undeveloped figure, dressed in an old-maidish way inappreciative of current fashion."

She employed a bad dressmaker out of pity:

"'I can see she is all wrong,' Marie would say plaintively. 'She bulges out and goes in all at the wrong places.' But . . . Marie was extremely dainty and precise in her attire and arrangements, and her own plain needlework and knitting had the same sort of perfection that marked her writing."

This description is elusive, and an expressionless portrait that appears as frontispiece helps it little.

"Lanoe" was her father's name, "Falconer" a transparent disguise. The Hawkers had been yeomen and soldiers since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and from the mother's side she had Scottish blood. She inherited qualities developed by many vicissitudes in these forebears. Her parents were petty gentry in Hampshire; she knew France young; and she knew some "Society" young, and saw more after her first book was published. The manners and characters of her fictional people had been closely studied from life, as everyone perceives. Eveline Countess of Portsmouth was among her friends, and so, later, were Mrs. Harry Drew and the Gladstones, Mr. Shorthouse, Canon Ainger, Mme. Darmesteter, and other well-known people. To these she partly owed it that her début was a triumph, but she justified their help, and only the failure of health disappointed us.

It is needless to insist upon her quality—the firm and dainty workmanship, the rare distinction of thought and manner, the spirit of true humanism. One finds in these diaries many sayings and notes to freshen recollection of it, or to express her:

"For the idealist, living chiefly among people occupied with the concrete, existence is not merely lonely but fatiguing. It is as if he or she were talking a foreign language. . . . The real *bona fide* fool is not stupid or silly—necessarily. He may be clever. . . . That love of the facetious which is so incompatible with a sense of humour. . . . Nothing makes one less fastidious in the enjoyment of society than the habit of talking a good deal without enquiring too much into the interest with which one is heard. . . . Lady Adderley's grief: 'Yes, my dear, I feel that her life is blighted (do you take cream?) and that there is no help for her.'"

Such trifles must serve here. But there is no lover of good books who will not be eager to sift for himself this intimate story of a modest and very brilliant writer.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

A BOOK OF NOVELS.*

Comparative criticism is the last ditch of the defeated. The critic who, confronted with the new work of a new author, can only compare it with the work of other, older authors—almost always to the older authors' advantage—is manifestly either shirking his task or confessing his incompetence. To say that one book is like or unlike, better or worse, than another, is as informing and illuminative as to say that a parsnip is like or unlike, better or worse, than a beetroot. They are wholly distinct and different things, as each piece of literature must be wholly distinct and different from any other piece of literature. If it fall short of this canon, if it be frankly imitative and yet not a parody, then it is outside the pale of art.

I am moved to these reflections by the book which lies before me as I write. It is so very new. It is new as the New, and at the same time old as the Old, Testament. Its style, by the way, would seem to be founded on that of the Bible. It displays the same limpid simplicity in narrative. It is forceful without being violent, and direct without being harsh. Each line is packed with significance. There is nothing superfluous, nothing redundant. Often, in a few words, a man or a woman is limned so clearly and convincingly that we seem to have known him or her all our lives. A whole life-story is epitomized in a sentence. There is not a tale in the book but contains the essence of a tragedy or an epic, or at least a novel. Indeed one might almost describe "My People" as a book of short novels rather than as a book of short stories.

On the paper wrapper round the cover we are warned that this book "is not meat for babes," and it is explained that "the justification for the author's realistic pictures of peasant life, as he knows it, is the obvious sincerity of his aim, which is to portray that he may make ashamed." But to me this warning and explanation seem quite unnecessary, because, in the first and second place, neither babes nor the kind of people—"My People"—the Welsh Peasantry—with whom it deals are likely to read it. And if they did read it they would not understand. No, the justification of this book consists in its ineludible truth.

It was George Meredith, himself of Welsh extraction, who said that "there is human nature—and Welsh nature." I have always rather wondered what he meant by that, but now, after reading this book, I am persuaded he meant that Welsh nature is something less than human nature, that it is more akin to the nature of the beasts which perish. For, beyond question or cavil, these Welsh peasants of whom Mr. Caradoc Evans writes so plainly and uncompromisingly are in their habits and conduct worse than any race of savages. They are worse, because savages do not cant, and these degraded wretches do.

It must not, however, be supposed that the only merit of these stories lies in their faithfulness to facts. A newspaper report may be faithful to facts and yet as flat and flavourless as ullage. We need to know something more than the bare facts of a case to judge it equitably. We need to know something of the individual protagonists. And this knowledge can only be supplied by the imagination and insight of the author. Mr. Caradoc Evans, though his methods are strictly objective, possesses this imaginative insight. Furthermore, to derive any profit from such

* "My People: Stories of the Peasantry of West Wales." By Caradoc Evans. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

studies as these, one needs to have their moral pointed in some way; and the best way of all—because it is the most subtle and therefore demands the closest application of the reader—is the ironic or satiric way. Our author has the gifts of irony and satire in abundance. He has also humour, of course; humour of a dour, fierce kind perhaps, but the real thing nevertheless, and in one of his lighter sketches, "A Heifer Without Blemish," this humour is of such rare and elusive quality that you must read the story again and again to enjoy the full flavour of it. And of course the only stories worth reading are those you can read again and again, always with increasing enjoyment.

To conclude as I began, with a gentle gibe at comparative criticism. New authors who are not only new to the public but have something new to say, should expect little, though they may suffer much, from this form of ineptitude. Doubtless by the time he reads these lines, Mr. Caradoc Evans will be greatly amazed to find that his work is so like and so unlike, so infinitely superior and so abysmally inferior, to the work of so many other authors. But he may take comfort from the fact that unanimity in praise or blame of any book is sure proof of that book's lack of originality. The thing that defies the rules and sets up new standards for itself is always a stumbling-block in the way of the would-be critical. It is as an old and seasoned member of that craft that I say now, deliberately, I have never before had brought to my notice so remarkable a first book as "My People." It reads so maturely. It is so finished and distinguished, alike in its manner and matter. I do not say that it will succeed or fail, because it seems to me that as a consummate work of art it has not failed, but is an assured success already.

EDWIN PUGH.

A DELIGHTFUL CONQUISTADOR.*

Surely there is not in all the world a specimen of what Mr. Cunninghame Graham calls "that irritable genus" who would not be soothed into benevolence by reading Bernal Diaz. Mr. Maudslay, who for many years conducted antiquarian research of great importance both in Guatemala and the neighbouring lands, has given us an excellent translation of the words of Diaz, who is probably the greatest man who ever ruled in Guatemala. Very often Mr. Maudslay must have wished that the officials of the present day were not so different. And now we have the lovable old man with Mr. Graham's commentary. It need not be said that there is no one whom the old conquistador would have preferred. One is astonished, indeed, that Mr. Graham did not write this book long ago; it would have been most irritating if another sort of hand had undertaken it. "But," says Diaz, of another peril he escaped, "God willed it that we should be saved." If his companions had been more like him and less like Cortés, one supposes that the modern Mexican would not so much prefer the Aztec hordes to their conquerors. At any rate, it shows that modern Mexicans, who usually are condemned for every kind of vice, may be assassins, but do draw the line at snobbishness. The greater number of the so-called educated classes keep asserting that they are of pure Castilian blood—with the good poet Altamirano it was a glory to be Indian, one of the "people without reason," as they are currently called, and when Huerta said he was pure Indian he was showing the fine brusqueness and was speaking simple truth, which virtues, both of them, served him so ill when he dictated "diplomatic" notes to the United States. Although it usually is a point of honour for a Mexican of any save the lowest class to be descended quite exclusively from Spaniards and Creoles (that is, people born in Mexico of European blood), yet Cortés and the others are not honoured in the country of their exploits. Several of them wrote as well as fought, but none of them wrote half so well as Bernal Diaz.

* "The Life of Bernal Diaz del Castillo." By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. 7s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

Caradoc Evans,
author of "My People" (Melrose).

Mr. Graham puts himself with Bernal Diaz as a man who is surpassed by many in the art of writing, or rather he says that he is in this category, while Diaz is as modest—and with just as little cause. In many things do they resemble each other, for example, in the great knowledge of horses. So much did Diaz love them that, writing in his old age, after thousands of adventures and long years of toil, he actually gives the names and colours, qualities and faults of all the horses and the mares which came in the first fleet that sailed from Cuba with Cortés; and Lieutenant-Colonel Cunninghame Graham has lately been, we believe, in Uruguay buying horses for the British army. It will be remembered in Prescott—and his most vivid passages are taken from the book of Diaz—how the horses made upon the natives a most marvellous impression. "The Indians," says Diaz, "thought the rider and the horse were the same body, as they had never seen a horse." And in the casualty lists the number of lost or wounded horses is mentioned before that of the warriors, although "we were in all five hundred and fifty comrades, we lived like brothers, and always talked together, in the wars, on watch, and in the battles and all the hazards of our lives. We talked of those who had been slain, and about those who had been carried off and sacrificed. . . . I further say that I remember all of them so well that I could paint or sculpture all their faces if I knew how to draw . . . even their way of walking, and each detail of their faces and their forms . . . and how each one of them went into battle, and the courage that he showed . . . and I thank God, and also His Blessed Lady Mother, that I escaped from being sacrificed to idols, and for having spared me to preserve their memory." The more one reads of Bernal Diaz the more is one likely to agree with John Ingram Lockart, who translated him in 1844 and placed him beside Cervantes, saying that his book is as interesting as Don Quixote.

We would be reconciled to all the endless fighting nowadays in Mexico if such a man as Bernal Diaz were recording it. Carranza, Villa, and Zapata, and the other gentlemen who are all, more or less, Presidents, would be portrayed so vividly and with such insight that they would not have wholly lived in vain. Wherever we may look in

Bernal Diaz we are thrilled. Thus he saluted the poor captive Lord of Mexico, Montezuma: "And as at that time I was young, when I happened to be on duty guarding him, or when I passed before him, always with respect, I took my steel cap off and saluted him." I wish that Bernal Diaz could acknowledge our salute.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

SEA, COUNTRY, AND THE TOWN.

Mr. de Vere Stacpoole is in his degree one of the most essential poets of our time. He does not startle us in "The North Sea,"[1] but his clean, plangent, pungent poetry is a delight. He is a craftsman and a sure one; and he has the spirit of romance, as Stevenson had it, and Kipling has it. Strange lands call to him and the sea, and he loves the sea like a Viking. Colour and zest and energy are in these poems of the North Sea, as they are in his admirable renderings of François Villon. He is a Bohemian born, and he has justified Shakespeare, for he might place his great scene on a sea-coast in Bohemia. The poems of the North Sea are written in war-time. The thought of the war behind all doubtless gives sharpness and passion to much of his poetry; but so much of the essential craftsman is Mr. de Vere Stacpoole that he keeps in mind steadily the thing he is doing, and is not diverted from his purpose by any emotion from without. There is something extraordinarily strong and delicate about these little poems. The emotion is not obvious, but it is there, as in this poem of Cruisers:

"The rose that blooms in England fair,
Thistle and shamrock green—they come.
The whole sea-line is Manchester,
For smoke; and the destroyers' hum

Fills with its turmoil all the day
As past in fume and foam they tear,
Leading the lines of cruisers grey
With guns swung out to nose the air.

God! what a sight, what swing, what fire!
Beauty of order, power and speed!
The full chord of Apollo's lyre
Would fit it better than this screed."

And then, again, there is the meeting with the Breton fisher-fleet in the North Sea:

"'How goes the war?' O fishers rude,
Men of the true-blue Breton brood,
I'll answer to be understood:
Well, then,—the cod is on the snood:
But since the line is long as sin
It takes a long, long, hauling in.

But we are hauling all together:
The Channel and the North Sea weather
Have built for us this labour twin.
Who cares about the weight or whether
The line be long so that we win?"

There is much delicate, firm and austere work in this book. We feel the very greyness of the North Sea, and smell the salt of it. He makes us see:

"The cod are coming down the coast,
Ten million fish like one grey ghost.

A fathom deep, two fathoms deep,
They pass and each his place doth keep.

And as they pass they slay and slay,
And as they pass us they are slain;
Nothing their hunger can allay,
Nothing make mark in that grey stain
That passes down 'twixt coast and coast,
Millions that move like one grey ghost."

To those who may not smell the sea this year, "The North Sea" may be given as a tonic air. It is full of the gulls and the wind of the sea.

One opened "Irish Eclogues"[2] without much expectation, and was agreeably disappointed. An amateur farmer, one grumbled to one's self, and suspected Mr. Lysaght of writing too finely. As a matter of fact, the poems have the Virgilian spirit. There is the smell of the earth in the book; not the rich loam of England nor its mud, but the rain-drenched porous earth of Ireland, light as a sponge. He rises in the morning dark and goes off to the fair with his bullocks—oh, does not one know it?

"Three o'clock—and with a start
I waken, cursing fair and mart,
And the bullocks if they knew
Surely would be cursing too."

Or he is making hay:

"When the dew has gone off the ground and the heat of the sun
Is very near able to melt the prong of his fork,
When already the small little breeze the task has begun,
Then man sets to work.

Five acres of good meadow hay is in Costeloe's Field,
In windrows we have it made up; it won't rain; we'll no fear,
'Tis only the fools who make cocks when the clouds are concealed
And the sky is all clear."

One likes that "concealed." Again, it is a cold winter night, and we listen with Mr. Lysaght to the contented munching of the cattle in the shed. Or he introduces us to the characters among his men, and we recognise the racy truthfulness. The Lough Derg poems, too, have great charm. This is quite artless art, but Mr. Lysaght gets there; we walk his fields and handle his catch and appraise his crops; yes, and we know him too—a country-gentleman in plain homespuns, farmer by day, bookish by lamplight, when he is not too tired for anything but the sweet sleep of the labouring man.

Mr. Bell's "Poems and Sonnets"[3] might have been written thirty years ago, when all the world was reading "The Idylls of the King." He is a *revenant* from that world, and his poems of Lancelot and the Grail have a ghostly sound. How they would have delighted the young men at the Universities, who swore by Tennyson in the 'eighties! Anything of later date seems to have passed by him unheard. He has music, and is sensitive to beauty and colour:

"I was a votary
Of the old gods with a passionate constancy,
And I numbered not the hours as they flew,"

he says of himself. He might have been living in old rooms in Clifford's or Gray's Inn or the Temple, sporting his oak all these years since the 'eighties, if it were not for the sonnet called "The New Crusade," which startles one with its suggestion of new and fiery wine in old bottles.

Miss Irene Rutherford McLeod has, we imagine, yet to grow up. She has something of the root of the matter in her, but she is as yet too wild, too earth-worn, too acquainted with strange sins. She will outgrow all that. "Songs to Save a Soul"[4] has promise, despite its turgidity. There is a real charm in some of the poems which assures us of good things in time to come, when she does not any longer desire to shock us.

K. T.

MODERN FRENCH NOVELISTS.

To many amateurs of French literature, the generation of novelists succeeding Maupassant, Anatole France and Loti seemed to lack creativeness. Talent and scholarship abounded, and the general level of workmanship was remarkably high. But the writers of the 'nineties, who won to something like fame, appeared to owe their position to a happy choice of subject rather than to a striking force of imagination. They were gleaning in fields from which the harvest had been taken. René Bazin was typical of this class of novelists. He found an interesting thesis for his "Dying Land," in the impoverishment of the human

[1] "The North Sea and Other Poems." By Henry de Vere Stacpoole. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

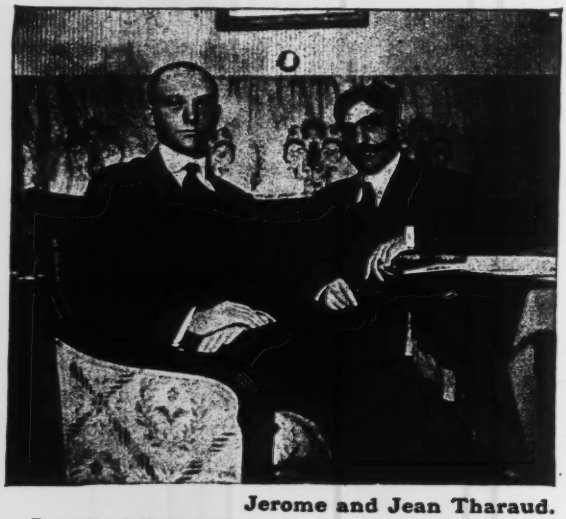
[2] "Irish Eclogues." By Edward E. Lysaght. 3s. net. (Maunsel.)

[3] "Poems and Sonnets." By Harold Bell. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

[4] "Songs to Save a Soul." By Irene Rutherford McLeod. 2s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

resources of the countryside produced by the suction power of the great industrial towns. The lure of Paris and the effect of its sceptic, desiccating atmosphere on the mind of the thoughtful type of countryman was the theme of Maurice Barrès' best-known novel, "Uprooted Lives." Most of these authors undoubtedly could write well; Barrès in particular has a magnificent style, with which he advocates a new social and political movement of intensive provincialism. But even Barrès' character-drawings, such as his Sturel, are figures of fine rhetoric rather than created beings. It would have been hard to find in the French novel of this cultured, critical, political period a character that lived in the memory of the reader with a life of its own, or a scene of dramatic passion in which the heights or depths of human nature were lighted up. Even in the French art of the short story, Russian writers had eclipsed the successors of Maupassant. Loti was an exhausted volcano, and only Anatole France, strangely quickened in his disillusioned old age by socialistic ideas, still flamed forth from France, one of the great lights of the modern world.

In both the arts of poetry and prose France seemed to be falling into a placid, highly-cultivated silver age, possessing, in men like Remy de Gourmont, sophists of an exquisite perversity and nonchalance, who desired to become the new Lucians, but lacked the touch of real creativeness necessary to the great satirist. This is how things appeared; but appearances were deceitful. Behind the tarnished façade of France of the Caillaux règime, the inexhaustible genius of the people was working in many directions. A young, athletic, adventurous France was arising and producing the best airmen, the best motor-racers, champion boxers, fine runners, and promising footballers. In engineering crafts the French mechanics, who had given the world the petrol engine, were becoming the finest power craftsmen in the world, and it was mainly their remarkable skill and the skill of their directing minds which endowed France with her chief weapon of salvation —the 75 millimetre quick-firing gun. There was a feeling of a great democratic renaissance stirring in most Frenchmen between the ages of nineteen and thirty; rather older men, in close touch with the youngsters, also felt the stress of the new spirit. Among these was Charles Péguy, a brave, poor, enterprising man of letters, who, by some financial miracle, set up as a publisher and produced in the "Cahiers de la Quinzaine" a vehicle for the literature of the newer France. In 1903 a Life of Beethoven by a new writer, Romain Rolland, excited such public attention that the enterprise of "Les Cahiers" was set on a sound monetary basis, and opened to all that new school of French writers, whose work is admirably summed up by Miss Winifred Stephens in the second series of her "French Novelists of To-day."



Jerome and Jean Tharaud.
From "French Novelists of To-Day" by Winifred Stephens (John Lane).

At Pèguy's Thursday afternoon gatherings in the Rue de la Sorbonne were seen Rolland, the Tharaud brothers, the enemies of Kipling, Pierre Mille, the impassioned disciple of Kipling, and a score of other good men, who worked for "Les Cahiers" or wanted to do so. Of them all Rolland was chief. His famous "Les Cahiers" novel, "Jean Christophe," was the greatest thing in French prose literature since the "Comèdie Humaine" and "Les Misèrables." It was an enormous thing, in size as well as in quality and power of inspiration. In it Rolland tried to conciliate and blend all that was best in French and German civilisation. His hero was a modern Beethoven, who resumed Goethe's missionary work in Europeanism. Rolland is now an exile in Switzerland, disowned by his own countrymen and bitterly attacked by the intellectual leaders of Germany. Nevertheless, the French-Swiss, no poor judges of the present European situation, consider Rolland the supreme example of French humanity, wisdom and civilising genius. The war has produced no nobler or more moving utterance than his reply to Gerhardt Hauptmann. He may be a little too much of a Don Quixote; on the other hand, we angry Britons, Frenchmen and Russians may not see so far into the future as does this exiled seer of young France.

Pèguy himself fell fighting the Germans; and nearly all the French writers of the younger school are either in the trenches with the army in action, or working round the depots and railways or on the lines of communication as part of the Territorial force. Some may wish that Miss Winifred Stephens had devoted even more of her pages to the appreciation of the work of the "Les Cahier" men and the writers connected in spirit with them—those new makers in French literature whose work she knows so intimately and appreciates with such discrimination; but that is merely a matter of personal preferences. It is enough that in this second series of "French Novelists of To-day" Miss Stephens has given us a very interesting and thoroughly well informed study in a subject which she has made peculiarly her own.

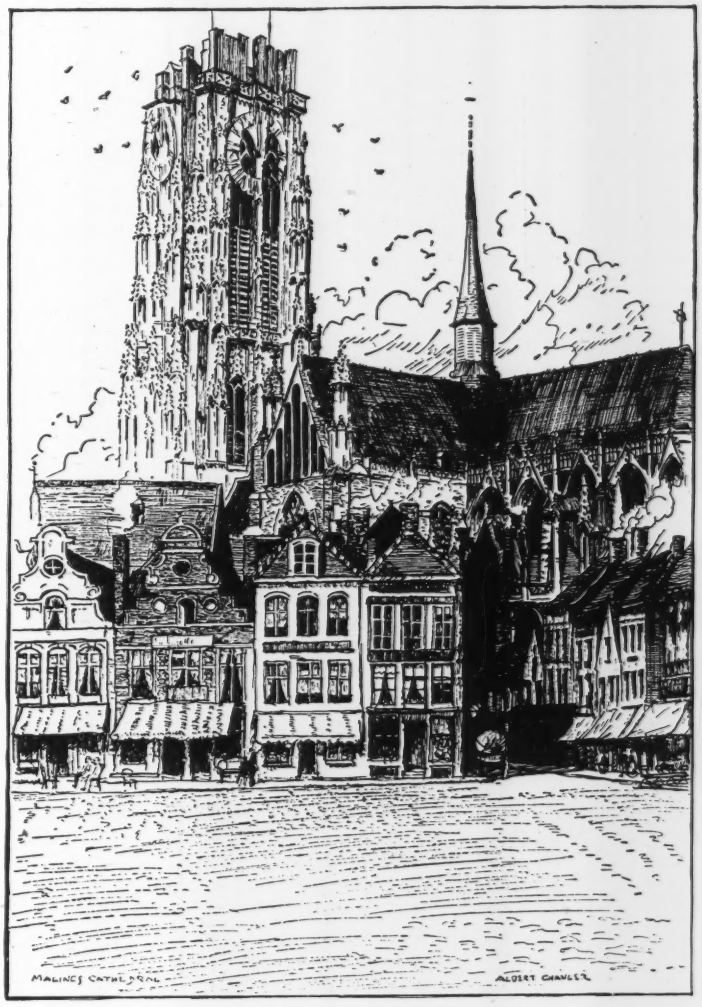
E. W.

A HAPPY DOMINIE.*

There is nothing new in Mr. A. S. Neill's little volume; but to say that is not to condemn it, for we have respectable authority for alleging that there is nothing new under the sun. But if there is nothing new, there is much that is fresh. Mr. Neill's speciality is not originality of idea but a happy manner of presenting his views. Those views, indeed, are the usual commonplaces of modern educational theory mingled with the social opinions of the up-to-date young man who reads the "New Age" and the "New Statesman." But observe the difference. Educational theory is usually presented in so dismal a way that it is read with reluctance by a few teachers and by no other persons whatsoever. Mr. Neill has chosen a more excellent way. He has jotted down his hopes and efforts, his doings and his done-untos, in the confessions of a half-humorous, half-serious "log," and so made a little book that is delightful as well as profitable to read. No one who begins it will leave it half finished, and we therefore beg all teachers and inspectors, and especially all parents, ratepayers and members of School Boards or Education Committees to glance at its bright and really suggestive comments.

Its main thesis, if so dull a word must be used, is that a school is a place, not of repression but of expression. From that point of view the perfect school is the last word in individualism. The perfect school is not an assembly of perfect mechanical units all doing perfectly the same thing at the same moment at a word of command; but a gathering of separate souls all encouraged to do that which most expands the native faculties. That is the ideal for which, in some way or another, every real teacher strives. But we must be on our guard. The world of education suffers more than any other from second-hand enthusiasms.

* "A Dominie's Log." By A. S. Neill, M.A. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)



From a drawing by Albert Chanler.

Malines Cathedral.

From "The Romance of Old Belgium," by Elizabeth W. Champney, (Putnam).

Teacher A. evolves from his own personality a means of handling children that produces very happy results. This is discovered by some eager theorist or official, and immediately presented as a panacea. It is forced upon teachers B., C., D., etc, whose own enthusiasms are of a different order. They spend their efforts in doing what is unnatural to them, become disheartened, sceptical-and indifferent. That is the usual history of educational ideas. Panacea-mongering in the schools is the worst of crimes. The personality of the teacher is all important. If he is a good teacher, he will do the best work in his own way; if he is a bad teacher he will be bad under any system that presupposes originality and creative personality.

Apparently Mr. Neill teaches in a small rural school somewhere in Scotland. His personal relations with his charges are thus immediate. He knows his flock and their homes every one, and in his happy surroundings he can set them wandering among the fields and by-paths. Imagine, now, his methods prescribed to a school in Limehouse with four hundred boys and four hundred girls arranged in classes of sixty or thereabouts! It is all very well to say that barrack schools and classes of sixty under one unfortunate teacher ought not to exist. They do exist very numerously; and to theorise about educational practice as if they didn't is the height of absurdity. On the heart of every elementary school teacher is written "Not as I wish, but as conditions compel me."

The change in the schools during the last twenty years is very great and very encouraging. We are much nearer the heart of the child than we used to be. Here is an example of the change. A boy is a small animal to whose happiness much noise seems essential. The old idea was to thrash the noisiness out of him; the new idea is to seize upon this noise-making proclivity and set him whacking a drum and blowing a bugle in a scout band—to his great advantage.

Mr. Neill's little book with its note of kindness and sympathy is a most happy contribution to a right understanding of the children—our successors as they will be, our betters as they should be.

G. S.

THE WAND OF HARLEQUIN.*

Harlequin, that child of moonshine and the footlights, plays an important part in Miss Marie Cher's fiction, "The Immortal Gymnasts." He, and his Columbine and their—and our—old crony, Pantaloon, combine the parts of lay-providence and chorus, and organise happiness for some pleasant, ordinary people. Miss Cher is a welcome newcomer, even to the over-swollen ranks of our novelists, largely because her book is an admirably-written venture; but partly, too, because of the courage of her imagination. She has proved once more that reality is no less real because the visionary immortals are concerned in it. If we are a little sorry to find in her book that Harlequin has been a sandwich-man in the mean streets, that his Columbine pats butter and pours milk in a dairy-shop, and that Pantaloon finds his principal happiness in delving for second-hand books, it is none the less good—exceedingly good—to find a novelist gifted with imagination enough to mend the actualities of this life of a day or so with some of the pranks of the eternal playfellows. What we—and fiction—want is more imagination. Too much has life been to recent novelists an affair of telephone, revolver, and bedroom furniture, as if its requirements could be obtained in all sufficiency among the lumber of an upholsterer's shop. With the spiritual circumstances away from it, Miss Cher's book is merely a small story of a careless youth, a love-sick maiden, and the necessary idealist. It is nice to think that the paths of these ordinary mortals were made smooth and pleasant by the ancient antics, whose lineage is to be traced just a stage farther than the globule of Pooh-Bah, going back, indeed, almost to the mists in which the world was born.

We had intended to deal first with Mr. Anstey's book; but it must have been that Harlequin intervened. Now we will shed in print the pleasure received from "In Brief Authority," if the same potent influence will permit. This is a characteristic Anstey book; and no one but its author could have written it. It falls naturally into place beside "The Brass Bottle," combining the impossible with the very ordinary. On this occasion some of the human products of Suburbia are transferred to that folk-land born of German inspiration—before the hoof of Prussia trod out the fancies and ideals—where the goose-girls and pretty tailors, Snow-whites, witches and ogres, the play-things of the Grimms and their company, lived and did and didn't. Märchenland is that chapter of the elf-world which is only to be reached in a mystic conveyance, rather more than the old-fashioned family coach, drawn by storks, and driven by the good wishes of its fairy-masters. Make-believe is the easiest thing in the world—easier than breakfast sometimes—when the make-believer really likes; and it is not at all surprising, therefore, it is, indeed, quite what would be expected, that Mrs. Wibberley-Stimpson, who is just as conceited and unpleasant as an overfed suburban fool can be, with her stodgy husband, raffish son and daughters, one of whom, Edna, is a sort of over-tutored rat, and the other, Ruby, not old enough to be other than nice, with the governess—we must not forget dear Daphne—should be carried away in that ramshackle aerial conveyance to Märchenland, where the descendants of the heroes and heroines of the German folk-tales are still existing and behaving nicely. How the fairy messenger makes a mistake, and causes Mrs. Stimpson to ascend the throne there, being "some" queen; how her consort, King Sidney, makes board-meeting speeches to his untrusty subjects; how Clarence, the Crown Prince, endeavours to introduce the civilisation of the nut to the country of the gnomes; how Edna loves an ogre and is carried off by his pet dragon; how the true queen is at length discovered, and Daphne crowned—is written with fine ingenuity and the stuff of laughter. The most amusing episode is King Stimpson's golf-match with one of the principal courtiers. In order that royal dignity should not be jeopardized through defeat, the Crown Prince Clarence induces the magician Xuriel to bewitch his father's ball. Unfortunately, his rival, the Marshal, has gone to the same source for a spell to be put on his mashie.

We are not going to be ungrateful to Mr. Birmingham; but we can express regret that a little more imagination and irresponsibility is not mixed with his invention. If only he could borrow the wand of Harlequin for a little time! He has taught us to look to him for farce, and he can build a plot, and devise characters from which plenty of amusement might be extracted. And yet "Gossamer," though written with skill and care, and though its people are excellent types of diverse humanity, rather depresses. It is mainly a study of Ascher, a finance king, who when war breaks out finds himself on the horns of dilemma; shall he, a loyal German, stand by the Fatherland, or shall he be true to his honour as a financier and do his best for those whose affairs have been entrusted to him? This sensitive man is, far and away, the most attractive subject in the book. "Gossamer" disappoints because we expect too much of its author, but there can be no question of its *bonhomie* and cleverness.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

* "In Brief Authority." By F. Anstey. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)—"The Immortal Gymnasts." By Marie Cher. 6s. (Heinemann.)—"Gossamer." By George A. Birmingham. 6s. (Methuen.)

THE JOLLY DUCHESS.*

When Harriot Mellon bade adieu to the stage in 1815 on her marriage with the rich banker, Thomas Coutts, Lord Burford, afterwards the Duke of St. Albans, was a lad of thirteen years of age, and his future wife well over

* "The Jolly Duchess—Harriot Mellon, afterwards Mrs. Coutts and the Duchess of St. Albans: A Sixty Years' Gossiping Record of Stage and Society (1777 to 1837)." By Charles E. Pearce. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

From a drawing by Dudley Hardy.
In "The Times Red Cross Story Book."
(Hodder and Stoughton.)

DIMOUSSI AND THE PISTOL.
By A. E. W. Mason.

forty. The marriage took place some ten years later, after Mrs. Coutts had been a widow and the wealthiest woman in England for three years. There had been before, as there have been since, several instances of actresses being raised to the peerage by marriage—Lavinia Fenton, the famous Polly Peachum of "The Beggars' Opera," who became the Duchess of Bolton; Miss Farren, the Countess of Derby; Miss Foote, the Countess of Harrington; and Miss Stephens, the Countess of Essex. None of these, however, held the public gaze after her marriage as did the subject of the present biography. Harriot Mellon married her first husband for his money; her second one for his rank. Both marriages were certainly great achievements for a woman born, as she was, in very humble position. Although she is said to have been the daughter of a lieutenant in the Madras Native Infantry the fact has not been established, nor has that of her having been "born on the wrong side of the blanket" been disproved. In her day she was a popular actress but not to be compared with her model, Dorothy Jordan, and it is very probable, but for her two amazing matrimonial achievements, that her name would by this time have been buried in the iniquity of oblivion unless she had gone on from strength to strength in her art.

Her first success appears to have been made in the provinces—at Ulverston—in a strolling company. Afterwards, at Stafford, she became intimate with a well-to-do family, by whom she was introduced to Sheridan when he visited that Midland town as one of the stewards of the Stafford races. Then she was, after some delay, promoted to Drury Lane Theatre, where her first important part was as Lydia Languish in the great manager's comedy, "The Rivals," in 1795. Afterwards she undertook those with which she was already familiar, such as Maria in "The Spoiled Child," Lucy in "The Country Girl," Miss la Blond in "The Romp," and Lucy in "The Devil to Pay." And Lambites need not be reminded that it was Harriot Mellon who took the part of Melisinda in his damned farce, "Mr. H——," which was acted at Drury Lane on December 10th, 1806. It is not correct to refer to Lamb at that period, as Mr. Pearce does, as the "Gentle Elia." With the exception of an interval when she played at the Lyceum after Drury Lane Theatre was burnt down in 1809, she was connected only with the latter playhouse during the whole period of her stage career.

Harriot Mellon as Mrs. Page in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."
From "The Jolly Duchess" (Stanley Paul).

It cannot be said that the personality of the woman stands out clearly, either as Harriot Mellon the actress, as Mrs. Coutts or as the Duchess of St. Albans, so buried is she among the various people who throng the book. But that is hardly the fault of the author, a very painstaking and industrious worker, and he has distinctly described his labours as a gossiping record of stage and society from 1777 to 1837. His list of authorities takes up more than three pages. He makes no mention of a book, scarce, as nearly all the copies printed were bought up and destroyed, but doubtless he came across it during his researches. It is entitled "Life of the late Thomas Coutts, Esq., with biographical and entertaining anecdotes of his first wife, Betty Starky, and of the present Mrs. Coutts." It is undated, but must have been published some time between 1822, when Coutts died, and 1825, when Mrs. Coutts married her second husband. Nor does he refer to Lord Broughton's "Recollections of a Long Life," which appeared over five years ago. From it I transcribe the following amusing incident. Under date May 22nd, 1830, Lord Broughton (or John Cam Hobhouse, as he then was) records:

"Went to Holly Lodge and saw the many ways by which the good-natured hostess tries to make all the world forget that such a person as Miss Mellon ever lived. Very few of the great people who used to court Mrs. Coutts were, however, there. They do not choose to accept favours which they must return at the hazard of having precedence taken of them in London by the *ci-devant soubrette*. There was no very prominent absurdity in the spectacle except that the Duchess was drawn in a garden phaeton up and down a hill, preceded by a band of Prague minstrels and followed by her guests in procession. I have seen the sight once, and shall never see it again."

There is much entertaining matter of varied interest in the book. Perhaps the following anecdote may be new to more readers than Mr. Pearce supposes:

"Mrs. Glover [whom Hoaden considered 'the ablest actress in existence'] . . . had wit, too, if she can be credited, as Vandenhoff asserts, with being the originator of a *jeu d'esprit* which has gone the round in many languages and has been told of any actress on whom the cap fits. Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Orger, and Mrs. Humby, a very pretty woman, the subject of an audacious couplet which was current in the clubs of her day, and of which one may hope she was ignorant, were talking in the green room one day, and the subject was Charles Matthews and his recent marriage with Madame Vestris. 'They say,' said Humby, with her quaint air of assumed simplicity, 'that before accepting him, Vestris made a full confession to him of all her lovers. 'What touching confidence!' she added archly. 'What needless trouble,' said Orger drily. 'What a wonderful memory,' wound up Glover triumphantly. An old joke, doubtless, but ever young."

The book is well illustrated with caricatures and portraits, and an index which might usefully have been made fuller.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

Novel Notes.

THE FORTUNES OF VIRGINIA BRIGHT. By Albert Kinross. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is the story of a pretty young American girl's holiday in England. She arrives from the U.S.A. with plenty of money on her, given to her by her father, brother, and aunt, who have clubbed together to enable her to have this holiday. Virginia has mapped out a grand tour for herself, but before she has been long ashore nearly all her money is stolen from her bag, leaving her with a small amount of ready cash and the return half of her steamer ticket. She has no friends in England. What shall she do? She decides to stay and "see it out" even if she has to *work* her way through the holiday. So she finds the most unconventional and interesting sorts of jobs, and sends picture postcards home and says what a jolly time she is having, and not a word about the lost money. In reality she has a much jollier time than she would have had had she stayed in hotels and done the ordinary tourist holiday. She takes on all sorts of work as she goes along on her tour, from cooking and housekeeping to managing a pierrot troupe. There is a fresh, healthy atmosphere throughout the book, and about Virginia, which makes her adventures delightfully entertaining reading. The various people she comes across are all "ships that pass" until, at length, she meets a young man on a motor-cycle who asks her to take a fly out of his eye. Which results in—but we must not spoil by anticipating it the charming finish of a very charming romance.

THE GAME OF HEARTS. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

It is a pity that in the opening pages of this new story of life round Four Corners, Mr. Burgin should have presented his hero and his two heroines in so unattractive a light as to prejudice the reader's interest in their future. Despite his beautiful face and slim, aristocratic fingers, it is difficult to tolerate the young Seigneur with his pretentious monologues, his poetical snobbery, and his excessive self-pity, occasioned by his diminutive stature. "Only a blind woman could love a third of a man like me," he sighs, as he reclines gracefully in the woods. And the reader is prepared to agree—with the stipulation that she should be deaf also. Not so, however, Lisse Laboissier, the beautiful granddaughter of an Iroquois squaw, who longs to "pillow her head" on the Seigneur's breast. For his part, the Seigneur yearns for the tall, slim and unapproachable Marion, the priggish daughter of Judge Mant. Fortunately, as the "game of hearts" which gives the novel its title proceeds, the young people become more likeable, the Seigneur quits his picturesque posing, and the heart of Miss Mant begins to show signs of life. A thrill is given to the plot by the insidious attempts on the part of an old Indian squaw, aided by a she-wolf, to destroy the Judge's daughter. The novel is written in Mr. Burgin's characteristically light and easy manner, and introduces some entertaining Four Cornerites.

NYMPHET. By J. L. Carter. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

From the very moment that Claude Kempton sat in the corner of the railway carriage and scoffed and pshawed at the article in the magazine on "Love at first Sight," we knew what was going to happen to him. And it did, too. How it did, and what he did, and what Nymphet (who is *her* sister) did, is the business of this sunny, light-hearted story. As a rule, little girls of Nymphet's age, in story books, who have a hand in the love affairs of their elders are unbearable and most irritating to read about. But not so Nymphet. She is a natural, jolly little girl, who plays her part unaffectedly throughout. The author is to be congratulated on the excellent character studies in the book, and on the breezy, summery, holiday atmosphere that exhales from its pages. "Nymphet" should come as a welcome guest to many a fireside this winter.

THE PASSIONATE CRIME. By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

A passionate young poet, divining that pure emotion is the mood of vision, vows himself to celibacy and goes into solitude in the wilds of Ireland. There, after two years of calm, he is found by a modern woman of great beauty. They love; but, to keep his ideal of her unspoiled, he must leave her. To nurse desire of her would wreck his inspiration. By this time he has acquired more than a half-belief in faerie; his conviction being that the things seen and heard by a simple and imaginative peasantry are symbols of their moods. He is himself tempted presently by such a simulacrum, his lady in a peasant guise; and, being tricked into the satisfaction of what he deems a fatal weakness, he kills her. That is Mr. Temple Thurston's story, with which he sets in a new atmosphere and meaning the age-old "conflict of flesh and spirit." It is finely done. The conflict in Anthony Sorel is almost as tragic as in Claude Frollo; the Celtic glamour with which the story is arrayed makes it less familiar and real, but hardly less absorbing. Indeed, the loss of reality might be unimportant if this conflict were not presented as vital for a poet, in the sense that he must not love like a man. As Browning would have said, the less poet he. If we believed in Sorel, using a knife in his bridal bed to enforce that thesis, we should have to call him a monster. Happily the romantic setting and elusive treatment make the thesis a fictional expedient and nothing more. It enables Mr. Thurston to establish a logic of faerie, by which we are so delighted that the human aspect of Anthony Sorel and Anna Quartermaine concerns us little. He has been artist enough to know that what mattered was to make us believe in Ireland and its imaginative lore rather than in these protagonists, who are very sufficiently shown for that purpose. A romantic ethic serves as the staple of a romantic æsthetic inspiring him for our pure pleasure; and the pains taken to make us believe that he went to Tipperary in quest of the truth about this "Passionate Crime," and found it in a certain way, are high craftsmanship. From all artistic points of view this novel is a clear success.

DAVENPORT. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

If a man's real claim upon posterity is the amount of interest he has drawn from the well of life and the way in which he has poured it out for other men's refreshment, then few men of our generation can better substantiate that claim than Mr. Marriott. Instead of playing with baubles like love or gain or war, he prefers the larger field of human personality, and it has never failed him yet. Whatever interests the rest of men is good enough for him, but not unless it serves to bring into picturesque relief the influence it exercises upon human character. You might take a gallery of Mr. Marriott's creations and show an effortless unity in their treatment, and the same unfailing exercise of brain playing like a morning breeze above and around the subject. In this faculty of irradiating common things and experiences with intellectual wonder—mixing his colours "with brains, sir," as Opie said—we can only compare him to Wells or Conrad; but he is wise in choosing a smaller canvas and sticking to the subject. This time he allows himself a problem in dualisation, and though his psychological doubling of Harry Belsire reminds you inevitably of Stevenson's Jekyll, it is a reminiscence enforced by dint of difference. Jekyll is an embodiment of horror made fascinating by a dramatic picturesqueness; Harry is a thoroughly human youngster with an aura which affects you with uneasiness because he inspires affection. Jekyll is a vampire, a being of another world; Harry remains not only human, but British and modern. His only departure from the stage of our attentive sympathy is when he deals with the fussy little Mrs. Orme. As for his identity with Davenport, the writer of power and imagination, it never makes him any the less Harry and likeable. Anybody less mystical or priggish than young Belsire you could hardly imagine, and that is why his deliverance from this internecine division of self comes

with a sense of relief, though you feel it must end a most engrossing story. Part of the self-denying artistry of the book consists in the way in which Anne Courtney gives Harry up for a Quixotic reason, and in the way that after it, Harry goes off to the war and falls with honour. He gives one the sense of pride that comes to many a bereaved and patriotic father to-day—the feeling that he was worth it, and grateful memory will not let him die.

THE GATES OF SILENCE. By Lindsay Russell. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Old Denis Crorey, the warmest man in Craithmary, a deep whisky-drinker and a bigoted Roman Catholic, boon companion of all the neighbouring priests, loudly boasted that "There's never a Crorey left the ould Church, an' there never will." He was also wont to add, "An', please God, before Denis Crorey closes his eyes on the world there will be two o' his flesh and blood that will be dedicated to the glory o' the Church." But even into peaceful Craithmary the inquiring spirit of modernism had penetrated. The dreams of Denis were rudely shattered when Father Maffield renounced the Church, when Mary Gabrielle was moved by sympathy and by the hopelessness of a convent future. The theme is a delicate one, but it is handled in a manner which gives no offence. The alternate setting of Donegal and New Guinea—where Paul Maffield makes good as a bush doctor—enhance the charm of a delightful story. Denis Crorey's daughters both break their vows, Mary Gabrielle for love of an explorer, and Elizabeth for love of Paul Maffield and Mary Gabrielle's baby. Some of the details are sordid, but this novel has an appeal distinctly its own.

THE ETERNAL WHISPER. By Charles Inge. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Finding your Self has always been hard—and always will, remarks old Mrs. Pilkington. Hetty Von Borne, young and eager to try her wings, but married to an unsympathetic and elderly Ceylon merchant of Portuguese extraction, discovers the truth of this after bitter misery and disillusionment. Von Borne, a stolid, unemotional man, with large ideas of duty and a penchant for playing patience, brings his wife to England for a holiday. In England Mrs. Von Borne meets Mrs. Pilkington, wife of an artist, and formerly his model, and their conversations suggest to Hetty a way out. On the eve of their return to Ceylon she disappears, joins a model in lodgings, and begins the Search for Self. Colin Maud, a rising young artist, employs her, and gradually the pair drift into a more intimate relationship. Love comes to them, a love, however, which destroys Colin's industry. When the truth dawns upon Hetty she determines to sacrifice herself to save Colin and his career, and does so by returning to her husband. Mr. Inge is to be congratulated upon an admirable piece of work. All through this story grips. The temptations and dangers besetting the lonely woman's path, the ugly and seamy side of London's lodgings and work, have never been so realistically described.

SHADOWS OF FLAMES. By Amélie Rivés. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Five hundred and eighty-eight pages, closely-printed pages, is excellent value. The one thing to be said is if you don't like the story you need not read them all; while if you do you will like it so much that you cannot have too much of a good thing. The beautiful American married to the English aristocrat, who is quite brutal and a morphia maniac, gives scope for a magnificent tale. And the agonies of morphia, the cunning of the victim, the whole pathology, is excellently observed and displayed. The most sympathetic character in the book is the nurse, a brisk and taking figure. When the husband dies, Sophy has further adventures, and marries again an American boy who has Adonis and Apollo "beat to a frazzle" for beauty and charm; but the end is a divorce. And then she moves towards the Italian who has loved her through her two wedlocks. There are many lurid scenes of every kind in the course of the book, very skilfully handled, and one has no doubt that a very large and eager public will be grateful for so warmly emotional a novel.

TEN DEGREES BACKWARD. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Behold, I will bring again the shadow on the sun-dial ten degrees backward." This is the keynote of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's new novel, in which we see the middle-aged hero of the story—after he has made a failure of his life—getting his chances over again: though he himself believes, and says early in the story that the real tragedy of life is "that there are no *encores*." Told in a witty and vivacious manner, the story covers a wide range of subject matter: there is the gift of spiritual healing which Reginald Kingsnorth (the hero) finds that he possesses, and which opens up an interesting channel for argument and speculation; there is his marriage with the charming and youthful Fay Wildacre, and the extraordinary way he bungles his happiness and hers; there are old friends to meet like Isabel—of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" fame: and then, towards the end of the book, comes an echo of the Great War, for, of course, no modern stories can escape it entirely. The interest in the two main themes of the book—Love and Religion—is cleverly sustained throughout.

SOME ELDERLY PEOPLE AND THEIR YOUNG FRIENDS. By S. Macnaughtan. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

By reading Miss Macnaughtan's latest book we meet several delightful people whose acquaintance it would certainly be a pity to miss. A few of the characters are elderly, and these decidedly resemble the fascinating folk of whom Jane Austen has told us, with an added humour all their own: their young friends are essentially modern, not to say startling at times; yet these contrasting characters are fitted so perfectly together, each group seems to form the complement of the other. Happily with Miss Macnaughtan description still ranks as a fine

"Ten Degrees Backward."
Cover Design.

art; there is a sub-acid flavour about her critisisms, and she makes a few words do a wonderful amount of work. She sticks neat little labels on to her characters, and we recognise them at once as old friends. There is Tom Beamish, whose table napkin would never rest on both knees at once; Mrs. Darling, who is "one of those women who sit at home and say 'Well darling?' to everybody when they return"; and Clemmie; Clemmie, with her naïvely expressed ideas on matrimony and the law of the land, and her extreme modernity. Personally we wouldn't have missed Clemmie for anything, although we heaved a sigh of relief that after all she wasn't our own daughter. In the end the very thing you never would have expected happens, and the story proves that, as Jacqueta says, "When all is said and done, love remains amazingly the fashion." This book is filled with a gentle gaiety, and the sense of humour which outlasts trouble. The lights and shades are so carefully applied that the whole reminds one of a very finished picture. Distinctly a book to take one's thoughts away from the war.

THE HIGHWAYMAN. By H. C. Bailey. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Bailey really knows how to do it. He can reproduce an ancient time to the life, or persuade you that it is to the life, which, if you come to think of it, is really far better. The days of Queen Anne have not been the most profitable for the historical novelist; we have "Esmond" and "Shrewsbury," and, of course, the *Spectator* and *Tatler* as contemporary fiction and authority, not to speak of others. Mr. Harry Boyce's adventure in life, as recounted by Mr. Bailey, is not merely an adventure of riding and swearing and wooing and slaying. He is a scholar, and at twenty-four tutor to Mr. Geoffrey Waverton, an Egoist, but an egoist devoid of the excellent qualities of Sir Willoughby Patterne. Strangely enough, Mr. Boyce's father reminds us of Harry Richmond's. How Mr. Boyce loves and is wooed by the peerless Miss Lambourn, who leads him a dog's life, and then falls in love with him afresh when he has left her, is the background of a sufficiently exciting tale, that gives us vivid glimpses of Marlborough, his Duchess, Sunderland, the Pretender, and such solid historical people, all strongly presented and made part of the stuff of the story. But the characters of the hero and heroine are well and truly delineated, they live and excite our human feelings of friendship and aversion as human folk will do in real life, and it is to this real quality of characterisation that the book owes its value. No one is all villain, no one is all heroic. There is an exception—the Egoist, and he is a very sorry fellow indeed. Only we feel that such a person would be just such an insufferable rascal given his original qualities, so that our sense of psychology commends the unrelieved blackness of his portraying.

THE LITTLE ILIAD. By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The impression which one carries away from this book is that one has been reading a first novel from the land of ghosts, its author being Harland—a Harland who has flitted round George Meredith, but not come very near the heart of him. It is significant that Mr. Hewlett looks towards the poets wistfully, and one is made to feel that he would sooner be a poet than a novelist. He has, indeed, some features of the poet, but what he has without a doubt, is great skill in the art of telling tales. This art is here so palpable that the very thinness of the tale is made more evident. We need not labour the point that the whole affair is, with its Hector and Helen and so forth, a shadow of the Iliad that is, to say the least, courageous; but the cynical friend who tells the story seems to tell you that it is a show of puppets. They play their little parts, in and out, and go their way and nobody is a penny the worse for it. The moral is that a womanly woman who is not unhappy should not be told that she ought to be; but if this Hector had behaved with such self-restraint there would have been no Highland siege of Troy, and Hector's father would not, in the end, have married Helen and the rather wise old chorus, Laura Bacchus, would not have been able to make her pronouncement that Hector "don't want to marry anybody. He only wants a woman to say his prayers to." There are several shrewd epigrams and neat observations. You are left in surmise as to Hermione, the beautiful and coldish daughter of this Helen: what will become of her when old Sir Roderick dies?

THE OCEAN SLEUTH. By Maurice Drake. 6s. (Methuen.)

The plot of this mystery story turns on the disappearance of an absconding banker with eighty thousand pounds' worth of English and French notes. Both the embezzler and his plunder are traced to a liner which comes to grief on the Lizard shelf, and the notes are ostensibly recovered and lodged with the Official Receiver. We say "ostensibly" advisedly, for Austin Voogdt, a wealthy young man with a convenient name for the author's purpose, an aptitude for asking questions, and a *penchant* for the sights and smells of the sea, is soon involved in a shower of notes bearing the numbers of those supposed to have been "recovered": and to his dismay his efforts to elucidate the mystery only serve to fasten suspicion on a beautiful girl to whom he had been of some service on the wrecked liner. The mystery suffers a little from over-elaboration, and the solution is too long deferred.. Any but the painstaking Voogdt would have skipped several steps in the solving. By far the most realistic chapters of "The Ocean Sleuth" are those setting out life on the salvage ship *Godwit*, and Austin's adventures in the Parson's Tunnel. Apropos of this tunnel, you cannot read this book without registering a vow to thrust your head out of the carriage window on your next journey between Dawlish and Teignmouth.

THE MONEY MASTER. By Sir Gilbert Parker. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

In any other hands but those of Sir Gilbert Parker, we are convinced that the dialect of the Canadian "habitant" would grow monotonous. It has always palled on us after awhile in the poems of Drummond, and we find it impossible to read more than a few pages of that capable writer at a time, but Sir Gilbert escapes monotony by the vigour of his character creations and his deftness in keeping the ball of action continually at work. He introduces a new element, moreover, by marrying his hero to a Spanish girl of wilful disposition and a haunting beauty, and her absconsion from the home of Jean-Jacques Barbille after certain years of outward conformity to the rules and conditions of matrimony constitutes the real beginning of the story. After that Jean-Jacques, with his self-obsession and his smattering of stereotyped jargon from the philosophic schools, seems to drift down the weirs of trouble. His daughter consults her own devices by marrying a Protestant, in opposition to her father's Catholic views, and they only become reconciled in a kind of way by his renunciation of her orphan babe, an act of self-denial on his part which more than expiates his faults of egotism and self-sufficiency. There is a complete reconciliation with his truant wife upon her deathbed, and after this the fortunes of the house of Barbille seem destined to return, or, if they don't, it does not greatly matter. Jean-Jacques has lived his life and shot his bolt, and the prospect of a second wife who has long adored him in secret is all in favour of a serene old age. He is philosophic at last in something more than the superficial sense of years ago, and we find we have traced the character upwards from a mild and good-humoured disparagement to a genuine level of admiration. The book is not the author's best, but it may rank amongst his most original. It is a book which nobody else could have written, and everybody else will appreciate.

THE BEGUINAGE, BRUGES.

From an etching by the Belgian artist, M. Van der Loo. From "Belgium the Glorious: Her Country and her People." Illustrated in colour and black-and-white. (Hutchinson.)

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The Bookman's Table.

THE SONGS AND SONNETS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Charles Robinson has found in Shakespeare's songs and sonnets a series of subjects that are admirably suited to his graceful, delicate art. His drawings are touched with fancy and imagination, as well as with beauty; he does not take a scene sufficiently described by the author and mechanically reproduce it in visible line and colour, but rather catches at ideas the poet has no more than hinted at and imaginatively elaborates these. "In the Court of Love," for instance, charmingly symbolises the inner significance of a sonnet in which that phrase does not even occur; and "This Fair Child of Mine" is not merely a portrait, but shows the child a living, lovable-looking little soul playing in just such an old-world garden as Shakespeare must have known. The grace and sweetness of the women and children in these as in all Mr. Robinson's pictures are among the happiest characteristics of his work. This handsomely-produced volume, with its twenty-four four-colour plates and numerous decorative drawings and initial letters, is one of the most artistic and should be one of the most popular of the Christmas gift-books.

SOLDIERS' STORIES OF THE WAR. By Walter Wood. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

One day we shall have the great drama of the retirement from Mons told in full, and, as Mr. Wood says, "history does not give a more splendid story of courage and endurance." You have vivid and moving glimpses of it in the first narrative in this book, which unfolds the personal experiences of Private J. Parkinson, of the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders. All the twenty-four chapters are planned on the same principle—Mr. Wood has talked with men who have been in the fighting lines, and has taken down their own accounts of the actions they have gone through, giving not only a strong, clear statement of the facts as they occurred but of their own impressions of the fighting and the hardships, and the things they have seen. Some of the men had kept diaries, and these have been drawn upon. There is no more vivid record of the great struggle on the Aisne than that taken from the lips of Private Herbert Page, of the Coldstream Guards; nor of life in the trenches than you get from Private G. Townsend, of the 2nd Battalion East Lancashire Regiment, nor of our victory at Neuve Chapelle than you get from Sergeant Gilliam, another of the Coldstreams. There are stories of the fighting on the Marne, and at Ypres; a stirring account of the famous exploits of the London Scottish by a private of that regiment; and of other phases of the war on land and sea. Mr. Wood has done his work uncommonly well; his book is alive with interest, and has the permanent value that must always belong to such first-hand testimony. The twenty full-page illustrations by A. C. Michael are admirable.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE MARKET OF EUROPE. By Princess Catherine Radziwill. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

It is the strain of cynicism in all of us that gives lasting currency to such phrases as "the marriage market," just as it is the strain of sentiment which makes us go on repeating the saying that marriages are made in Heaven, and which makes us accept the statement that any particular royal marriage is "a true love match." Possibly where royal marriages have been concerned history would tell us that cynicism is often nearer the truth than sentiment, though it must be recognised that within the past half century there have been more frequent departures from long-established custom in "The Royal Marriage Market" than would have been thought seemly earlier. Yet the sphere of selection for any member of a ruling family in search of a mate is a very limited one. "Choose not alone the proper mate, but proper time to marry" says the didactic poet at the close of his apologue, but it may be believed that the double choice is often made for them in the case of prince or princess, even as it was in days when such unhappily situated individuals were contracted in their cradles in accordance with the dictates of state policy. Though Princess Catherine Radziwill in her survey of the ruling families of Europe from the marriage market point of view has to tell of some love matches, the fact that the probabilities or possibilities of the leading royal candidates for matrimony, down to the six-year-old heiress to the Dutch throne, can be canvassed in a single volume shows of itself how limited is the field generally speaking. As the author points out, the great war is likely long to have its effect on the "market," for German princes and princesses will be looked at askance when it comes to the making of dynastic alliances, and such have for generations been an important article of export. Princess Catherine Radziwill gives light and sketchy chronicles of the marriages of recent and living members of the various ruling Houses and discusses the possible marriages of the more or less immediate future in a fashion which will prove very attractive to those many readers who find a delight in gossip about the people whose misfortune it is to pass their lives within that fierce light that beats upon a throne. While there is much that will of necessity be familiar to such readers there is also much that will be fresh, and the whole is set forth in a bright and unpretentious fashion.

The "Hogue" began to turn turtle. The four immense funnels broke away.

From "Soldiers' Stories of the War" (Chapman & Hall).

YUSUF KHAN, THE REBEL COMMANDANT. By S. C. Hill. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans & Co.).

A Sepoy who fought under Clive—who quite possibly had fought against Clive in the siege of Arcot—who won golden opinions from Clive and Lawrence, who by feats of daring and by soldierly skill proved over and over again, earned a

special gold medal from the Company, and was given a commission as Commander-in-Chief of all the Company's Sepoys, was no ordinary man. This was Yusuf Khan, whose name appears so often and so honourably in Orme's "History of India." That history ends with the year 1761, when Yusuf Khan had been nearly ten years in the service of the English, and had been for five years Governor of the provinces of Madura and Tinnevelly. Under his rule these provinces prospered exceedingly, his administration was vigorous and effective. "His justice," says Colonel Fullarton, "was unquestioned—his word unalterable—his measures were happily combined and firmly executed." His services were then transferred from the Company to the Nawab of the Carnatic, and before long he rebelled, and the English reduced his rebellion for the Nawab. The tale of the siege of Madura is heroic, it endured sixteen months, and Yusuf Khan repelled all assaults, until his French officer, Marchand, betrayed him and the defence was broken, and it is sad to read how the gallant soldier was hanged as a rebel, October 15th, 1764. The Nawab might well have spared the ablest of all the Indian soldiers who fought in the early wars between the English and the French for the possession of Southern India. The story of Yusuf Khan's last three years is locked up in the records of the Madras Government and the Orme MSS. Mr. S. C. Hill has drawn from these and other sources the first authoritative sketch of the career of a remarkable military genius, and a great Indian hero, whose courage was admired and whose fate was lamented by the British soldiers who fought against him at the end. We owe him no small debt of thanks for his account of a picturesque and chivalrous ally and enemy.

THE CALIPH'S LAST HERITAGE. By Lieut.-Col. Sir Mark Sykes, Bart., M.P. Illustrated. 20s. net. (Macmillan.)

Just now, when the Turks have allied themselves with our enemies, and many of us are quite naturally inclined to look only on the worse side of the Ottoman Empire, it is well that our bias should be corrected, and that we should look, as well, upon the other side—for even the Turk has something to his credit in the long account of the march of civilisation. The land ruled by the Sultan has indeed, as Colonel Sykes reminds us at the outset, "been the birthplace of civilisation, has given the world the Gospel and the Koran, has seen the rise and fall of four great Empires and scores of principalities and dynasties. It has been the battle ground of all the philosophies and creeds which form the basis of those now occupying Western minds, as well as the highway of all conquerors from Xerxes to Napoleon. The fact that the decisive historical events which have occurred within the Asiatic Provinces of the Sultan are those which have moulded the whole of the spiritual and material destinies of mankind, should give us food for reflection. There is nothing in our daily private or public life to-day which is not directly or indirectly influenced by some human movement that took place in this zone." Colonel Sykes holds no brief for the Turk, he is simply concerned to give him justice, and he does so in the right impartial spirit of the true historian. The narrative of the rise and decline of Islam—the study of the widely differing races that come under the Turkish rule—the stories of the great fighting they have done (and as fighting men, Colonel Sykes evidently holds them in high esteem) are all written with such knowledge and with such skill in the art of narration that "The Caliph's Last Heritage" is not only a valuable history, but one that, with its shrewd reflections, its breadth of vision, its illustrative anecdotes, makes thoroughly enjoyable reading. A second part of this substantial volume includes the diaries kept by the author describing five journeys he made in Turkey and Egypt between 1906 and 1913, and gives an excellent, most interesting and up-to-date account of those places and their people. The book is well illustrated with photographs and contains a number of very serviceable maps.

GLORIOUS DEEDS OF THE AUSTRALASIANS IN THE GREAT WAR. By E. C. BULEY. Illustrated with photographs. 3s. 6d. (Melrose.)

Everybody knows from the newspapers something of the gallantry and stubborn courage with which the Australian and New Zealand troops have been fighting at the Dardanelles, and what they know has filled them with the most enthusiastic admiration of these puissant sons of the Empire. But they don't know a tithe of the story yet. Mr. E. C. Buley, himself an Australian and one of the ablest journalists in London, has done excellent service not only to his native country, but to all who have Britain's cause at heart in writing this vivid, stirring account of what the Australasians have achieved since the beginning of the war. By talking with hundreds of the wounded Anzacs in London hospitals he has been able to unfold his story and enliven it with first-hand information of the best and raciest kind. Mr. Buley has a sense of humour and tells many capital anecdotes. This is the most intimate and intensely interesting account of the Dardanelles campaign that has yet appeared.

Ak Koyunlu Turks.

From "The Caliph's Last Heritage" (Macmillan)

A half-tone reproduction of one of Edmund Dulac's colour paintings in the "Edmund Dulac Picture Book." Published for the French Red Cross. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

YOUNG ROUSSELLE.
"What do you think of young Rousselle?"

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

ART POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES

FESTIVALS, HOLY DAYS AND SAINTS' DAYS.

By ETHEL L. URLIN. With 8 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

The sub-title of this book is "A Study in Origins and Survivals in Church Ceremonies and Secular Customs." It is a fascinating subject, but one which needs patience, interest, honest first-hand work and continuous study. It cannot be "mugged up." The reward for all this trouble lies in the ever-increasing pleasure of the pursuit of some obscure fact, and in the handing on of the knowledge gained. In Miss Urlin we have the spirit of the true antiquary, and her new volume is an illuminating record and explanation of customs and ceremonies still existing or but lately discontinued. It is much more than this, too; it is a book of genuine folk-lore, and one to be enjoyed not only by scholars, but by the general reader. The scheme of the book is, roughly speaking, that of a calendar, beginning with New Year's Day and ending with New Year's Eve, and surveying and tracing customs and beliefs connected with certain days in each month. And in addition to the greater festivals, the authoress tells us of such days as "Plough Monday," "Carling Sunday," "Holy Cross Day," "Lammas Day," and others. For ourselves, we have placed it on the shelf between Brand and Howe, those indispensables to the lover of folk-lore. The illustrations in the volume are well-chosen reproductions from the old masters.

From **Festivals, Holy Days, and Saints' Days**

THE NATIVITY
(Botticelli).
(Photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.)

BELLES LETTRES.

In times of war poetry and the making of poetry and the impulse towards poetry flourish; and in the third category I place those who have no real wings to fly, but feel the spring lifting them a little way from the ground, even if it is only to fall back again. The poets and the verse-makers are like the birds of which word comes to us from the firing line, that their songs are to be heard through all the terrible noise of a war which has made noise as terrible and afflicting a scourge as fire and sword. The impulse to sing in these troubled times is a good and hopeful thing, for all poetry and honest attempts to make poetry are in themselves indications that the hearts of the makers are turning towards idealism. When there are no poets, and none who long to be poets, and no readers for the poets, then the world will be tumbling to pieces from its own inherent rottenness.

Of the half-dozen books of verse under review, but one I think contains poems of the War, and that is the best of the bunch—the "Swords and Ploughshares"[1] of John Drinkwater. Mr. Drinkwater's diction is good and stately; he has thought before he has written; he has a worthy vocabulary; he has style; he treats of serious and dignified subjects with dignity. He has cultivated an academic manner of poetry, the manner which commends itself to college dons and the old-fashioned reviews; but I am inclined to think that it is not in the groves of Academe he finds himself, but in the wonderful, haunted English country, with its placid ordered beauty, the country of Kipling's heart and of the Shropshire Lad, of Belloc and Gilbert Chesterton. And that is a poetry which has its fount of inspiration springing clear as crystal from woods and meadows and gardens, where the Spirit of Delight has made her quiet habitation. Mr. Drinkwater is a Warwickshire man, and he is at his very best when he thinks upon the Cotswolds and forgets Birmingham University, or other Universities for the matter of that. Personally I would give all the correct polished academic poems for the freshness of "For Corin To-Day," or "Mad Tom Tatterman" or "The Defenders." Here is the latter to prove my point that Mr. Drinkwater is a poet of pastorals, with just the touch of carking care added, inseparable from our times and anxieties; for your pure artificial shepherd and shepherdess are now gone to Fairyland.

"His wage of rest at nightfall still
He takes who sixty years has known
Of ploughing over Cotsall hill
And keeping trim the Cotsall stone.

He meditates the dusk, and sees
Folds of his wonted shepherdings
And lands of stubble and tall trees
Becoming insubstantial things.

And does he see on Cotsall hill—
Thrown even to the central shire—
The funnelled shapes, forbidding still
The strangers from his cottage fire?"

"One Way of Love,"[2] by Cuthbert Wright, proves that its author has really got the hang of it. His is very smooth and easy versification, with a sense of beauty and a sensitive choice of words. There is achievement in the book, but such achievement as stands for promise, for one feels that when Mr. Wright has lived longer and become less sophisticated, when he has learnt to look into his heart and write, he will have his place among contemporary poets. At present he has a suggestion of the undergraduate, perhaps of the Rhodes Scholar, doubly undergraduate. He was perhaps brought up in the other worldly unworldly atmosphere of a Catholic school, from which he has escaped to a somewhat over-emphasised knowledge of the world. The mere externals of religion and religious ceremonial are too much in his verse at present. All the same, he can write and will write.

Mr. Percy Dobell has done a work of piety in publishing this posthumous volume of his father—"Sonnets and

[1] "Swords and Ploughshares." By John Drinkwater. 2s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

[2] "One Way of Love." By Cuthbert Wright. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Lyrics in War-Time."[1] Dobell is a name of good savour to bookmen; and there is a real honest, brave and wholesome personality revealed in this book. Mr. Bertram Dobell must have been "ever a fighter"; and, if it came to him to fight with words rather than weapons, none can say but that he fought bravely. There is an inspiriting spirit in these sonnets and lyrics of the fighting sort and a tonic in these great days of glory and desolation.

"The Forgotten Island"[2] might bear the sub-title of "Poems from the Japanese," but it does not. Miss Radclyffe Hall, who makes no rhymes, but pours out her verse without premeditation, has contrived to get the impassioned manner, the fragrance, the drowsy warmth of the East, into her poetry. It is not poetry of thought, of manners, of teaching, of illumination; it does not belong to any time or any epoch. She is a poet of one mood, and the mood is Love's. This volume, though it is more temperate, will appeal to the many admirers of the late Lawrence Hope, and, being much less decorated, it is probably also more sincere. A book which has no message for its time may be something to retire upon for the not too heavily burdened in this oppressed and uplifted day.

K. T. H.

THE ART AND GENIUS OF TINTORET.

By F. P. B. Osmaston. 2 vols. £3 3s. net. (Bell.)

The greatness of Tintoret's genius has not been so readily and universally recognised as have the genius of Titian or Michaelangelo. There was a time when his art fell into comparative neglect, and not until Ruskin championed his cause and paid him the high tribute that belonged to him in "Modern Painters" did anything of a general realisation grow up, at all events in this country, that he was one of the world's supreme artists, and that his place was with the greatest of the great masters. He still has his detractors; still has to abide the question, and is ranked by certain critics considerably below the highest. But in sheer imaginative power, in the dignity and beauty of his conceptions, the wonderful virility, the sense of abounding life he gets into his figures, he is unsurpassed. Mr. Osmaston is as enthusiastic an advocate for Tintoret as Ruskin was, but he is more effective because he is more discriminating—less given to running into hyperbole and being carried away on the glorious stream of his eloquence. He supplements an ample and admirably written biography of the painter with a most careful critical study of the development of [illegible], and describes and appraises his great canvases with an insight and balanced judgment, a skill in technique, and a sympathetic understanding of the ideals and methods of his subject that make his book the most elaborate and illuminating contribution we have had to the study of Tintoret's life and works. The two large volumes are very artistically produced, and the two hundred and five plates from Tintoret's canvases and drawings are beautifully reproduced. It is a book that will charm the collector, but it will delight every lover and student of the wonderful art of one of the most wonderful of the old masters.

From The Art and Genius of Tintoret (*Bell*).

CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF LAZARUS.

VERSUS ET LUDIBRIA QUÆDAM.

Four volumes of verse have reached us simultaneously, and we turned first, and with sympathetic curiosity, to those three whose authors' names were not familiar. Let unsuccessful authors say what they like to the contrary, reviewers are a kindly folk, and there is not one who is not keen to be able to proclaim that he has heard a "new voice," or caught the first glimpse of a new star. It was a memorable occasion in some reviewers' life when "The Soul's Destroyer" came into their hands, published by the then unknown poet W. H. Davies at his own charges from the "Farm House in the Marshalsea," and they are ever on the look-out for a repetition of the glad experience. It is sad to be obliged to add that one reviewer is waiting still.

[1] "Sonnets and Lyrics on the War." By Bertram Dobell. 1s. net. (P. J. & A. E. Dobell.)

[2] "The Forgotten Island." By Marguerite Radclyffe Hall. 2s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

It does not need the direct hint contained in two of his "book-plates" to tell us that Mr. William J. Ibbett [1] is a loving disciple of Robert Herrick. Like the delightful pagan parson he finds his joy in little things and expresses it in good, homely English informed by a racy humour. If he laments the on-coming of age he does so with a whimsical smile, and consoles himself with the unrepentant, cheerful reflection that he gathered his rosebuds while he might. In the opening verses, "Old Age, forget thy sorrow," in "The Golden Age," and in "Heigho!" Mr. Ibbett shows that he can use his favourite medium to good purpose; and "A Field in Lodwell" has the true ring of the epigram as derived from Martial through Herrick. Altogether, these chosen poems prove distinct talent if no genius.

Mr. Gerald Crow's poems [2] do not please us quite so much, despite the fact that their deeper note appeals more strongly to the intellectual interest. Whether the melancholy underlying them is a sentimental phase of young manhood, or whether it is the result of some disillusionment in life, we will not stay to speculate. Its effect is a general sombreness which is rather dispiriting. Best in the collection we like "Advent" with its reminder of the large place occupied by gardens in the course of God's direct human relations with man, and its protest against the noisy and lurid imagery of language dear to the revivalist preacher.

Dr. Watson has undeniable facility in metrical expression, but few of the poems in this collection [3] have genuine inspiration behind them. We do not mean that the work is pedestrian, but in nearly every case we are made conscious of limitations to the suggestive power of the idea enshrined in the poem, or of limitations to the author's technical skill. Sometimes, as in "Aspiration," an otherwise creditable thing is spoiled by a lack of fineness of ear which has not detected the fatal monotony of the vowel sounds in the endings of the lines; sometimes a common-place word suggests poverty of the author's vocabulary, or a cheap device, employed in order to make an obvious rhyme immediately available,

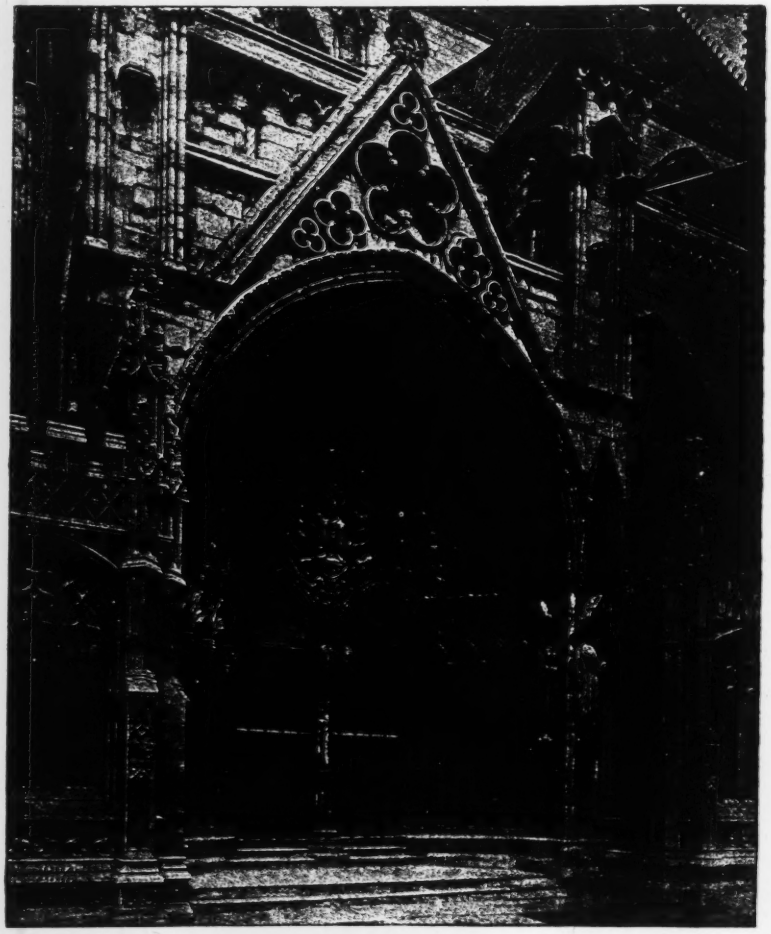
STATUE OF ST. MATTHEW IN HENRY VII. CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
From **Gothic Architecture in France, England and Italy.**
(*Cambridge University Press*).

[1] "Chosen Poems" of William J. Ibbett. 2s. 6d. net. (Stratford-upon-Avon: A. H. Bullen).

[2] "Chosen Poems" of Gerald H. Crow. 2s. 6d. net. (Stratford-upon-Avon: A. H. Bullen).

[3] "If Love were King, and Other Poems," By Edward Willard Watson. $1.25. (Philadelphia: H. W. Fisher).

robs a stanza of its power to please. Yet there are good things in this volume, notably "David's Lament" which has genuine human pathos, "The God of Guns" marked by fine vigour, and "The Marshes," which for atmosphere and colour is the most distinctively poetical thing in the book. Mention should be made, too, of "Hello! Hello!" an ode to the telephone in the manner of Walt. Whitman; there is originality of thought here, and decided poetical quality.



From **Gothic Architecture in France, England and Italy**
(*Cambridge University Press*).

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

It is a pleasure to come at last to Mr. Alfred Noyes' new volume, "A Salute from the Fleet,"[4]; for among the "Other Poems" there is much that is really good, charged with imagination, truly musical, and delicate to a degree that makes one smile for sheer pleasure. There is power, too: firm grasp of ideas and intensity of feeling. And there is depth of conviction and sense of responsibility. Upon "A Salute from the Fleet" we confess we have no great praise to bestow: "noisy" is the word we should apply to it rather than "sonorous," and we think other men, inferior as poets to Mr. Noyes, could have done a good deal better with the subject. To our thinking, "The Return of the Home-born" is a more valuable tribute of love to England from this one of her sons.

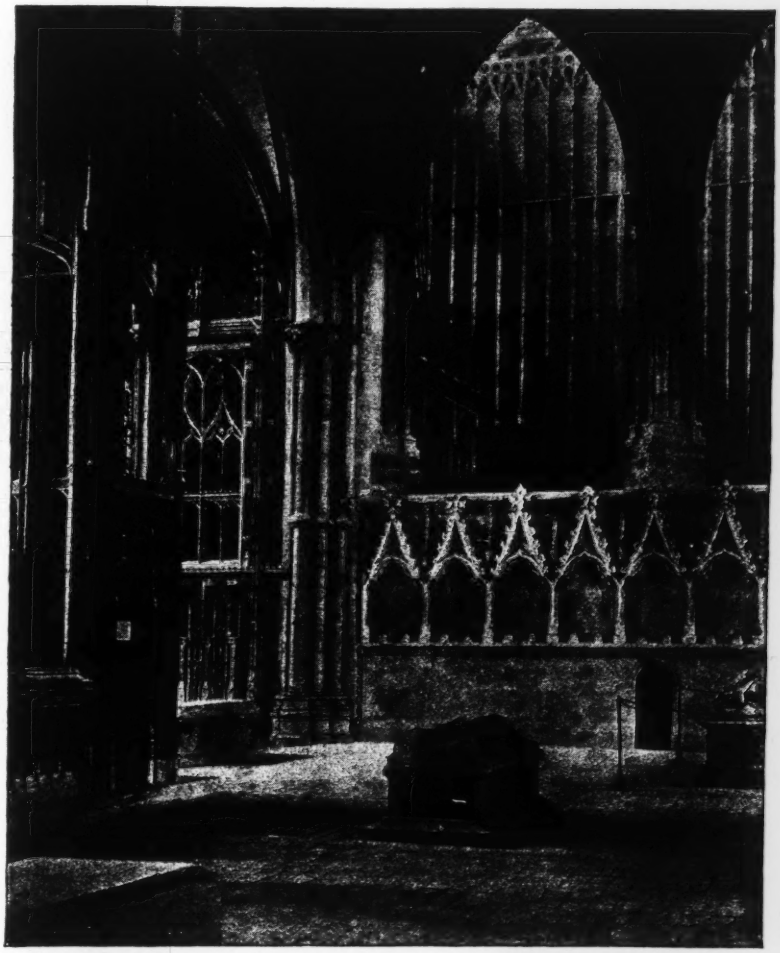
"Mother of half the rolling world,
And O, so little and gray,
The first time I found you
Was when I turned away.

Over yon green water
Sussex lies.
But the slow mists gather
In our eyes.

[4] "A Salute From the Fleet, and Other Poems." By Alfred Noyes. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

England, little island—
God, how dear!
Fold me in your mighty arms,
Draw me near.

Little tawny roofs of home,
Nestling in the gray,
Where the smell of Sussex loam
Blows across the bay. . . .



From **Gothic Architecture in France, England and Italy.**
(Cambridge University Press).

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

Fold me, teach me, draw me close,
Lest in death I say
The first time I loved you
Was when I turned away."

But there is no need to labour proof of Mr. Noyes's love of his country. It is breathed in every word he puts on paper. And if one began to quote all that one likes in this book, it would mean transcribing the whole two hundred pages. Typical of the poet who has won his way into the hearts of all who love England are "The Great North Road," "Blind Moone of London," "The Lord of Misrule"—and, in short, all the others. There is poetry here—real poetry—that all of us should buy, and keep, and be thankful for.

C. M.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

By CARDINAL MANNING. 5s. net. (Foulis.)

Quite apart from its special interest to the theologian and the seeker after truth, this is one of those books that will always make a strong appeal to the book-lover, and this particular edition is a delight to the eye, a joy to handle, and a credit to artist and publisher alike. It affects the reader with a mingled feeling of reverence and æsthetic pleasure; a simple shrine lit by a stained-glass window inspires a similar feeling. Concerning the nature of these "Little Flowers" we cannot do better than recall Cardinal Manning's foreword to his translation: "Every page of this little book breathes of the faith and the simplicity of the Middle Ages. . . . Each of the little flowers is in itself a sacred poem. A divine ideal forms their principal feature from beginning to end, and throws a halo round the personages they describe. This ideal is Christ, whose saints are all, in a certain sense and measure, reproductions of Himself. St. Francis owes all his greatness to his conformity with his divine Lord; and the purport of the 'Little Flowers' is to draw out and exhibit the resemblance." We may recall, too, the Cardinal's reminder of the deeper significance of these poems in prose: "Notwithstanding their great simplicity, they are full of strong doctrine, and fitted for men deeply versed in theology." Happily, however, this beautiful book is not doomed to disappear in the dust of a theological conflict; the thoughtful tranquillity of cloister and study is its true abiding place. Its large-heartedness, its simple human kindness lifts it above the narrow circle of any sect or creed and gives it place among the enduring books that are for all men and for all time.

OXFORD.

By ANDREW LANG. With Illustrations in Colour by GEORGE F. CARLINE. 12s. 6d. (Seeley, Service.)

There is no more interesting book about Oxford than this by Andrew Lang. Keenly sensitive to the loveliness and repose of the place, he wrote of it with all that charm of thought and style that make it a joy to read, whatever he has written on any subject that was near to his heart. His chapters on the town before the university, on the early students, including "a day with a mediæval undergraduate," are full of delightfully picturesque bits, and of touches of humour and whimsicality that were peculiarly his own. But one may say the same for the whole of the book. It unfolds the life of Oxford from the earliest days to the latest, is by turns descriptive, ancedotal, gossipy, and through all is informed with intimate knowledge and alive with the warmest enthusiasm.

STATUE OF ST. ANTHONY IN HENRY VII. CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
From **Gothic Architecture in France, England and Italy.**
(Cambridge University Press).

MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF ANDREW MARVELL.
Probably by Samuel Cooper. Printed on silver.
From **Collecting Old Miniatures** (*Heinemann*).

WAR MEDALS AND THEIR HISTORY.

By W. AUGUSTUS STEWARD. 12s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Although primarily addressed to collectors and sellers of war medals, this large and laboriously compiled volume should not be without interest to the man in the street. For in these days when the man in the street is no longer regarded as a man unless he can exhibit a badge, medal, or armlet to justify his claim to manhood, the importance of disks, ribbons, and the like as labels of merit, rank and honour is palpable to all, and in consequence the man in the street has developed a piercing and discriminating eye for badges and insignia of all kinds. Mr. Steward writes with the enthusiasm of the genuine collector. "Just think," he says *à propos* of the warriors of Waterloo, "just think what it is to touch and possess the solid proofs of the deeds that those men did and to feel that you have in your possession the only recompense those brave and daring men received from a grateful country." His collection of medals enables him to cover over a hundred years of history, and by means of the metallic records which he describes so meticulously in this volume he recalls the glory of many a hard-fought battle and campaign on land or sea. The book contains a military section and a naval section, and is profusely illustrated by photographs of the same size as the original medals to assist the reader in recognising official lettering. Some space is also devoted to a number of interesting foreign medals, and an appendix provides a record of the average auction prices fetched by war medals during the last twelve years—prices ranging from a few shillings to over a hundred pounds. With this volume at his elbow, the collector should be well armed against spurious imitations.

From **War Medals and their History** (*Stanley Paul*)

PISTRUCCI'S WATERLOO MEDAL (Reverse).

TRAFALGAR GLASS.
From **Collecting Old Glass** (*Heinemann*).

A BOOK OF MYTHS.

By JEAN LANG. 7s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

The author touches for us with sensitive imagination the beautiful mythology of Greece. The very titles of some of these myths make the most charming poetry, for the words themselves are so rich in meaning that even to repeat them over to oneself is to allow a little of their magic to escape. Prometheus and Pandora, Apollo and Daphne, Echo and Narcissus, Orpheus, Icarus, Proserpine—the names are like gems which hold in their hard lustre the beauty and passion of a people. Mrs. Lang retells these old stories with true sympathy, so that they live again in her words. She has designed her book principally for young readers, and the narratives are given in simple language. Very delightfully is the tale of the death of Adonis told, to mention one of the most successfully treated of the myths—"and when the time of the singing of the birds has come and the flowers have thrown off their white snow pall we know that Adonis has returned from his exile, and trace his footprints by the fragile flower that is his very own, the white flower with the golden heart that trembles in the wind." Fortunately the author has not confused the beauty of the old myths with any scientific or anthropological observations. One wishes the illustrations reflected more of the charm of the book; unfortunately they are not quite worthy of the text.

MINIATURE ON IVORY. COSWAY SCHOOL.
From **Collecting Old Miniatures** (*Heinemann*).

THE PATRIOTIC POETRY OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A Selection. With Introduction and Notes. By the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR H. D. ACLAND. 1s. net. (Clarendon Press).

Few things are easier to write than patriotic verse; few things harder than patriotic poetry. There is none in our language that rises to nobler heights or is more genuinely inspired than Wordsworth's, and the series of great sonnets that Mr. Acland has included in this timely little volume are as finely appropriate to the circumstances and spirit of our day as they were to those of the days for which they were written. The hope and confidence by which Wordsworth held throughout the long Napoleonic wars are the very sentiments and feeling that sustain us in the midst of the present struggle. It is such a rousing, heartening little book one would like to have a copy of it put into the knapsack of every one of our soldiers. Mr. Acland's Introduction and notes are admirable.

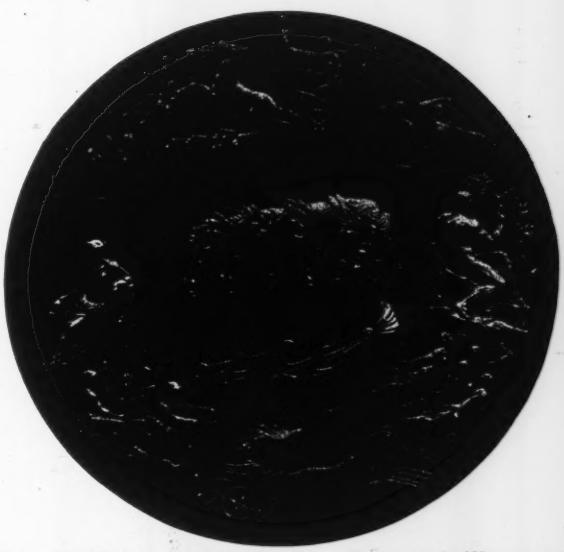
WATERFORD GLASS, ENGRAVED AND CUT.
From **Collecting Old Glass** (*Heinemann*).

From **Chats on Military Curios** (*Fisher Unwin*).

CHATS ON MILITARY CURIOS.

By STANLEY C. JOHNSON. 5s. (Fisher Unwin.)

The collecting of military curios is a form of connoisseurship that has naturally been much stimulated by the war. There are many more miniature United Services Museums in existence than is generally imagined, nor is the general public aware of how various and interesting military curios can be. For in addition to the ordinary stock of things which inevitably attract the attention of the collector of martial relics, such as medals, helmets, swords, firearms, tunics, buttons, sabretaches, gorgettes and epaulettes, there are also to be sought for autographs of famous soldiers, plans or copies of plans, postage stamps and franks, and regimental crests. The author addresses himself rather to the collector or would-be collector than to the general public. His volume is one of a series of books for collectors, and he seeks first of all to awaken the collecting instinct in his reader and then to tell him how and where he may satisfy it. The volume contains many useful hints. For instance the official catalogue of the United Services Museum in Whitehall is recommended to the student as a kind of text-book of the subject. There are the Tower of London, the Wallace collection, and the Rotunda at Woolwich to be seen, to mention only the principal military museums of London. There is room for a book such as this at the present time when so much curio stock is in process of manufacture. The collector of today may indeed feel jealous of the wonderful "finds" this war will make possible for the enthusiast of, say 1950 or 1960. Our two illustrations represent Royalist Badges worn by the Partisans of Charles I.



From **War Medals and their History** (*Stanley Paul*).

PISTRUCCI'S WATERLOO MEDAL (Obverse).

THE ALFRED MEDAL OF 1901
(From Bowker's Millenary of King Alfred).

EDINBURGH.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. 6s. net. (Seeley, Service.)

Yet another handsome edition of Stevenson's "Auld Reekie" printed in large type on stout rough-edged paper and illustrated by James Heron's soft-toned colour pictures. So large is the type that you can settle down in your fire-lit study and find your way with as much comfort among the dark alleys and archways, the dangling washing and bulging houses of the Old Town, as among the gaily-beflagged palaces of Princes Street. And what a feast of memories and impressions come flitting into view with the firelight. The little shops "plastered like so many swallows' nests among the buttresses of the old Cathedral"; the New Town with its "draughty parallelograms"; the *land* in the Old Town where "the population slept fourteen or fifteen deep in a vertical direction"; the dismal uproar of the Sabbath bells; the unforgettable spectacle of Edinburgh, "with her satellite hills and all the sloping country sheeted up in white." Not a page but stirs the imagination by some happy phrase or pregnant passage. One reads and re-reads. If any traveller there be who has been induced by rumours of its climate vile to postpone his visit to the ancient Metropolis of the North, here is an excellent opportunity to make the journey under the most delightful of conductors in his own armchair and carpet slippers.

From **Chats on Military Curios.** (*Fisher Unwin*).

ALL'S WELL.

By JOHN OXENHAM. 1s. net. (Methuen.)

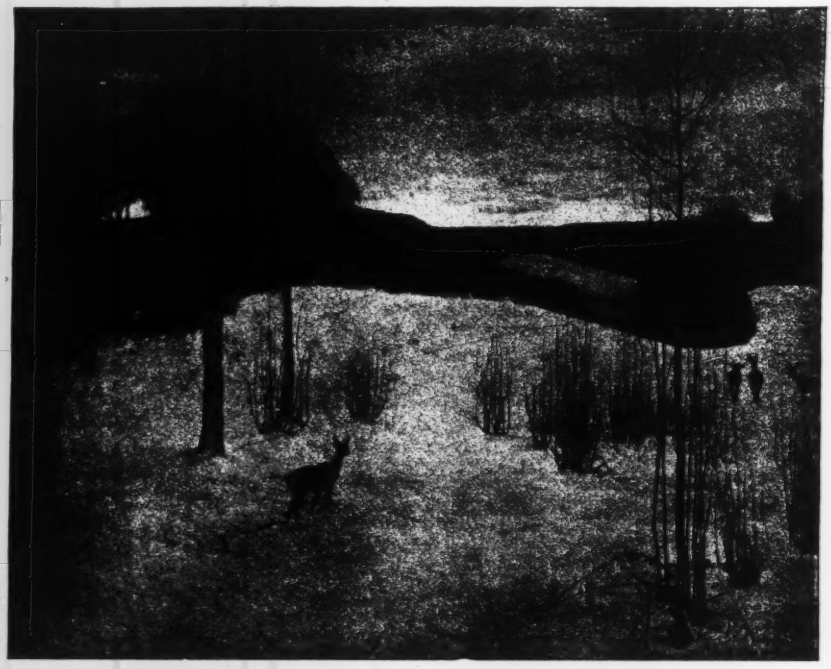
Mr. Oxenham describes the contents of this little book of his as "some helpful verse for these dark days of war"—and it is a description that cannot be bettered. A profound faith in God and in the ultimate triumph of righteousness runs through all the poems; amid the darkness and the sorrow with which the war has clouded all the world Mr. Oxenham still sees "the morning light" far off, but shining and brightening. There are thoughts in those poems that should fire the courage of any who doubt, and bring comfort to many who are sad and heavy laden. It is a little book of quiet wisdom that will answer to the needs of most of us in these dark days.

ALFRED THE GREAT.
(*Putnam*).

RABBI BEN EZRA AND OTHER POEMS FROM "DRAMATIS PERSONÆ."

By ROBERT BROWNING. Illustrated by BERNARD PARTRIDGE. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Almost every one knows Mr. Bernard Partridge's masterly black-and-white art, for he has long been one of Mr. Punch's most famous cartoonists, but his work in colour is not so familiar to us. The twelve full-page drawings in this volume show him, to such as did not know it already, as cunning and effective with the brush as with the pencil. So many artists achieve grace at the expense of strength, or strength at the expense of beauty, but the strength and vigour of Mr. Partridge's conceptions are fully expressed in his line, yet there is grace and beauty also in his most forceful and most sombre portrayals. This in itself makes him an ideal interpreter of Browning, whose ruggedest verse is redeemed by an underlying beauty of thought, and whose tenderest fancies always bespeak the tenderness of a certain masculine strength. It is safe to say that every Browning lover will be delighted with these twelve imaginative renderings of scenes and characters from some of the master's noblest poems.



From **The Artistic Anatomy of Trees** (*Seeley, Service*).

DAWN IN WINTER.

From **The English Countryside** (*Batsford*). Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

RUXLEY WATERSPLASH, EPSOM.

THE ARTISTIC ANATOMY OF TREES.

By REX VICAT COLE. 7s. 6d. net. (Seeley, Service.)

Magnificent is the only adjective fit to describe this sumptuous volume with its four hundred sketches by the author and its many reproductions of pictures by other famous artists. Mr. Cole is a landscape painter of renown, and he has placed the whole of his practical and theoretical knowledge at the disposal of the student. Three headings divide the book into sections, trees considered in relation to painting, the anatomy of a tree, and the details of trees. Each chapter is a minute study of the characteristics of a certain group of trees—trunks, branches, buds, and leaves being sketched and described. But the lesson does not end here. The effects of light and shade are shown, the effects of the seasons, the effects of age, wind, frost, snow, and moonlight. More exhaustive still are the notes on balance and masses, on trees seen against the sky, on outlines, on the lines of branches, on varieties of light and shade, on varieties in colour, on the influence of situation, and on how trees adapt themselves to it. Not one single useful piece of knowledge has been omitted, and to the country lover this book will be as invaluable as a source of reference and information as to the art student.

MOOR PARK, RICKMANSWORTH.

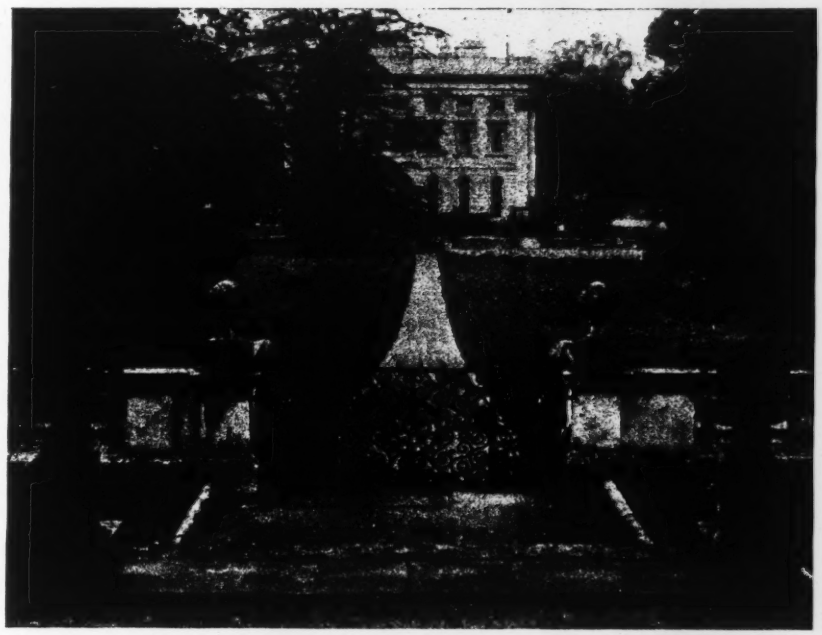
A Series of Photographs by ALVIN LANGDON COBURN. With an Introduction by LADY EBURY. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Moor Park, Rickmansworth, has a history which goes back far through the centuries to the days of Offa, King of Mercia. It is one of the most beautiful parks in Hertfordshire, and is upwards of five hundred acres and four miles in circumference. The Manor House, under the hand of a celebrated Italian architect, was transformed in 1720 from one of the finest examples of Tudor architecture into a stately place of marble pavements and doorways that, as Lady Ebury

says in her very interesting prefatory note, reminds one "more of a Genoese palace than of an English country house." Among the many famous men who have from time to time been possessors of it were Cardinal Wolsey, two Earls of Bedford, the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Monmouth, to whose widow it was granted by James II. after Monmouth had been executed for treason. To many book-lovers Moor Park is chiefly famous because Sir William Temple and his bride, the charming Dorothy Osborne, spent their honeymoon here, and Temple has described the grounds and the gardens in the letters he wrote to her before their marriage. Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn's series of wonderful photographs of this historic mansion and its surroundings will be a source of great pleasure to all who love to look upon beautiful things. He has the artist's sensitiveness to the spirit of beauty in landscape and architecture, and has chosen his subjects with unerring instinct and conjured them on to his plates with a feeling for the light and shade and whole aspect of them and, in out-of-door scenes, a delicate art in catching the right moment of exposure that is the perfection of photography.

From **Moor Park, Rickmansworth** (*Elkin Mathews*).

THE GATEWAY TO MOOR PARK.



From **Moor Park, Rickmansworth** (*Elkin Mathews*).

THE HOUSE FROM THE PLEASURE GARDENS.

SAMUEL COLERIDGE-TAYLOR,

Musician: His Life and Letters.

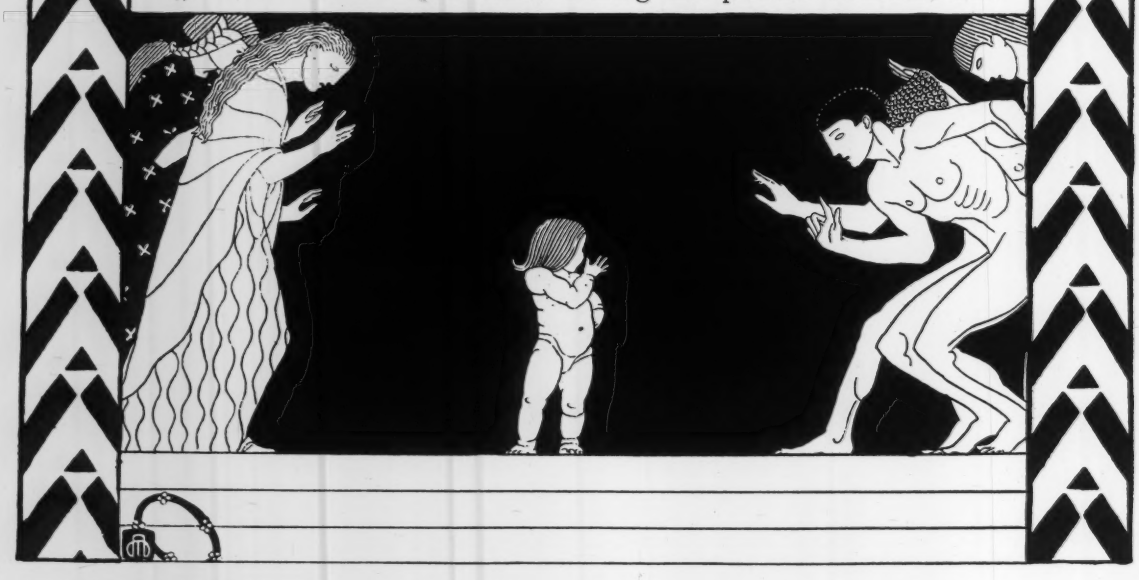
By W. C. BERWICK SAYERS. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

The ideal biography is one in which a personality expresses itself through the medium of another, as a player upon an instrument. All great biography has this dual quality, from Boswell to Morley. Genius must be revealed intimately. But there is another kind in which the biographer, without always discarding the unessential, is able to satisfy curiosity, and to reveal the main motives of a life. To this good, workmanlike school belongs Mr. Berwick Sayers' book on the composer of "Hiawatha." He tells us much about the Musician, but more about the Man.

The book contains a full and by no means fulsome account of the composer's musical career. Mr. Berwick Sayers was a friend, yet he makes no absurd claims. Coleridge-Taylor was a genius, but not a prophet. Lyrical, popular, versatile, are words to describe him. Yet two qualities, the one personal and the other racial, set him apart from all other musicians. He was at once childlike and ambitious, serious and joyful. And above all he was West African, being the son of a negro doctor, who married an English wife Most men are sensitive about such an origin. With Coleridge-Taylor all depended upon circumstance. Throughout this book the colour question runs like a "leit motiv." Certainly it ran through his music. He would speak smilingly of the "savage" in him. Really he was a kind of "Hiawatha," a romantic savage. We are introduced to him playing marbles on the pavement. His father, even in the comparative prosperity of his medical career in Theobald's Road, Holborn, was very poor. Nor was he satisfactory in other matters. But for a good mother and the friends who came to his aid later, the curly-haired little darkie would not have developed into the celebrity, much less into a genius.

his bony fingers with rapture; and, grasping the drum with which he accompanies his heavenly voice, sat down obedient between Fear and Hatred, unconscious of their foulness.

THE way the Ballet began was this: Among the Nations appointed by Satan to dance, for a few had to be kept to swell the audience, which would otherwise have consisted only of sundry sleepy Virtues and of the Centuries-to-Come, which are notoriously bodiless and difficult to please—among those Dancing Nations there was a very little one, far too small to have danced with the others, and particularly unwilling to dance at all, because it knew by experience that the dances of Ballet-Master Death oftenest took place upon its prostrate body. So it was told, as it always had been told, it need do nothing but stay quite quiet for the others to dance round. And as it stood there, in the middle of the Western Stage, two or three of the tallest and finest Dancers danced up in a silent step, smiling, wreathing their arms and blowing kisses, all of which is the ballet-language for "Don't be afraid, we will protect you," and danced away again wagging their finger at a particular one of their vis-à-vis, who was also curtsying and smiling in the most engaging manner on the other side. During this prelude Idealism, Self-



From "**The Ballet of the Nations.**"
(*Chatto & Windus*).

When he went to the Church School (of the old "National" brand) he was known generally as "Coaly." Later at the Royal College of Music he became self-conscious, though seldom was he forcibly reminded of this cardinal factor in his career. His first Festival performance (at the Shire Hall, Worcester) resulted in a tremendous ovation in which surprised admiration played a part. He was so simple and free from affectation that professional prospects never suffered through colour. "Once, however, when I had invited him to dinner at a Bloomsbury hotel the management requested me to reserve a private room owing to the prejudices of American visitors. Needless to say I preferred the honour of his company at a restaurant. To do Americans justice one must remember the Coleridge-Taylor Choral Society, and the Festivals at Washington and Baltimore." Mr. Berwick Sayers, too, gives an instance of the suppressed fury with which he whacked a young hooligan who called him "nigger."

Such was life on the surface. Down below his African blood warmed with the sun of unforced melody. Early poverty enabled him to be happy with a simple life. His work made much money for his publishers, but owing to the wretched system by which the musical houses refuse "royalty agreements" little of the reward came to the creator himself. He found his compensation in the love of a sympathetic wife, an English singer, who married him despite family objections.

His kindliness of heart appears in a little story. He was trying to rid himself of the annoyance of an organ-grinder, who was driving melodies out of Coleridge-Taylor's head. But when it transpired that the organ-grinder was the special joy of a sick child in a neighbouring house the composer gave way, preferring to sacrifice his own

Righteousness and a one-eyed hidden Fiddler called Statecraft, played a few conventional variations on the well-known diplomatic hymn to Peace, to which the Nations pirouetted unconcernedly about, although Fear, with Suspicion and Panic, were beginning to whistle and to thump on that mediæval tocsin-bell concealed in greasy newspapers.

And as the Smallest-of-all-the-Corps-de-Ballet stood quite alone in the middle of the Western Stage, that same tall and very well-trained Dancer sidled up to it with polite gestures of "by your leave," and, suddenly placing his colossal horny paws on the Tiny One's shoulders, prepared for leap-frog. But at a sign from Death's bâton, and with a hideous crash of all the instruments of Satan's orchestra, and a magnificent note from Heroism's clear voice, the poor Smallest-Dancer-of-All tripped up that Giant and made him reel. But the Giant instantly recovered his feet, although his eyes became bloodshot and his brain swam. And, flinging the poor Smallest-Dancer on the floor, he set to performing on its poor little body one of the most terrific *pas seuls* that Ballet-Master Death had ever invented, while the vis-à-vis Nations danced slowly up, till they all came to grips over that Smallest-of-all-the-Dancers, who lay prone on the ground, and continued so to lie, pounded out of all human shape into a dancing-mat for the others.

From "**The Ballet of the Nations.**"
(*Chatto & Windus*).

ideas rather than rob the little one of its noisy consolation.

The letters quoted in the book reveal small literary gift, but singular directness. Yet his choice of librettos, and the books that he read, contradict this conception. He was passionately fond of the Brownings' poetry. He read and set both poets. Browning's grandmother was a Creole, a racial fact that the composer had suspected before he learned how considerable the West African influence actually was.

Another poet with whom Coleridge-Taylor had kinship was Alfred Noyes. Many who are not professed "musicians" will know Coleridge-Taylor's setting of "A Tale of Old Japan," and will have noticed how adroitly the musician follows and colours the lyrical pattern of word and phrase. The two men were in many ways complementary. His literary taste included Marie Corelli and Marion Crawford, whose novels Mrs. Coleridge-Taylor would read aloud as he "scored" (not composed!) his music. And one day he surprised Mr. Berwick Sayers by the statement that Lady Florence Dixie was "the greatest poet that he had ever read," which, being interpreted, meant that her verse appealed to him genuinely at the time. At the invitation of the Ditsons, an American firm of publishers, he compiled a book of negro melodies, with notes. But he wrote very little else.

Lighter touches help the general picture. And the author was well-advised to include a full account of the tragic days of illness. "I am too young to die; I am only thirty-seven," exclaimed the composer in a moment of physical weakness. Yet towards Death, as in Life, Coleridge-Taylor showed an almost Latin courage. He looked forward to a Heaven where he would meet his friend, Hurlstone, and "such a crowd of musicians."

Latin, too, was the remark that "When I die the papers will call me a Creole," as they did Dumas!

At the last he sat up in bed conducting an imaginary orchestra, entering the Unknown with the energetic cheerfulness that characterised him.

A biography on these lines is quite as interesting to the layman as to the musician. But the latter will find a complete list of Coleridge-Taylor's prolific output, and a good supply of general information concerning its performance and origin. I see nothing here about his music-hall aspirations. The arrangement of music for the "halls" was among his projections.

It was a trend characteristic of a composer who paid little attention to ultra-modern "schools" or vogues. To that fact may be contributed the comparative lack of technical discussion regarding his later works. The public both of Britain and America grew in appreciation, though on the Continent he was little known.

REGINALD R. BUCKLEY.

From **The Heart of Mendip** (*Barnicott & Pearce*).

BURRINGTON COMBE.

IN AND AROUND LONDON.

By CONSTANCE M. FOOT. Illustrated with Drawings by A. S. FORREST, and Photographs. 3s. 6d. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

Every London child should possess some such book as this—and we may say, at once, that this book could not, we think, be bettered for the purpose. The purpose being to interest children in the greatness of their city, in the romance of it, in the daily growth of it, and in the scores of facts that make its history as absorbing as a fairy-tale. In many a book on the history of London the reader is tempted to "skip" the early pages which deal with Londinium's beginnings; but there is no excuse to do that in this volume. In a few pages Miss Foot takes us over the early years of the settlings, the conquerings, the being conquered; and it reads like a pageant. Then as a natural move forward she tells the romance of London's roads; and this reviewer confesses that it was a shock to read that "little more than a hundred years ago it took two hours to drive from Kensington Palace to St. James's Palace, a distance of three miles, while in wintry or bad weather the coach was just as likely to stick fast in a rut or be turned over in the mud for, even in the neighbourhood of London, the roads were merely horse-tracks." The story goes on to tell of the romances of the famous buildings, of the development of its lighting, of its street cries, and its gardens, railways, markets, making it absorbingly interesting with its picturesque details and practical information. And in addition to the numerous illustrations, Miss Foot has included in her volume a list of places to see, with times and fees; a plan of London, and a coloured plate of that great figure, The Lord Mayor's Coachman.

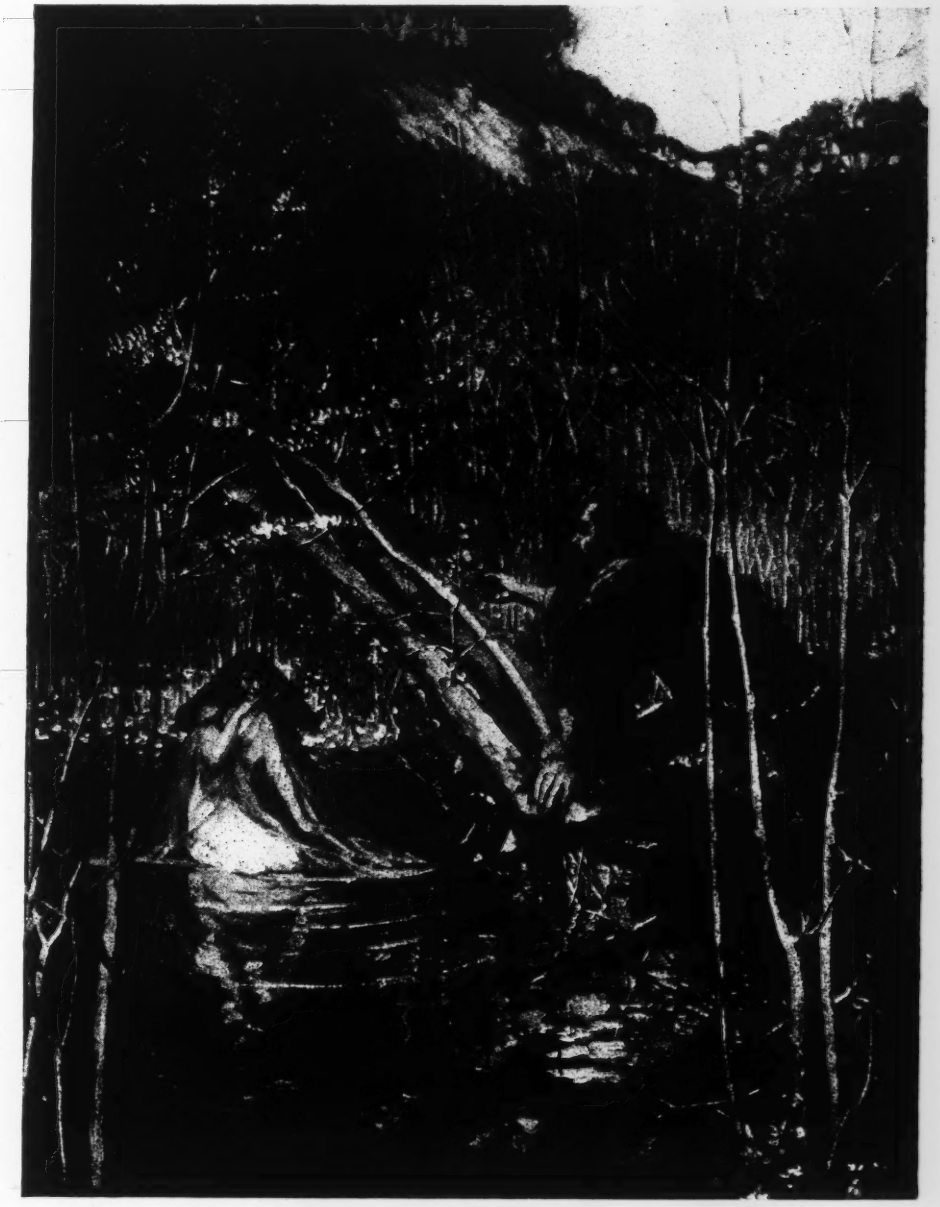
From **In and Around London** (*Jack*).

FLEET STREET AT NIGHT.

THE MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION.

By DARRELL FIGGIS. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

Even those of us who prefer Mr. Figgis's prose to his verse, recognise that his poetry has an individual note and that there is much of beauty in its thought and utterance. His new volume, which we hope to deal with adequately next month, is dedicated to Æ.



THE LADY OF THE VAN LAKE.

A half-tone reproduction of a colour painting by Margaret Lindsay Williams.
From "The Land of my Fathers,"
The Welsh Gift Book published in aid of the National Fund for Welsh Troops.
(Hodder and Stoughton.)

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

From A Picture Book of British History (*Cambridge University Press*).

ELIZABETH IN A PROCESSION OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER.

THE STORY OF PRINCE AHMED AND THE FAIRY PERIE BANOU.

From "The Arabian Nights Entertainments." Decorated by CHARLES ROBINSON. (Gay & Hancock.)

This is that story in the Arabian Nights which tells how the three sons of an old Sultan of India fell passionately in love with their beautiful cousin, the Princess Nouronnihar, and as none of them was willing to abandon his suit, their father sent them to travel separately in different countries, promising that the one who brought him back the most extraordinary rarity should have the Princess for his wife. You may have read the story; if so you will know it is worth reading again. If you have not—this is an ideal form in which to read it, for Mr. Charles Robinson's drawings and decorations realise exquisitely the grace and charm and fantasy of the tale, and subtly help to subdue you to the glamorous atmosphere of it.

From The Story of Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Perie Banou. (*Gay & Hancock*).

THE SORCERESS RETURNED THE NEXT DAY.

COVER DESIGN.
From Songs with Music, from a Child's Garden of Verses (*Jack*).

SONGS, WITH MUSIC, FROM A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES.

By R. L. STEVENSON. Illustrated by MARGARET W. TARRANT. 2s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

There is no need nowadays to say anything in praise of R. L. S.'s children's poems—their quaint charm, a mingling of whimsicality and tenderness, has given them a sure place in the hearts of all, children or adults, who have read them. Here you have a dozen of them set to simple, graceful music, beautifully suited to its theme, and well within the compass of youthful players or singers. And the colour drawings and decorations by Margaret Tarrant round off the completeness of the book by picturing with a grace and simplicity in harmony both with the words and the tunes the happy children who live for ever in R. L. S.'s magic verse. It is a most attractive gift book, and is sure to be a most popular one.

THE DREAMER OF DREAMS.

By the QUEEN OF ROUMANIA. Illustrated in Colour by EDMUND DULAC. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

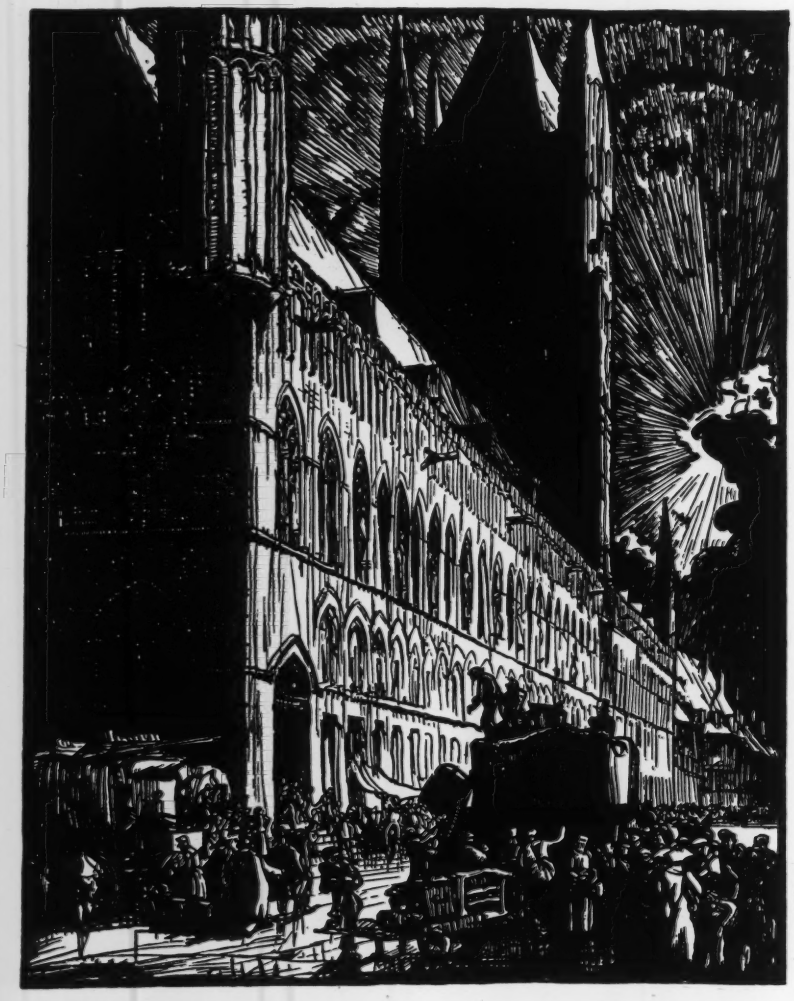
This is a romance that opens in a King's Court in a northern country, and takes you away across the world into strange places on a quest that could have only one ending. Eric the wonderful young Court painter suddenly loses his wits and, careless of all commands and entreaties, goes away from "the white castle of beauty to wander the wide world over, seeking for two eyes that had come to him in a dream." The story of his long search, and the adventures he encountered by the way, is touched with a fine spirit of poetry and romance, and it is the tender mysticism and spiritual significance of it that inspire Mr. Edmund Dulac's vivid and beautifully imaginative paintings. The grace and inner significance of this pregnant and curiously interesting parable of human life find in him their ideal illustrator.

THE MEDICI CALENDAR
(Published by the Medici Society).

THE GOLDEN MILESTONE.

By F. W. BOREHAM. 3s. 6d. (Kelly.)

Amidst all the tumult of war a book like "The Golden Milestone"—a collection of essays—is like a glimpse of peace. It is, indeed, so divorced from the existence we are all leading at the present moment that to scan its pages is something like a shock. Mr. Boreham's essays are an interpretation of religion in the terms of everyday life—of the everyday life that we bade good-bye to on August 4th, 1914. The author will draw a moral from the pickles on the table and their association with cold mutton. Spring-cleaning is the title of another of his essays. "The March of Civilisation is simply a matter of Spring-cleaning," he tells us. "As the world's old winter passes away, and genial springtime comes on, we instinctively throw away the heaps of rubbish that have accumulated in the process of the dark old ages, and set up brighter and lovelier things'. . ." Mr. Boreham, who has made his home these many years in Tasmania, is an optimist—a deeply religious man with a fine literary sense. If his essays seem somewhat rudely divorced from our experiences of the last fifteen months, they are none the less very charming reading. His essay entitled "The First Swallow," for example, is a very graceful and a very effective piece of writing. Quoting Lamb, he says, "I find this world a very pretty place to live in, and standing here, beside my golden milestone, I will try to point out a few things that make it so lovable." And we congratulate him on the success with which he has done so.



From Belgium (*Routledge*).

CLOTH HALL, YPRES.

JERUSALEM.

By PIERRE LOTI. With illustrations in colour by JOHN FULLEYLOVE. 7s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

This is a very beautiful edition of the book in which Pierre Loti describes his visit to Jerusalem, and the impressions and emotions it left upon him. There is much in it that is impressive and profoundly moving. The descriptions are vivid and steeped in colour; the thoughts and dreams that came to the author on that holy ground are clothed in the most sensitively delicate prose. "Verily my book will not be able to be read and endured," he warns you, "save by those whose great grief it is that they once possessed and now I have lost the Only Hope; by those who, doomed as to unbelief, come yet to the Holy Sepulchre with a heart full of prayer, with eyes filled with tears and, for a little while, would linger kneeling there." Admirably translated by Mr. W. P. Baines, and with eight colour plates by Mr. Fulleylove—some of the most charming and finished work he has ever done—"Jerusalem" should go into your list of highly desirable gift-books.

From The Golden Milestone (*Kelly*).

OUT OF TUNE.

A PAINTER OF DREAMS AND OTHER BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES.

By A. M. STIRLING. 12s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head.)

Beginning with a harvest of eighteenth-century anecdotes, epigrams, epitaphs, verse, parodies, acrostics, jests, fashionable intelligence, and the like, gleaned from Diana Bosville's "Book of Extracts" (the precursor of the Victorian *Album*), and ending with a sympathetic study of the life of the author's distinguished uncle, Roddam Spencer Stanhope, the papers that make up this vastly entertaining and varied collection of memoirs are arranged in chronological order, and, contrary to the usual practice, the final paper, instead of the first, gives its name to the volume. That the title "A Painter of Dreams" is not inappropriate to the other historical studies in the volume is explained by Mrs. Stirling in an admirable preface. The book is handsomely illustrated, and reveals this talented author in her most sparkling as well as her most serious vein.

From A Painter of Dreams (*John Lane*).

"I HAVE TRODDEN THE WINE-PRESS ALONE."

THE RELIGION OF ART.

By REGINALD HALLWARD. Illustrated. 3s. 6d.

GRANNY'S WORKBOX.

Illustrated. 5s. (The Woodlands Press.)

The Woodlands Press has been established at Gravesend by Reginald and Adelaide Hallward with the object of meeting the new and difficult state of things that the war has brought to pass, and encouraging the creative arts by publishing the work of the artist by subscription in the good old-fashioned way. It is true that the modern commercial spirit is not favourable to the development of the artistic faculty, and one wishes success to any enterprise that has for its object the counteracting of that influence. The Woodlands Press has made an admirable beginning this autumn with the two books mentioned above, and with some three others, the illustrations to which show a vigour of imagination and originality of treatment that should interest all art lovers in this praiseworthy venture.

From The Religion of Art (*The Woodlands Press*).

"STRANGE CONTRAST, THE DEEP FLOWING RIVER, ITS MARGIN THICK SET WITH TREES, WHICH IN THE DUSK OF EVENING ARE LOST IN THE GLOOM BELOW; AND ABOVE THE MINE WORKING AS BACKGROUND, WITH ITS GAUNT BLACK SHAFTS AND CIRCLING WHEELS."

XUM

From Myths and Legends of Ancient Egypt (*Harrap*).

HAPI.

THE DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC DANCES OF NON-EUROPEAN RACES IN SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE ORIGIN OF GREEK TRAGEDY.

By WILLIAM RIDGEWAY, Sc.D., F.B.A. 15s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

The cardinal mistake which most modern anthropologists and folklorists make is the endeavour to trace certain very complicated institutions and emotions down to one single cause. They get hold of a theory, say of religion or of marriage, and then ransack the records of ancient civilizations and of modern savages, and choose such illustrations as support their case, discarding more or less unconsciously all such as go to disprove it. In this way, in the time of Max Müller, many of the Greek gods and most of the Homeric heroes were regarded as solar myths—surely the most inhuman and unscientific notion ever promulgated, a notion truly worthy of German psychology! Later that brilliant literary dilettante, the late Mr. Grant Allen, succeeded—to his own satisfaction—in tracing "The Evolution of the idea of God" to simple ancestor worship. In similar fashion, Sir James Frazer, whom we mention of course *honoris causa*, assumed that Dionysius, Demeter, Osiris and Adonis were vine, corn and other kinds of vegetable spirits and never human beings. And now Dr. William Ridgeway comes forward to suggest that the origin of Greek tragedy was the commemoration of the death of some hero. In one sense, of course, such a suggestion is only a re-discovery of the obvious; for tragedy, ancient or modern, is necessarily concerned with the deaths of heroes—if Prometheus, Œdipus, Macbeth and Othello can be called heroes. But there is all the difference in the world between a popular celebration of some dead hero by rude dance and song and the tragedian's selection of this same dead hero as a subject for apotheosis. So that the evidence which Dr. Ridgeway adduces from "The Dramas and Dramatic Dances of non-European Races" in support of his theory, a theory which is also discussed in a substantive volume of his, leaves us unconvinced. Dr. Ridgeway's forensic ability is, however, unquestionable, and masterly and masterful in the extreme.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

By LEWIS SPENCE. With 16 Plates in Colour by EVELYN PAUL and 32 other Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

It is explained in the preface that the writer has not hesitated to attack some accepted hypotheses "concerning the character and attributes of certain deities," and

From The Dramas and Dramatic Dances of Non-European Races (*Cambridge University Press*).

KRISHNA PERFORMING A "LILA" ON THE BANK OF THE JUMNA.

From Architecture of Ancient Egypt (*Bell*).

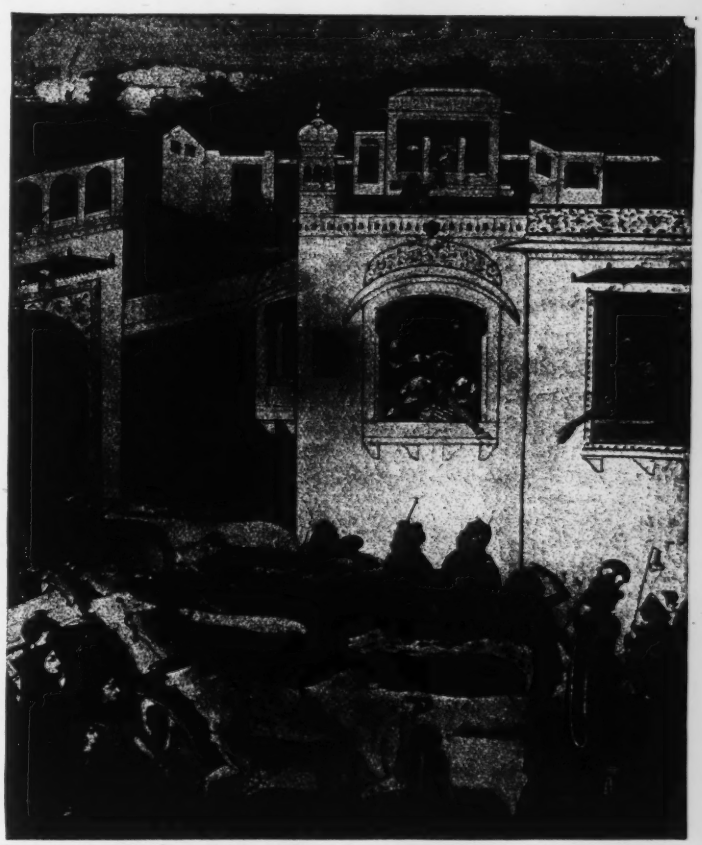
STATUE OF RAMESES II. AND ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE OF RAMESES III. AT KARNAK.

that he has attempted to reconstruct "the natures of Osiris, Isis, Thoth, and several other divinities." The book constitutes therefore a new departure, and outside the points enumerated, a comparison of Mr. Spence's views on totemism in Egypt with those of Sir Wallis Budge in "Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection," will show that there are grave matters at issue between this new and the older Egyptology. While the recognised authorities do not love one another, as their books testify, they are liable to present a united front against new comers bearing a message of their own, and Mr. Spence is likely to meet with some unsparing criticism. The beautiful coloured pictures of Evelyn Paul will, no doubt of themselves, be sufficient to condemn the work from the standpoint of strict scholarship, and the imaginary element in these will be discovered also in the text. The fact, however, will remain that the scholarship which is apart, as a rule, from any literary gift, could never have produced this handbook of Egyptian mythology and official religion, which will bring many to a knowledge of the charm of Egypt who would be left untouched and unenkindled by the vast collections of archæologists. In a work of this kind the pictures of Evelyn Paul will help to bind the spell, for they breathe the Egyptian spirit, however little they may owe to monuments and papyri. For Mr. Spence's particular purpose there is enough and to spare of these in the other illustrations. Mr. Spence, unlike most of the recognised authorities, is a student of the science of religion at large, and is learned in the mythologies of Mexico and Peru, as his earlier works prove. But what is termed the science of religion will not open the door of the old temples without the science of mysticism, under which light "the natures" of Osiris, Isis and the other divinities suffer yet another change, for within these solar and lunar gods, as under veils, there is found hidden the legends of the soul.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF EGYPT: AN HISTORICAL OUTLINE.

By EDWARD BELL. 6s. net. (Bell.)

To students of architecture Mr. Edward Bell's name is well known, particularly in such books as "Bell's Cathedral Series," most of the volumes in which owe much to his knowledge. The various handbooks on different branches of architecture which have come from his house are recognised as sound and authoritative. Hence the volume before us is sure of a ready welcome. Egyptian architecture is not very familiar to the amateur, but to anyone who has studied it on the spot it has a great interest and a certain impressiveness due to something other than its mere antiquity. The many illustrations in this volume, which are carefully chosen and very representative, bring out well this impressiveness. They also emphasise another feature very characteristic of Egyptian architecture, the frequent elaborate ornamentation which is an *addition* to the completed works quite distinct from the actual structure, and only very slightly modifying the general effect. The preface tells us that this volume is the first instalment of an attempt to trace the architectural tradition from its remote origins to the time when it became generally recognised as part of Roman civilisation. It is, in the main, a book of reference, and will be found a most trustworthy storehouse of facts, which are full of interest and suggestion alike to the amateur and the serious student.



From Indian Thought, Past and Present (*Fisher Unwin*).

YOUTH OF KRISHNA AMONG THE COWHERDS.

From The House of Pomegranates (*Methuen*).

INDIAN THOUGHT: PAST AND PRESENT.

By R. W. Frazer, LL.B. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. R. W. Frazer, who is Lecturer in Tamil at University College, is probably as competent to discourse on Indian thought as any save an educated native Hindoo can be. He has spent years in the Indian Civil Service, he has written the tale of British India in "The Story of the Nations" series, he has compiled a much-needed "Literary History of India," and, as the volume before us abundantly demonstrates, he has tried to approach his present subject with a desire to be fair and impartial to Christian, Buddhist and Brahman alike. What he has to say about the religious, the philosophical and the theosophical aspects of the greater Indian theologies may not be, indeed cannot be, exactly new. But, at any rate, it will be new to the majority of Western readers, who can hardly be expected to be as well read in these topics as the members of the Royal Asiatic Society or the late Professor Max Müller. Dr. Frazer, by the way, does well to point out afresh that the passage in the Véda which was supposed to sanction widow-burning, has been misinterpreted. By altering "agre" ("first") into "agne" ("in the fire") an unscrupulous priesthood has devoted millions of women to the flames!

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

By P. H. Ditchfield. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

The versatile rector of Barkham lays under a debt of gratitude those of us who rejoice in the essential features of English village life. In his latest book, with a lucidity born only of genuine study, he deals with the village church, every stick and stone of which is rich in historical lore to those who have eyes to see. Mr. Ditchfield conducts us round the church, points out the details of its exterior and interior and comments on the devoted labours of generations of pious villagers. Needless to say, our author is very caustic at the expense of the modern "restorer," and advises us to search for old treasures which have fallen at the approach of the vandals. In this connection Mr. Ditchfield cannot conceal his satisfaction at his discovery of an old weather-beaten door of which his own church had been robbed. There is a charming chapter on "Pulpits" wherein the author describes the tendency of the Puritans to exalt the sermon above the sacrament, which resulted in ill-fashioned pulpits being placed in a position so as to obscure the altar. It is interesting, too, to read of the history of the hour-glass which the parishioners hoped would remind the eloquent preacher of the passage of time, but instances are recorded of its entire failure to stem the torrent of Puritan oratory. Mr. Ditchfield has here a subject after his own heart, and makes it interesting wherever he touches it.

From The Village Church (*Methuen*).

Norman Font, Stanton Fitz-warren, Wiltshire.

ELEFTHERIOS VENIZELOS: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

By Dr. C. KEROFILOS. With an Introduction by M. Take Ionescu. 3s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

In this popular biography, the Greek statesman is one of the romantic figures of history. Dr. Kerofilos begins by telling how he was born "in a house surrounded by almond trees in blossom, while two Mohammedan hodjas and two Greek priests were praying: for two days and two nights they prayed ceaselessly near a room where the wife of a rich merchant of Canea was then in labour." And indeed the career of a genius who led the Greek Liberals at three-and-twenty, and who has continued to lead with a large and supple sagacity through many crises, began long ago to seem marvellous. But the author wastes no more words upon its Oriental aspect. His book is a luminous and energetic account of that career by a competent politician, to whom the Balkan tangle is a skein unwound and very manageable. M. Venizelos commands our admiration by the mere record of his acts; and it is to the former President of the Roumanian Council, after all, that we are indebted for a portrait of the man as he appears among his fellows, a man whose courage and indomitable will are so singularly evident behind "a gentle and penetrating glance, a subtle smile, an irresistible sympathy that radiates from all his being, and an almost girlish modesty." This timely and well-informed book will have a large welcome.

From Songs and Sonnets of William Shakespeare (*Duckworth*). "THESE LOVERS CRY OH! OH! THEY DIE."

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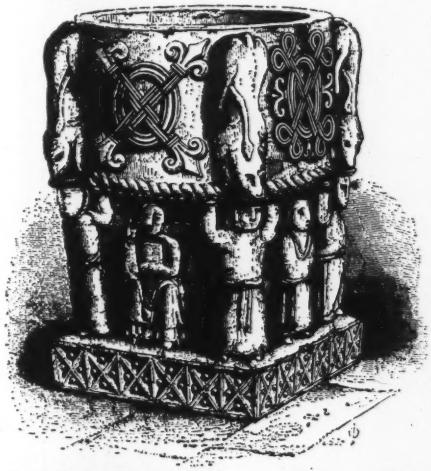


From The Village Church (*Methuen*). NORMAN FONT, STOKE CANNON, DEVONSHIRE.

THE SOUL OF EUROPE.

By JOSEPH MCCABE. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

These are two good books, well deserving of the attention of any man who wants guidance as to the more permanent features of European life and polity; well deserving, also, of detailed criticism by those who are familiar with parts, at least, of the vast field they cover—if one could shut one's eyes and ears to the tragic events that have transformed the subject since they were written. Circumstances have been hard upon Mr. Fayle, Mr. McCabe, and their respective publishers, as upon other men who hoped that the voice of reason might be heard even amid the roar of thousands of guns. Yet some day, sooner or later, Europe will have to be reconstructed; and we may hope that these counsellors will then be heard more widely.

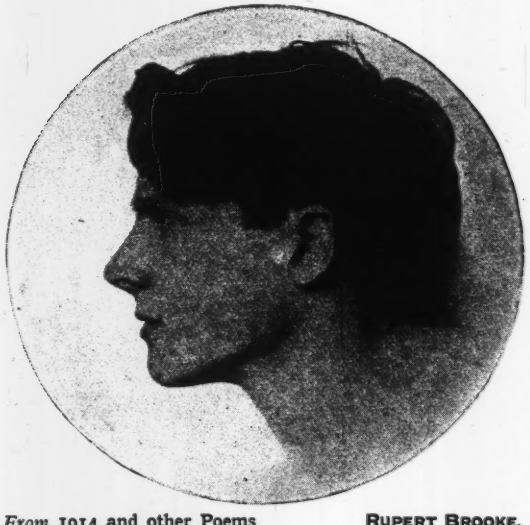
Mr. Fayle's somewhat ambitious aim has been to present, within easy limits, a sober survey of the most important problems, political and economic, territorial and racial, that are likely to arise at the close of the war, and to test each set of facts by its relation to the two rival theories incarnate in the war—that of military domination, on the one hand, that of the organised co-operation of free nationalities, on the other. The most useful part of the book consists of the central chapters summarising the complex racial, territorial, and economic factors, continental and colonial, with which the statesmen at the settlement will have to deal. Incidentally, I am very glad to see in an appendix an outline of Mr. H. H. O'Farrell's convincing conclusions with regard to the Franco-German War indemnity of 1871. For the moment it seems futile to discuss many of these questions; in some instances,

From "The Glory that was Greece" (*Sidgwick & Jackson*). **BOY VICTOR.**

such as the possibility of a Balkan League existing under the shadow of a European union for mutual defence, it would be a mockery. And, indeed, Mr. Fayle's "hope that the failure of the policy of aggression into which Germany has been dragged will discredit the doctrines of her militarist class" seems to have been more than a little premature. With the Kaiser's legions battering at the gates of the Morava Valley, one is brought roughly up against the fact that, after fifteen months of a struggle of unimagined magnitude and heroic sacrifice, the "policy of aggression" is still undefeated. Everything in our future is uncertain; the outlook is darker than it has ever been. All my own eggs were once in Mr. Fayle's basket; all my sympathies and habits of thought leaned toward the ideal of a reasonable and pacific comity of Europe. But if this terrible year has taught any lesson it is that of the folly of mistaking our hopes for realities. The gulf between the two political principles is broader and deeper than we had supposed; militarism has revealed an infinitely greater strength than any of us had thought possible. Even if it be defeated, which is not certain, it will remain an open question whether it will be "discredited" in the eyes of the German people. That is the crucial problem; and it is useless to rely upon "hopes" about it. We are paying to-day too heavily in flesh and blood for the hopes which have arrested action, for instance, in the Balkans. The terms of peace will be settled by the balance of forces, not by discarnate reason; and there will be, I believe, no "great settlement" without, as its basic article, a fully organised arrangement for the mutual defence of the subscribing States against any further eruption of the spirit of conquest. Mr. Fayle does not get beyond some shadowy suggestions on this vital point.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY AS A BOY.
By The Duc de Montpensier.
From Shelley in England (*Routledge*).

Mr. McCabe, to whom we are already indebted for studies of Goethe, Talleyrand, Haeckel, and Treitschke, is a more realistic thinker, his romantic-seeming title notwithstanding. By "soul" he simply means distinctive character; and his task has been to give some account



From 1914 and other Poems (*Sidgwick & Jackson*). **RUPERT BROOKE.**

of the normal average characters of the European nations now at war, and to show how they were formed under the double stress of inheritance and environment. Like most modern scientists he reduces greatly the factor of race—a factor which undoubtedly becomes less important, by admixture and by the greater play of other influences, the further national development progresses. Thus, scientific inquiry leads us to "discard as foolish and mischievous superstitions all the claims of particular races to innate superiority over others," while rather encouraging our attachment to institutions, types of culture, and even traditions which tend to produce a nobler manhood. And, conversely, Mr. McCabe shows that "brutality is not a normal trait even of the Prussian or the Bavarian peasants who have dishonoured their country on the field of battle," but is the product of a certain process of organisation and instruction favoured by certain historical and environmental circumstances. What he calls, not too strongly, "the almost infinite plasticity" of the character of peoples is not a pious hope, but a fact of sociology; and here rest the sole possibilities of a better future. Some of his generalisations, and some of his particular remarks, may be open to doubt; but he has a hundred interesting and suggestive things to say as to the shaping effect of occupation, polity, culture, religion, social habits and tradition, upon character. Believing that "Germany desired and

provided the war," he cannot, at the end of his argument, accept the "crude popular psychology and ethic," according to which the soul of Germany is "inherently malignant, cruel, and selfish." On the other hand, he is not tempted to join the idealistic minority who, "eager to save moral principles and fine emotions, refuse to consider the evidence for undeniable ugly facts," and think to become the peace-makers of to-morrow by apologising for the war-makers of to-day. Neither is he inclined to think that Germany, or at least its rulers, will be disarmed for the future by over-generosity. It cannot be restrained, he believes, except by some loss of territory; and we must look forward, he suggests, "not to a period of profound peace, but a period of grave dangers, when the war is over."

Without fully endorsing these conclusions, we may feel Mr. McCabe's essay to be an admirable tonic, a bracing draught of well-informed common sense for which we should be grateful.

G. H. PERRIS.

From Vigée Lebrun, Her Life, Works, and Friendships
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"Go glad and gay to meet the foeman,
I love you to my latest breath;
Oh, love, there is no happier woman.
See, I am smiling! Love—till death!"

From Old Familiar Faces
By Theodore Watts-Dunton.
(*Jenkins*).

MRS. ROSSETTI.

or "The Heroes," with its preluding

"By such strange and wonderful ways
God would save His world again."

and its glorious close:

"He who gave His Son to die
For man's purchase, gives once more
These, His beloved sons, to buy
Him a world worth dying for."

Mrs. Hinkson has the authentic lyrical gift—her verses seem to have sung themselves rather than to have been written, and we have had no verse on the war that brings home to us the self-sacrifice, the tragedy, the heroism of it all so finely, so reverently, with such infinite human sympathy as do the lyrics in "Flower of Youth."

From Thoughts from Trine
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From The Romance of Sorcery (*Methuen*). NOSHRADAMERS.

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"I thought that God, perchance, in punishment
Of the world's sin, would stay His gifts this year,
And that no Spring in glory would appear;
Even His mercy must, it seemed, be spent!
Yet, on this blue May morning as I went
Along the rustling lanes, the birds made cheer
Such as before had never chanced my ear;
And had the woods e'er breathed a richer scent?

So sweet it was, I fled! I could not face
The scourge of God's forgiveness! 'I could bear,
Amid the world's red guilt and black despair,
Thy wrath,' I cried, 'but not Thy mercy, Lord.
Oh, spare me from the year's unfolding grace,
For every flower is as a two-edged sword.'"

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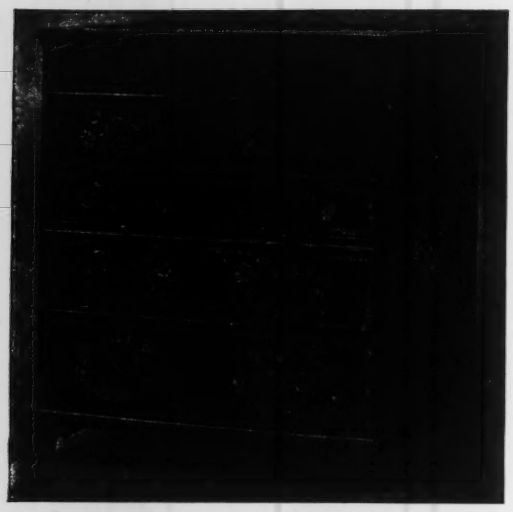

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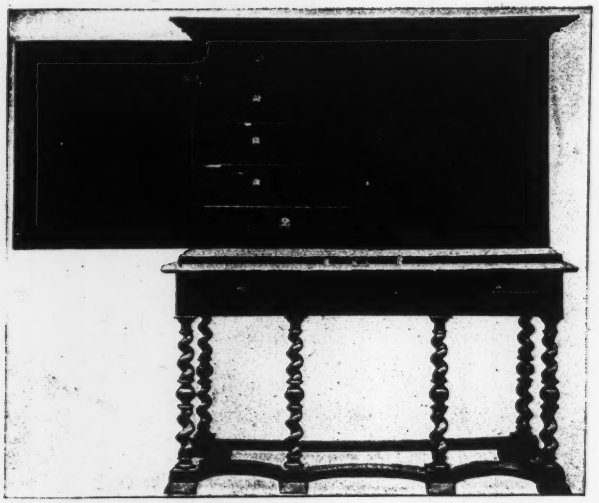

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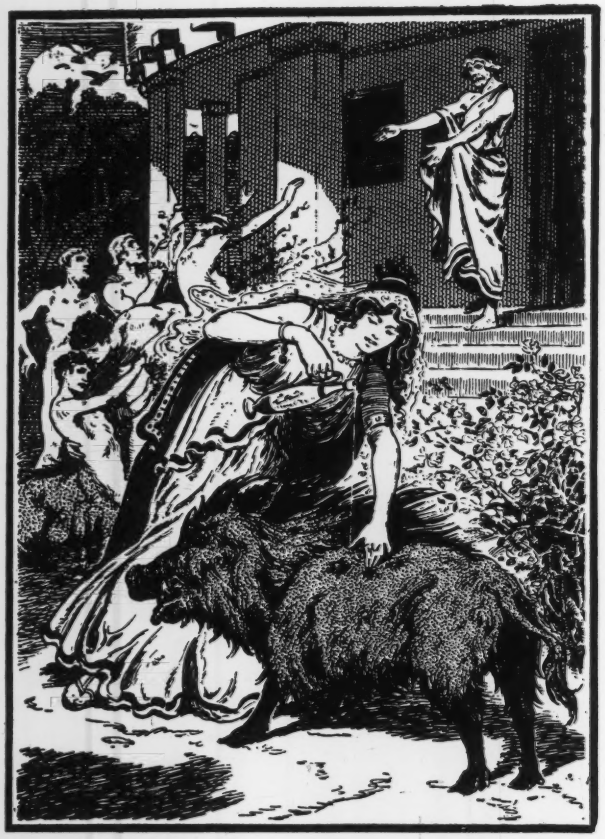

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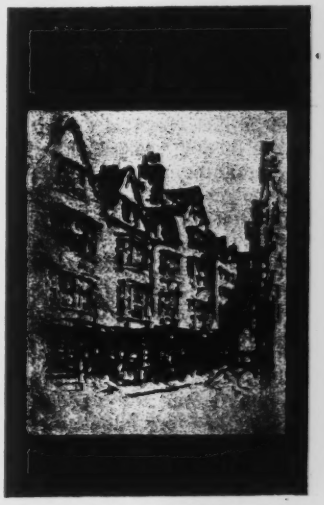

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HARTWELL HOUSE, BUCKS.

whether they have as many tales to be polite to each other about is another matter. Mr. Graveson loves his own flowers dearly, he loves also his neighbour's flowers, and even covets them—with no little success, according to his own account, when he does his coveting judiciously. But it is clear that he is open in turn to be coveted from, if it is done with flattery and discrimination. His notes on collecting seeds (from the flowers, this time), on his rock garden, on lilies, on his fruit trees fitted for so small a plot, are excellent, and the illustrations add no little to the pleasure of a pleasurable book, being well chosen and well done.

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It is interesting and agreeable to watch the methods of different writers in tackling the same sort of subject. Here are three topographical books, all good in their various ways. True, two of them deal with the country and one with towns, but the subject is at bottom the same, that appeal of place

> " . . . deeper than our speech and thought
> Beyond our reason's sway "

by which

> " Clay of the pit where we were wrought
> Yearns to its fellow clay."

The methods are all different. To Mr. Stephen Gwynn the towns are the objects from which he works backwards into the strange history of his own lovable isle. For him each town is as it were the crystal globe. As in response to the penetration of a clairvoyant each opens up its pictures of the past, as recognisable and trustworthy fractions of the national story, capable of being pieced together as the real history of the country in so far as it was worked out in the towns.

The method of Mr. Francis A. Knight was different. He was writing of a country he had lived in, explored and loved for half a century. For him it was the patient and methodical gathering of every known and recorded fact in history, archæology and wild life, with the results of his own observations, conversations and minute researches. It is the labour of love in which everything is of interest. Mr. Green has yet another method; he has lived on and near to the Surrey Hills, feels impelled to write a book upon them, walks them from end to end, tells of their beauties, the aspects in which they reveal themselves, and especially of the notable men and women who, in recent years, have colonised them. But the especial point in which his individuality appears is in his study of the rural problems arising out of modern conditions and this colonisation.

The result of such a comparison is to establish the order of merit. Of the three Mr. Gwynn's book comes nearest to literature. When a mind sensitive to the romance of the past is allied to the precision and beauty of phrasing of which Mr. Gwynn is master, the result is sure to be notable. Every city of Ireland is so limned that its essential soul appears, not in hard and definite lines, but rather as a clear yet susceptible and plastic conception out of many differing presentments. Bearing in mind all bitternesses and feuds, hardly yet escaped from, it is astonishing that this book should show so little bitterness. Mr. Gwynn indeed cannot bring himself to believe that its accent is excluded. Yet perhaps the bitterest thing is his judgment of the soul of Belfast:

> " Let us admit that Protestantism fits a man and fits a community for the business of money-making better than Catholicism. The only thing I have to say is that Belfast seems to attach too high an ethical value to the money-making quality; from that pedestal it affects to despise the rest of Ireland. It has much to teach, no doubt, and much to give; but it has also much to receive and much to learn. Hong-Kong is a place just

From **Grandmother's Fairy Tales** (*Heinemann*).

THE CURIOUS GLANCES OF THE PASSERS-BY MADE HIM FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE.

From **My Villa Garden** (*Headley*).

THE DOUBLE ROSE ARCH.

as big, just as busy, just as prosperous as Belfast; but I should not care to own it for my birthplace."

For one nursed in Irish controversy this is surely notable rather for restraint than for bitterness, and Mr. Gwynn comes to this catholic conclusion:

"What should most concern all Ulstermen and all Irishmen is the future of Belfast—for with it is inextricably bound up, for good or evil, the whole future of the Irish nation."

He thinks the outlook is black enough and that a commercial war between the two sections of Ireland may succeed the political war, yet he sees light where least expected:

"As I think it over, what rises in my mind is the memory of two very typical Belfast mercantile men, kindly, homely and shrewd, following their business successfully, but pursuing with a lifetime's passion a cult rather than a hobby. In one case it was the work of Thomas Moore; in the other, the work of Oliver Goldsmith. There they met other Irishmen on common ground."

It must not be thought from these quotations that the book is concerned with political controversy. It is only that in his acute study of the cities Mr. Gwynn no more ignores the tendencies of to-day than he does the deeds and the stories of a thousand years. Indeed, it is the region of romance and settled history that supplies material for the delicately beautiful passages with which the book is studded. To mention that the illustrations are by Mr. Hugh Thomson is to say all that is necessary on this head, but it is a happy sign that an Ulster artist and a Nationalist M.P. can combine in a book brought out by Dublin publishers.

Mr. F. A. Knight's book comes next. It is a close and detailed study of a dozen parishes of the Western Mendips, among which are Cheddar, Burrington, and Wrington—the scene of Hannah More's labours—and their cliff and caves, Priddy and Charterhouse-on-Mendip, full of the debris of Roman lead-mines. It is Mr. Knight's own country, the country on which he drew for those exquisite articles on natural history, which lightened the leader-columns of the *Daily News*—was it five-and-twenty years ago? Mr. Knight made many friends then. They have followed his work since, and they will follow it still in this latest and last of his books, for alas! he has died since its completion. He has done a good work, for he has got together the material for future books. No one can ever write on the Mendips and ignore this ground-work of history, archæology and natural history. Mr. Knight has elected to till the home field, and he is assured of a long local renown.

Of Mr. Green's book it can be said that it is certain of a following. The Surrey Hills are so dear to Londoners, so essential for their refreshment, that anything written about them will be interesting. Mr. Green has certainly got together more from books than any previous writer, and it is always good to add to the known associations of the place we love. Indeed, he has almost carried the virtue to excess in quoting, perhaps too extensively, from other modern books. The individual character of the book lies in this anthology—his descriptions of the

From **Royal Palaces and Gardens** (*Black*).

VILLA PETRAJA, ITALY.

From Tales from Old Japanese Dramas (*Putnam*).

MR. KICHIYEMON AS MITSUHIDE.

scenery are perhaps no better and no worse than those of a score of writers—and in his study of the effects of the recent colonisation of the hills by men of letters, artists, craftsmen, professional men and women, and others. The motor-car is changing the hills. We do not yet appreciate all the possibilities, and in so far as Mr. Green sets Londoners thinking of the problem, he will do good. If it were not for the war, it would not have been too heroic a thing for the nation to step in and secure for ever from further violation the whole crest and slope of the North Downs.

A. H. ANDERSON.

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Perhaps the best poems in this book are in the series of love lyrics with which it opens. But they reach a high level throughout. Miss Teasdale has the true lyrical gift, and no lover of poetry should miss her work.

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Through the work of Japanese writers and artists we are gradually gaining a better and fuller knowledge of that enchanted island. In Japan, as in Britain, the theatre plays a large part in the lives of the people, and in this volume Asataro Miyamori tells Westerners of the three great periods in the history of Japanese literature, the Nara period (710–784), the Heian period (800–1186), and the Yedo period (1603–1867). His tales are adapted and condensed from the famous epical dramas of Chikamatsu Monzayemon, the Shakespeare of Japan, Ki-no-Kaion, Chikamatsu Hanji, and five other foremost writers. The original plots are, in the majority of cases, too long and intricate to present in full even upon the Japanese stage where time is not of much account, only one or two acts being chanted or performed. The writer has therefore followed much the same line in his book, selecting the essential points in the dramas, and omitting all tedious details, giving in brief a lucid account of the principal passages essential to the elucidation of each plot. The illustrations are charming; they are photographs of famous chanters and chanteresses, photographs of scenes and performances, photographs of actors in various parts, and prints of incidents in the dramas.

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From The Surrey Hills. (*Chatto & Windus.*)

THE DEVIL'S PUNCHBOWL.

From Goldoni (*Chatto & Windus*).

CICISBEI AND MY LADY.

GOLDONI: A BIOGRAPHY.

By H. C. CHATFIELD TAYLOR, Litt.D. 16s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

No playwright with a European reputation is so unknown to English readers or playgoers as Goldoni. For a hundred persons who are acquainted with Molière or Calderon, there is probably not one who knows Goldoni. Some of us recollect Eleonora Duse giving a delightful performance as the landlady of an inn in "La Locandiera" fourteen or fifteen years ago. Others vaguely remember the author of this sparkling comedy figuring in Vernon Lee's "Studies of the Eighteenth Century." Beyond this our information concerning the great Venetian comic dramatist, Browning's "good, gay, sunniest of souls," comes to an end. No longer, however, need we abide in our ignorance, no longer need we confess that "the Molière of Italy"—as Goldoni has been rather unwisely called—remains for us but *nominis umbra*. For Mr. Chatfield Taylor, who brought out a learned life of Molière nine years ago, has recently published a full-length biography of Goldoni in which he describes the dramatist's career, and analyses his plays in the most thorough and searching fashion. A playwright who composed his plays in dialect—Goldoni wrote in the Venetian speech—and whose works extend to fifty volumes, is never likely to be really well known in countries other than that of his origin, more particularly a dramatist who produced no surpassing masterpiece, all of whose productions indeed stand pretty much on the same level. Mr. Taylor, however, in bringing out this weighty volume (weighty in more senses than one; for it is one of the heaviest books we have encountered lately), has done very handsomely by his hero. If he would but follow up this elaborate (and surely definitive) biography by publishing a translation of a dozen, or even of half a dozen, of Goldoni's best comedies, he would deserve still more highly of the English-speaking peoples.

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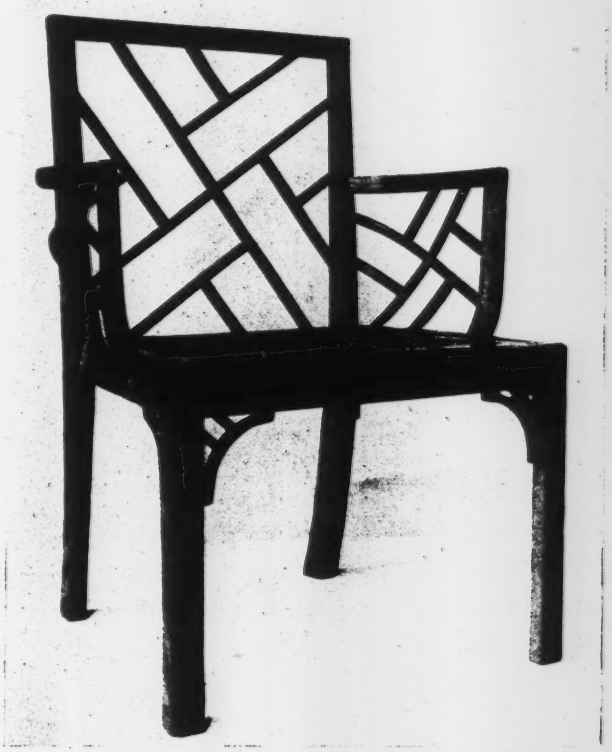
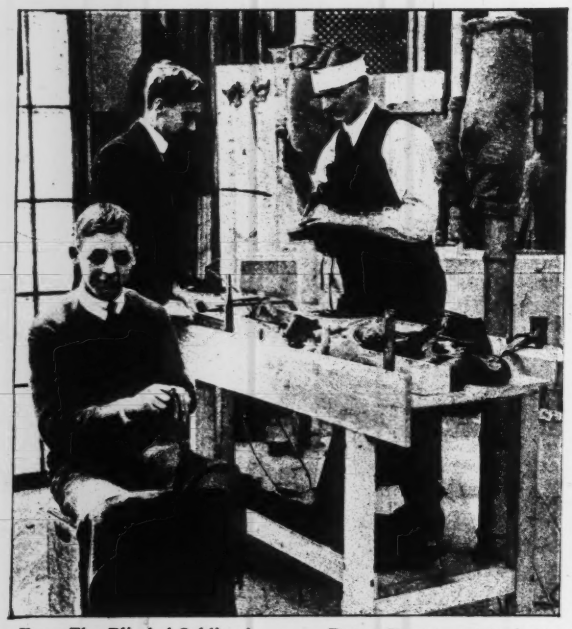
By E. W. GREGORY. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

The interest in old furniture is one which belongs now to every class. Most of us know the joy of having resurrected some alleged old piece from a mysterious dust-heap—though we can never be sure these days that the old piece and the dust-heap may not have been artfully arranged to catch us, for it is an undoubted fact that some of the grandfather's clocks and gate-legged tables to be found in cottages, in neighbourhoods where visitors congregate during the holiday season, are placed there by astute manufacturers of such articles. But the interest in old furniture is a genuine one. Everybody, therefore, will welcome the really admirable book which Mr. E. W. Gregory has written, "The Furniture Collector: Old English Furniture of the XVII. and XVIII. Centuries." It is a very complete introduction to the study of the English styles of these periods. The author has some very interesting remarks to make upon the antiquity of furniture. He points out that a joiner would go on making furniture in the style that he had been taught by his fathers, and that therefore a chair in the style of the Stuarts may have been made in some remote village at the end of the eighteenth century. He instances a Chippendale chair made at the beginning of the nineteenth century, which any casual critic would naturally classify as belonging to 1750. The book is well illustrated, with some fifty photographs of various specimens of old furniture, principally of pieces in the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington.



From The Furniture Collector (*Jenkins*).

A RARE EXAMPLE OF CHIPPENDALE CHAIR WITH INLAID DECORATIONS.
It is of Beech ornamented with Walnut and Sycamore. The cane seat is movable.



From The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Gift Book (*Jarrold*).

BOOT REPAIRING (AT THE BLINDED SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOSTEL).
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From The Year 1915 Illustrated (*Headley*).

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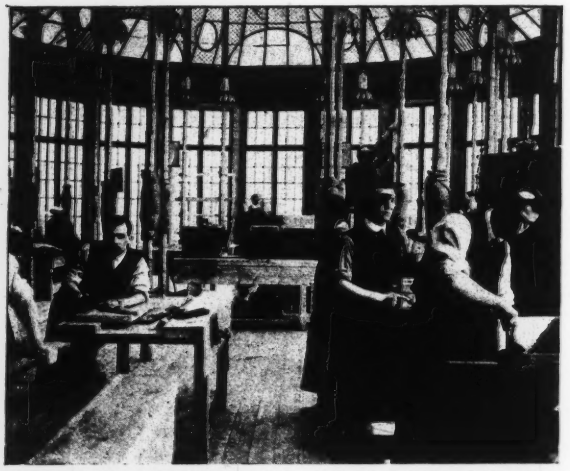

From The Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Gift Book (*Jarrold*).

"HARD AT IT" (AT THE BLINDED SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOSTEL).
By kind permission of W. J. Brunall.

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This interesting and useful annual reaches with its present number the seventh year of its issue. This year its story is all a story of the war on land and sea, and of the effect it has had on the people at home, concluding with a diary of events that have happened apart from the war. It is fully illustrated, and contains several excellent maps. With last year's issue it forms a well-arranged, full and permanent record of the Great War, and is the handiest book of reference on the subject that we have come across.

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

HISTORY BIOGRAPHY & TRAVEL

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JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS PITT.

By SIR CORNELIUS DALTON, K.C.M.G. 15s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

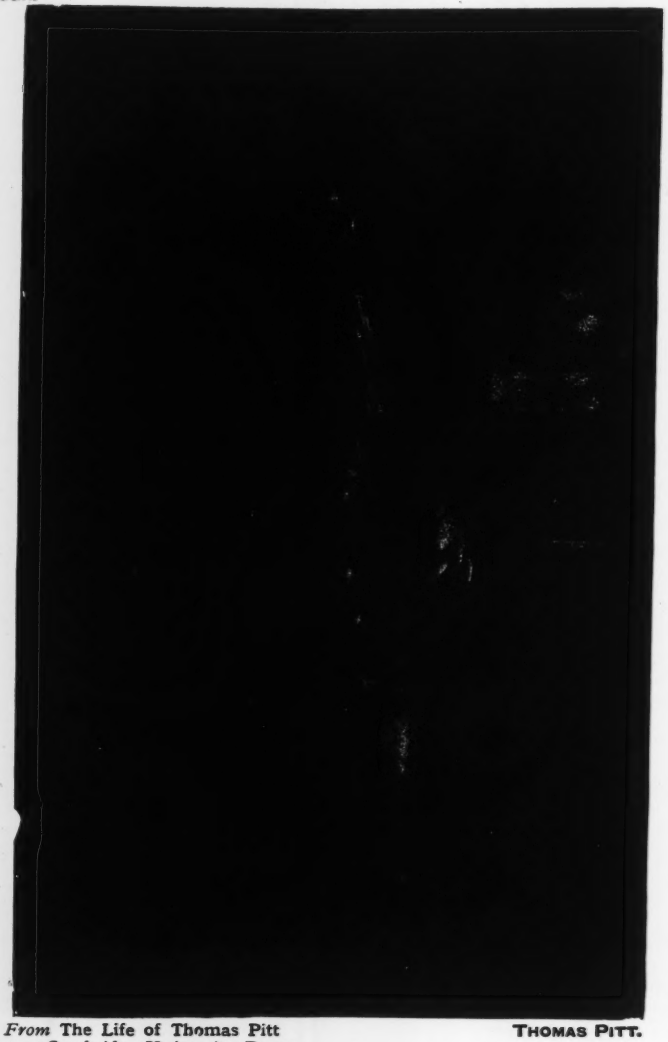
It was a happy thought of Sir Cornelius Dalton to write the biography of Thomas Pitt. There have, of course, been many references to him in many works on India, but there has not before been issued a full and comprehensive account of his career. And his career was most certainly romantic. As a lad he joined the merchant service, but, on one voyage, making India, he left his ship, refused to return to it, and set up in business on his own account—a thing dangerous to do in the days when "interlopers," that is to say, independent traders, were subject to prosecution by the East India Company, which claimed a monopoly. For seven years he laboured, harassed always by the Company, but he amassed a handsome competence, and then, in 1682, returned home, and settled down, so far as a man of such energy could do so. In 1693 he went again eastward ho! and presently the Company, which had tried to stop his going, deemed it advisable to come to terms with him. Four years later he was appointed President of St. George, and in that position he served his erstwhile opponents well and truly, and his defence of Madras in 1702 against Daud Khan, Nawab of the Carnatic, won him golden opinions. Seven years later, after a dispute with William Fraser, a member of his Council, he was removed from the Governorship. He returned to England, and was again returned to Parliament. In 1716 he was appointed Governor of Jamaica, but he never took up the office. In general circles he is best remembered for his connection with the great diamond which bears his name. This he purchased with his own money for 48,000 pagodas, and afterwards disposed of for a vast sum to the Duc d'Orléans for the French crown. It was afterwards set in the pommel of the Sword of State at Napoleon's coronation; in 1814 Marie Louise carried it off; but it was subsequently restored to Louis XVIII. Thomas Pitt in his earlier days was described by the Court of Directors of the East India Company as "a desperate young fellow, of a haughty, huffing, daring temper, that would not stick at any mischief to them that lay in his power." That only meant, however, that as a trader he was playing for his own hand, and in so far injuring them. To them, however, he more than paid his debt after he became their official representative at a very critical time when the very existence of the Company was in jeopardy. As regards his character, Lord Camelford said: "He amassed a fortune, which was reckoned prodigious in those days, without the slightest stain on his reputation"; but against this it is only fair to note that Sir Henry Yule wrote him down as "by no means delicately scrupulous," though admitting, "nevertheless he had a standard of duty and honour, if not a high one, and I believe he kept to it." As a matter of fact, the Indian official of those days had a divided duty. His salary was nominal—Pitt was given but £300 a year—and he was allowed to trade on his own behalf. It is not surprising, however regrettable it may be, that sometimes he drove a good bargain for himself at the expense of his masters.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

By EDWARD THOMAS. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Historians with a moral axe to grind, and in their wake all honest patriots who would like to prove that one of



From The Life of Thomas Pitt (*Cambridge University Press*).

THOMAS PITT.

the greatest generals was also a fine Englishman, have always been exercised over Marlborough. His early manhood was of so unsavoury a character; his subsequent dealings with James II. and William III. were so deceitful and treacherous. One of those who tried to whitewash the great man was Lord Wolseley, and Mr. Thomas's earlier chapters deal with this instance of special pleading. He has no difficulty in pointing out the weak points in the apologia.

At the same time, we must do Mr. Thomas the justice of saying that he writes in no carping spirit. No bias is evident in his analysis. He does honestly try to get at the truth. And the truth, as he sees it, is that Marlborough cannot be whitewashed. Nothing can excuse the baseness of his early life at Court, except that the whole temper of the time was "hard and coarse." And not even that consideration can suffice to throw a veil of pardon over his subsequent treachery, first to James and then to William. "We expect some degree of open courage from a soldier. It looks ill for a soldier to lie to his king up to the last moment, and then slip away to the hostile army." It looked, if possible, even worse for a soldier to forewarn the enemy that an expedition was sailing against Brest.

With no illusions as to the character of the age or its foremost man, Mr. Thomas becomes somewhat contemptuous of its pageantry. William "lumbers through Flanders," Anne is "dull, dressy, and extravagant." The great war itself is "a tedious game, suited particularly to kings and elderly generals. It could be watched in safety by kings, ladies and children." But this, we imagine, though it is not clearly expressed, applied chiefly to the ante-Marlborough days.

Mr. Thomas describes the battles somewhat perfunctorily, nor is he at pains to draw any comparison between the campaigns in Belgium then and now. The flooding of the country round Lille by Vendome is mentioned without any reference to similar tactics in the last few months. Where Mr. Thomas is valuable is, first, in his demonstration of the terrible crudeness of the raw material out of which Marlborough fashioned his brilliant soldiery—Wellington's remarks on Waterloo immediately recur to the memory—and secondly, in certain vivid touches obtained from personal reminiscences of combatants. Mrs. Christian Davies' fight for a pig on the way to Blenheim; the clouds of bark dust that flew round her in the wood at Malplaquet, when she was looking for her husband with a bottle of beer in her hand, these and similar touches bring the war vividly before us.

THE PERSONAL LIFE OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, THE POTTER.

By JULIA WEDGWOOD. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)

Much has been written about Josiah Wedgwood, but not one of his biographers has made full use of all the available stores of personal information to be found in the archives and correspondence still preserved at Etruria. It was peculiarly fitting, then, that the great potter's great granddaughter should take up the task, no light one, especially in view of her great age, for she must have been about seventy-five when she entered upon it. Indeed it was not wholly complete when she died in 1913; and her friend Professor C. H. Herford, in accordance with her request, has completed and edited it, with an introduction and a short memoir of Miss Wedgwood herself.

truly, & affectionately yours
J. Wedgwood
Etruria 14th Feb: 1774

From **The Personal Life of Josiah Wedgwood, the Potter** (*Macmillan*).

The history of families who have contributed men of mark in their own sphere from generation to generation is always among the most truly and satisfactorily interesting departments of literature. The Wedgwood annals, which begin in the fifteenth century, though the name can be traced from the thirteenth, present a steady crescendo of importance, and it appears that already in the seventeenth century the Wedgwoods were noted potters, though Josiah's own parents in 1730, the year of his birth, found their fortunes at a low ebb. The boy grew up in difficult circumstances, but his capacities and enthusiastic devotion to his trade and art triumphed speedily over all hindrances, and before he was forty he was established, rich, and his work successful and universally in demand. His age was of very great importance in the development of England and Europe, industry and invention were in their most vigorous youth, and Wedgwood shared in no little degree the impulses and the inspirations of the epoch. It is true that as a chemist he ranks lower than as an artist, yet in the world of chemistry he won a respectable place by his constant and unstinted experiments. Both his art and his science, indeed, were solidly rooted in his business—they grew out of the needs of his pottery: but he was always ingenious, open-eyed, quick to appreciate, and above all delighted in the application of man's intellect to subdue or to harness and control natural forces. A sound man of business, one of the points that won favour for his wares was the fact that "the spouts poured, the lids fitted, the handles held"—nothing but the best was good enough for this practical idealist, who would

bring his stick down upon any piece in his workrooms that was not absolutely right, with the words "That won't do for Josiah Wedgwood." Similarly he had a great deal to do with the inauguration of the canal system in England, partly because he perceived the great need of the country for easy cheap communications, but partly because as a potter it was dreadful to have to despatch his fragile, beautiful wares in carts and crates dragged by horses along the disgraceful roads of England. Arthur Young tells us how within eighteen miles he once found three carts broken down and ruts four feet deep! With all his practical shrewdness, he was a man of great sweetness of temper, and strongly held to his friends, chief of whom must be counted Thomas Bentley, another typical eighteenth century figure, his correspondence with whom is a remarkable portraying of personality and reflection of a period as well. His eldest daughter became the mother of Charles Darwin, and in this way the Wedgwood family became inseparably linked with another that left an even greater impress on the nineteenth century than Josiah left on his own. Miss Wedgwood's study is of unusual value and interest, and no one interested either in the subject or in biography as an art will fail to read it with unqualified delight.

From The Life of Paracelsus (*Rider*).

PARACELSUS, AGED TWENTY-FOUR.

THE LIFE OF PARACELSUS THEOPHROSTUS VON HOHENHEIM, 1493—1541.

By ANNA M. STODDART. New and Cheaper Edition. 6s. net. (William Rider & Son.)

Thanks to the late Miss Anna Stoddart, a new and cheaper edition of whose "Life of Paracelsus" has just been brought out by Mr. William Rider, the publisher of "Borderland" books, we know now quite a good deal about the founder of the Homœopathic system of medicine. But even so we still remain in doubt as to the real interpretation of the classical name which he assumed in his eighteenth year. Whether Paracelsus means "more learned than Celsus," a physician who flourished in the reign of Augustus, or, as Miss Stoddart puts it, is "a paraphrase of Hohenheim, carrying the 'High Home' into the spiritual region," must always remain uncertain. This, however, though an interesting, is after all, a minor point, and it were perhaps more expedient to quote six of the seven particulars of the first of the "Three qualifications which a good and perfect surgeon should possess in himself," as some slight indication of the so-called modernity of Paracelsus, of that courageous return to common sense which he was always making and urging medical students to make, a return which, as a matter of fact, is as bitterly opposed by medical hierophants of the twentieth as by their *confrères* of the sixteenth century. Here, then, are the rules which should govern the doctor's own professional conduct: (1) He shall not consider himself competent to cure in all cases. (2) He shall study daily and learn experience from others. (3) He shall treat each case with assured knowledge, and shall not desert nor give it up. (4) He shall at all times be temperate, serious, chaste, living rightly and not a boaster. (5) He shall consider the necessity of the sick rather than his own, his art rather than his fee. (6) He shall take all the precautions which experience and knowledge suggest not to be attacked by illness.

RUSSIA AND THE GREAT WAR.

By M. GREGOR ALEXINSKY. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Allowance being made for the fact that he writes admittedly as a Revolutionary, from the standpoint that is to say of a politician who hopes that one issue of the present war will be the liberation of the Russian people from the tyranny of Tsarism and of the bureaucracy, we must allow that M. Gregor Alexinsky, Ex-Deputy to the Duma, has much that is new and striking to tell us about "Russia and the Great War." He informs us that the Tsar's Government was "on the brink of an inevitable fall" when the war suddenly transformed the situation and forced the Russian people "to check the remarkable impetus of its struggle for liberty." He assures us that neither the people nor the bureaucracy wanted war, adding that among the superior bureaucracy and in the higher ranks of the army there are to be found an ominous number of German names. He declares that the mass of the peasants and of the working classes regard this war with Germany, unlike the war with Japan, as one necessary in the interests of freedom. He repudiates the idea that the Revolutionaries and the Socialists wish their country to be defeated, and points out that it was Count Witte and his friends who were the leaders of the pro-German party. Finally he tells us that, while Poles, Armenians, Finns, Ukranians, Democrats and Jews all forgot their wrongs and answered to the country's call, the Jews are still being persecuted and Socialist deputies to the Duma are still being deported to Siberia. Yet, or shall we say therefore, M. Alexinsky still clings to the belief that the growing impetus of the Russian people to liberty, combined with the fact of its alliance with the two great democratic nations of England and France, will enable it, when once the war is over, to shake off the shackles of absolutism. And, as the ex-Deputy is optimistic in his estimate of the political outlook that will confront his country at the end of the war, so is he altruistic in his notions of the territorial compensations which Russia should exact.

From General Pichegru's Treason (*Smith, Elder*).

GENERAL PICHEGRU.

NEW COSMOPOLIS.

By JAMES HUNEKER. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Huneker has been called the Bernard Shaw of America. There are only four years between the two; and both have been much engaged with music, besides dogmatising on the drama. Both love paradoxes and delight in the quixotism of a tilt against anything established. Nevertheless we cannot imagine the "New Cosmopolis" being written by G. B. S.; or by any one on this side of the water. It has all that hustling impressionism, that breathless curiosity which seems an instinct with modern Americans.

"I record what I see, what I feel, what I have experienced, writing it as well as I can *et voilà tout*," says our observer; and it goes *without* saying that he has seen and experienced *everything*: "A regular Paul Pry, I edged my way through panting humans . . . I've seen all the cancans worth mentioning—rather unmentionable." He recalls Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Prague, and Madrid, not to mention Piccadilly. "Staid Quarish old New York" is to him but "tame and respectable." Elsewhere there are "the same old iron steamboats, with the same old band"; and "new" posters! He calls it a "book of sky-lines and perspectives"; which, since "the world at large is compounded of rhythmic surprise and charm," will attract many. Since the writer can always compare; since he records with sincerity; we skim over his revelations, appreciating. "A Walt Whitman catalogue alone could sum up the ethnical and kaleidoscopic variety of a 'New York' mob"; and with that youth-training, Mr. Huneker is nowhere at a loss. Habituated from childhood to the cosmopolitan view-point, he has had no difficulties about "certain European cities before the war"—and no illusions.

THE SCOTTISH FRIEND OF FREDERIC THE GREAT.

By MRS. EDITH E. CUTHELL, F.R.H.S. Illustrated. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

George Baron Keith, last Earl Marischall of Scotland, was a fine picturesque subject for Mrs. Cuthell's erudite and interesting work. Born in 1686, he saw war under Marlborough; at Queen Anne's death was Colonel of the Scots Grenadier Guards in London, where there was only one regiment besides the household troops; and if he had listened to his own promptings and the fiery word of Atterbury, instead of to Ormonde, James III. might have been proclaimed king instead of George I. But it was not to be, and George Keith was in the 1715 Jacobite rising, which left him exiled, and by Bill of Attainder stripped of rank, honours, estates, condemned to be beheaded—nothing left but the title of Earl Marischall of Scotland. He was in all the Jacobite intriguing in Europe for the next thirty years. James III. showed him every favour, and he originated a plan to set Charles Edward up as King of Corsica. When his brother James entered the service of Frederic the Great as Field-Marshal, George was invited to the Prussian Court, and Frederic speedily made him a close friend, trusted him, and loved him. In 1754 he made him Governor of Neufchatel, where his portrait still hangs in the public library, and where all ox tongues in the city were his perquisite! He died in 1778, a great man, a friend of kings, of Rousseau, of d'Alembert, who delivered a funeral oration before the Berlin Academy, a eulogy that has been always famous. The many letters between him and Frederic, and Rousseau, and the rest, given in this volume, display him as a keen thinker, and a man of the world as well as of great affairs; and this account of him may be recommended as a picture of a noteworthy and eminent figure of the eighteenth century.

From The Scottish Friend of Frederic the Great (*Stanley Paul*).

FIELD-MARSHAL JAMES KEITH

From The Famous Cities of Ireland (*Maunsel*). THE THOLSEL, NEW ROSS.

A NATURALIST IN MADAGASCAR.

By JAMES SIBREE, F.R.G.S. 52 Illustrations and 3 Maps. 16s. net. (Seeley, Service.)

This is certainly a book to set on the shelves beside Bates' "On the Amazon," Darwin's "Voyage on the Beagle," and Waterton's "Wanderings in South America." Mr. Sibree is a missionary, and has known the great island since 1863, fifty-two years that have taught him a great deal, and these three hundred odd pages are packed with information, interesting, satisfactory, and, as far as can be judged, sound. He takes the reader hand-in-hand, with the courteous invitation to wander into the wonderful and mysterious forests, and observe the gentle lemurs in their home, as they leap from tree to tree, or take refuge in the thickets of bamboo; to come out in the dusk and watch the aye-aye as he stealthily glides along the branches, obtaining his insect food under the bark of the trees; to note the habits and curious ways of birds; to hear the legends and folk-tales in which the Malagasy have preserved the wisdom of their ancestors with regard to the feathered denizens of the woods and plains, and to admire the luxuriant vegetation of the forests, and the trees and plants, the ferns and flowers, and even the grasses, which are to be found in every part of the island. A careful observer himself, he collects and assimilates the observations of other men to his own knowledge. The result is a ripe, wise, human, friendly book, leisurely, rambling, restrained, as full of interest and entertainment as a dripping sponge is of water. Strange places and strange people are always magic to us, and this huge island, now under French rule, as large as France with Belgium and Holland thrown in, with its old races and their old rites and age-long industries and ancient primitive lore are fascinating. When we have read Mr. Sibree's book through attentively, we feel we know them almost at first hand, and take pleasure in knowing that the Malagasy have no names for constellations, except for the Pleiades—"little boys fighting over the rice mortar"—and Orion's belt—"three make a fathom"—and for no single star or planet, except for Venus as Lucifer, the morning star, which they call "leader of the day." This and the like is as good knowledge as the history of a decaying Court and exiled queens, which is all most of us remember of Madagascar.

THE DIARY OF A FRENCH ARMY CHAPLAIN.

By ABBE FELIX KLEIN. 3s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

Abbé Felix Klein was appointed chaplain to the Military Hospital opened by the Americans in Paris at Neuilly-sur-Seine about the end of August, 1914. For Paris, this was a moment of terrible suspense and danger, day by day the Germans were coming nearer, pushing back the English and French troops, and it seemed inevitable that Paris would be reached by the invading armies. We know now how great was the danger, and with what brilliant strategy and dogged fighting it was averted, but to read the Abbé's diary is to be reminded of the breathless tension of the time. And to be reminded of the ignorance in which we remained of the actual state of affairs. Things moved too swiftly for us to take them in, and it was only afterwards we obtained the perspective that we are sometimes inclined to accept as our memory of the retreat and counter-stroke. This diary appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and attracted no small amount of attention; it is no less interesting to English readers than to French. The writer is very devout, very human, sympathetic, cultured, philosophic, far-seeing, and we obtain from his daily narrative a moving picture of the wounded men who passed through the hospital, French, English, Arabs, Senegalese, all alike in their need, alike in their heroism, under sufferings, all, according to the Abbé, strongly moved and open to the influences of the mystic

From Belgium (*Black*). A QUIET WATERWAY.

religion whose servitor he was. He has always been a lover of England, and we delight in his delight in the gallant English soldiers, cheerful, gay through their suffering, singing and larking in spite of wounds, mutilations, amputations; but he is still more a lover of France, and we share his tender, reverent appreciation of the French soldiers, no less heroic than the English, patient, resigned, less playful for the war was too near their hearts and homes for play, of their kin, the wives and mothers and fathers whose sacrifice was made and borne for France. There is little in the shape of anecdote to quote, but the whole book blends into a moving and invaluable picture, the more moving and valuable for the beautiful, restrained writing that proclaims a mind of unusual force and fineness.

THE STORY OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

By René Francis. With 20 Collotypes and an Etched Frontispiece by Louis Weirter, R.B.A. 20s. net. (Harrap.)

It may not be true that, as somebody has said, "the history of the Tower of London is the history of England," but the Tower certainly played a prominent and grimly picturesque part in our history from Norman times down to the eighteenth century. It supplies Mr. René Francis with a wonderful subject for story and descriptive writing, and Mr. Louis Weirter with a no less admirable subject for a series of twenty striking and beautifully-finished drawings and an etched frontispiece showing the Salt Tower at sunset which, with its bleak tower lifted above massed shadow into the flying light, is steeped in the very feeling and atmosphere that lingers for ever about this tragic, haunted, old-world fortress. There is a gloom of forgotten miseries in the sombre, vivid presentments of the interior of the Beauchamp Tower, the sinister frowning Bloody Tower, the Traitor's Gate, and others; but the sketch of the King's House, with its balconies and quaintly tumbling roofs, has an idyllic charm of appearance that is perhaps accentuated by its gaunt surroundings; so, too, has a distant view of the Tower on a winter's night, when the frost and the stars and the magic light have transformed it into a dream-tower in fairyland. There is strength as well as beauty in Mr. Weirter's remarkable work. Both for the art of it and the fascination of its narrative this is a volume of quite exceptional interest.

From The Story of the Tower of London (*Harrap*). THE BELL TOWER.

From Of Walks and Walking Tours (*Werner Laurie*). ON THE BANKS OF THE RHONE.

ISABEL OF CASTILE: AND THE MAKING OF THE SPANISH NATION.

By Irene L. Plunket. 10s. 6d. net. (Putnam.)

Isabel of Castile is credited with the glory of Columbus, and hers, too, was the Inquisition period. Partisanship in the historian would be as absurd in Isabel's case as in that of Elizabeth, whose reign was on parallel lines. The author steers clear of this danger, and has made good use of authorities both old and new. If the style be pedestrian, one must admit that Pentecostal fire is not given to all historians. Nor, to be fair, is it generally the stylist who sticks closest to the truth. The grouping and arrangement is hardly as compact and adroit as might be wished. But it is clear. One has the wars, with Portugal, with the Moors, and the Italian campaigns in perspective. Columbus, as might be expected, fares well. We are shown too the singular social and military difficulties of a period just emerging from savagery. Likewise we get a glimpse of Isabel's sincere efforts to welcome the new learning from Italy, and the art of printing that was just discovered in Holland and Germany. The chapter on the fall of Granada makes stirring reading. The work is illustrated.

XUM

MODERN AUSTRIA, HER RACIAL AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

With a Study of Italia Irredenta. By VIRGINIO GAYDA. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The main part of this enlightening volume is an abridged translation (by Z. M. Gibson and C. A. Miles) of Signor Gayda's "La Crisi di un Impero," the first edition of which appeared in 1913, the second, with alterations and additions, in February of this year; the study of "Unredeemed Italy" has been written specially by the author for this English issue. It is an elaborate treatise—the fruit of five years' observation and inquiry in Austria—but none of the 330 pages could be spared. It will bring home to British and American readers, with vividness and a measure of fascination, a sense of the complicated world, the diverse and clashing elements, the medley of mediævalism and modernism, within the borders of Austria-Hungary on the eve of the war; to the war-drama itself it will help to give a new significance. Expressive as it is, the new section dealing with the repressive tactics of Austria in regard to the Italian-speaking parts of the empire, and her jealous attitude towards Italy generally, are excelled in interest by chapters showing the more epic clash of vast, irreconcilable forces in her extraordinary life. Part of the book is a graphic description of the mighty battle between German and Slavonic elements and cultures, with the Teutons steadily and sometimes disastrously losing ground. The Bohemian story, in this connection, is exceptionally interesting, and Signor Gayda unfolds it without any sense or suspicion of partisanship. He is manifestly attracted by the wonderful contest wherein the forces and "weapons" are, or have been, educational, and he shows that the clash and the results have done much towards the uplifting of the whole Bohemian civilisation. The growing power of the Jews all round, their grip of, and new attitude towards, the land, their dominance as capitalists here, their influence as socialists there, form the subject of acute presentation. Much in the social conditions is simply horrible. Many things have disturbed or marred the struggle for betterment; even Socialism has been deeply affected by the rising intensity of national feeling in the varied regions. The Court, militarist, clerical, and generally conservative elements, are all analysed and unfolded. The drama, dreams, and passions of central Europe, which so profoundly concern all Europe, are made very vital by Signor Gayda.

From **Isabel of Castile** (*Putnam*).

RONDA, THE TAGO OR CHASM.

LAVENGRO.

By GEORGE BORROW. With Illustrations by EDMUND J. SULLIVAN. 5s. net. (Foulis.)

A more artistic and attractive edition of "Lavengro" has never been published than that issued by Mr. Foulis this Christmas. Printed on rough-edged paper and bound in green, it is illustrated with a dozen charming colour-plates by Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan. This artist's free style of drawing and mellowed colour-schemes are well adapted to decorate George Borrow's most popular work, while the grey backgrounds on which they are mounted form graceful settings for such beautiful and well-finished paintings.

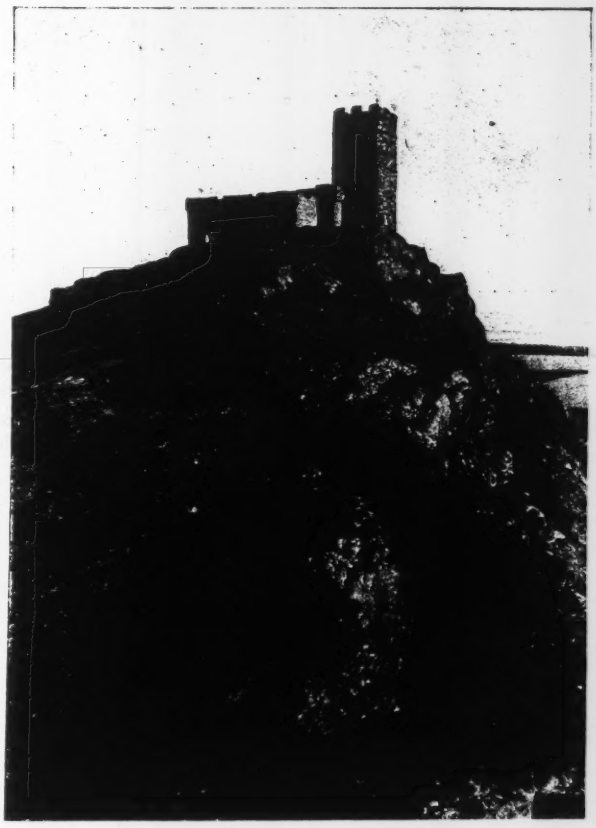
From **Tiger Slayer by Order** (*Chapman & Hall*).

THE MORNING BATH
"Motee" and "Pir Bux."

THROUGH THE BRAZILIAN WILDERNESS.

By Theodore Roosevelt. 18s. net. (John Murray.)

To those who read Colonel Roosevelt's account of his Brazilian explorations as it appeared serially in the pages of the *Daily Telegraph* no recommendation of the handsome volume in which the ex-President of the United States has collected these articles will be necessary. Enough to say that the fifty photographs of fauna, flora, and natives taken by Mr. Kermit Roosevelt which accompany the articles now that they appear in book form add enormously to the interest of a thoroughly enjoyable because admirably informing travel story. Whether Colonel Roosevelt actually discovered, or only re-discovered, the River of Doubt is a point which must be settled by expert geographers and explorers. What is perfectly certain, however, is that the Colonel has an uncommon knack of being able to describe in a thoroughly lucid and vivacious fashion the strange human beings and the stranger animals which he met with in the South American jungle. In other words, whatever may be the nature of the contribution which his latest book makes to our knowledge of geography, of natural history, or of anthropology, it is certainly an excellent piece of journalism. There is nothing to skip; every page is readable.



From The English Parish Church (*Batsford*).

THE CHURCH ON BRENT TOR, DARTMOOR.

EPISTLES FROM DEEP SEAS.

By J. E. Patterson. With a Frontispiece by J. Gidley Withycombe. 10s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

This is the third book that Mr. Patterson has written out of the experiences of his own life as a sailor and world-wanderer; and so long as they are all as alive and full of interest as this, we are prepared to welcome three more. The three are in no sense dependent on each other. "My Vagabondage" gave a full autobiography, and therefore dealt with the author's early life; and his later life as a novelist and journalist, as well as with his seafaring memories. "Sea Pie" was a poignant *olla podrida* of stories of Mr. Patterson's personal adventures, and of stories told to him by his shipmates. "Epistles from Deep Seas" is a second helping of the same fare, and is as full flavoured and as appetising as the first. We recommend it heartily to all who enjoy a real live book about real live people. The most striking character in the book is old Shivers—a grim, hardy old salt, who tells some of the strangest of the yarns that Mr. Patterson brings into his pages. In a preface, Mr. Patterson says hard things of some of his critics, but critics are used to that and, because he has done his work here well, will easily forgive him.

From Denmark and the Danes (*Fisher Unwin*).

ROSENBORG CASTLE.

From History of the Nations (*Hutchinson*).

TSAR MICHAEL SHISHMAN OF BULGARIA, KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF VELBUZHD 1330.

LIFE OF LORD ROBERTS, K.G., V.C.

By CAPT. OWEN WHEELER. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

At the time of Lord Roberts' death, many diverse opinions were put forward regarding the place he was entitled to in the hierarchy of great soldiers, but one never heard a difference of opinion on his character as a brave and Christian gentleman. Like Gordon, he will be for all time an exemplar for boys. His deeds are those that stir the imagination—his high sense of duty one that cannot fail to impress even the dullard. And Captain Owen Wheeler in writing the "Life of Lord Roberts, K.G., V.C." has produced a book which should be welcome on every boy's shelf. He tells the story of his early boyhood, of his adventures in the Mutiny, of how he won the V.C, of the immortal march to Kandahar, of South Africa, right up to the memorable time last year when, full of years, he laid down the burden of his life within sound of the guns, among the soldiers with whom he had passed the greater portion of his days. The author has done his work admirably, and the sixteen plates and the map which explains his Indian adventures, add to the value of the book.

From Lord Roberts, K.G., V.C. (*Ward, Lock*).

ROBERTS HAS A NARROW ESCAPE AT AGRA.

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

With the Russian Army. By ROBERT R. MCCORMICK. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

Russia of To-Day. By JOHN FOSTER FRASER. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

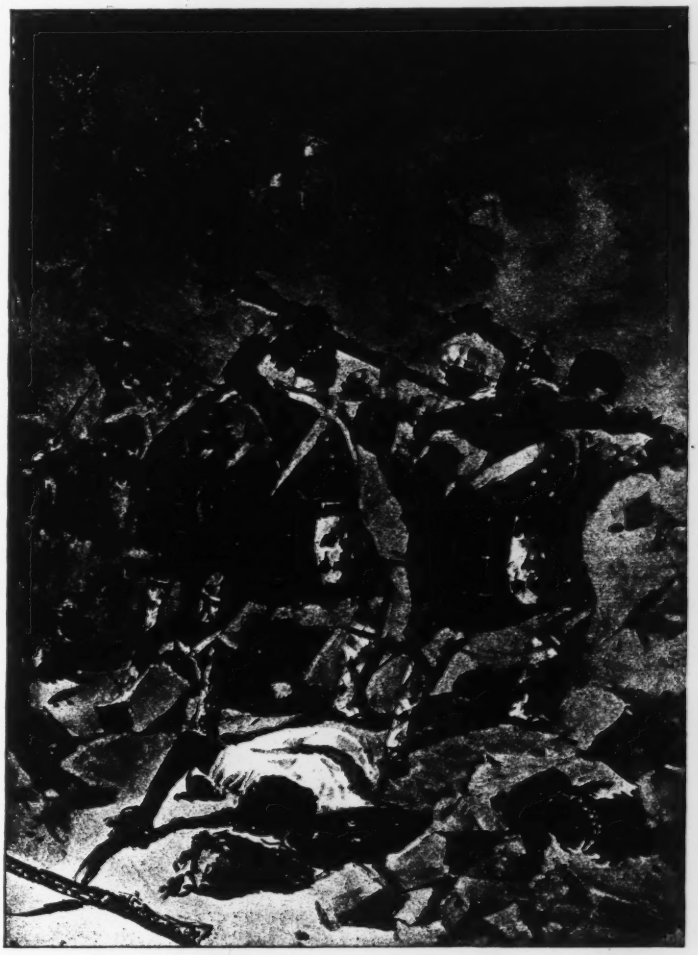
Russia: The Balkans and the Dardanelles. By GRANVILLE FORTESCUE. 6s. net. (Melrose.)

An extraordinary interest attaches just now to Russia and her part in the present great war. Much has been said, and much remains to say—the theme is practically inexhaustible, and offers an infinity of aspects. Mr. Robert McCormick, the son of a former American Ambassador to Russia, owed to his father's position and friendliness with the Grand Duke Nicholas the unique opportunity, given him by the Commander-in-Chief, to be admitted "on the field of active fighting . . . not as a war correspondent, but as a distinguished foreigner personally known to the Grand Duke." In London he met Mr. Asquith, and

Sir Edward Grey—who was "as fluent in talking of foreign affairs as nobody in the American Government excepting Mr. Alvey A. Adee," and who in Mr. McCormick's opinion "is a less gifted man than Mr. Bryan" (*gifted* is excellent). Mr. Churchill "next to the Grand Duke Nicholas is the most aggressive person I have ever met," though "if tried by a hundred tests" he "might show less all-round ability than Mr. Daniels." One perceives at once that the book is written for America, and perceives too that Mr. McCormick cannot be held to possess the knowledge of political or military affairs that would have enabled him to take advantage of his opportunities. If he had spent the same time with any of the belligerent forces, we feel he would probably have been convinced of the superiority of that particular army and organisation over every other, and his enthusiasm for Russia consequently fails to convince us. He gives vivid momentary pictures of what he saw or was told, but the whole effect is very fleeting. He tells us he was ten days putting on paper his observations on the Russian Army, and in compiling the information from which he wrote the history of the war to date. It is not to be wondered at if the book is bright and shallow. Mr. John Foster Fraser's book is bright, and packed with information about Russia of to-day, her feelings, her people, conditions of life and work, resources, civilisation, in fact a complete handbook for the present moment. The trained journalist is apparent all the time, and we may be delighted to know from him that 250,000 Japanese passed through Moscow on their way to the fighting line, according to universal report, which followed in nearly every detail a story with which England was familiar, only a Russian Army taking the role of the Japanese. Mr. Fraser's book is opportune and useful at the moment, and handy for reference. The book to read, out of these three, with diligence and respect, is Mr. Granville Fortescue's "Russia: the Balkans and the Dardanelles." Mr. Fortescue is an American war correspondent, who followed the Polish campaign with the Russians, and gives a wise and harmonious account of the work done by the Russian Army. He describes their heroism, their patience, their fine equipment, their faults, their mistakes, their excellences, all with a fine sense of perspective and an understanding of the unity of the campaigns east and west and south and south-east. And he manages to restore something of the old brilliancy and colour and movement that we had begun to think were drained away from modern war in mud, in stationary trench work, in the subordination of the human element to the merely mechanical. Yet his account of the fighting in Poland is as vivid and enthralling almost as the tales of Peninsular battles that thrilled us in Napier's

From Russia of To-day (*Cassells*).

THE CZAR AND THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.



From The Story of the Highland Regiments (*Black*).

THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY AT SERINGAPATAM.

From The Harim and the Purdah (*Fisher Unwin*).

DANCING GIRL OF JEYPORE.

rich pages. The comprehension of the various elements of war, the vision that can rejoice in the mustard coloured sheepskin hided coats of the Askabad Cossacks and their wild, rough, tough Siberian ponies, the mind that values properly field telephones, barbed wire, the excellent Russian field kitchens, the pony transport that helps the Russians to move in mud, that immobilises the German heavy artillery, the training that makes him appreciate the organisation of both sides, and assign each its value. All these qualities shine through the book, and convince the reader that Mr. Fortescue is to be trusted and his conclusions to be respected. This prepares us for the entrancing chapter on the Dardanelles campaign, which Mr. Fortescue saw from the Turkish side, and we read of the real and almost abnormal difficulties of our task, where our methods failed, how our hopes could not be realised, the marvels our men accomplished, the effect on the Near East, with almost painful intentness. Great as are the difficulties, Mr. Fortescue declares success is not beyond our reach in Gallipoli, if we will make the necessary sacrifices. And what he thought of our men there may be seen in the fact that he dedicated his most interesting and valuable book "to the officers and men of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, in appreciation of their heroism."

THE STORY OF THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS.

By FREDERICK WATSON. Illustrated by ALLAN STEWART. 5s. (Black.)

THE BRAES OF BALQUHIDDER.

By FREDERICK WATSON. Illustrated. 1s. net. (Hodge.)

History ought to be the most fascinating of all reading. Macaulay and Green knew that, and had the secret of making it what it ought to be; but the average historian prefers to go the way of dignified dulness, and never deviates into any charm or bravery of style. Mr. Watson justly complains of this in his preface, and owns that he called his book "The Story of the Highland Regiments" because the word history has become accepted as a synonym for tediousness. Nevertheless, this book of his is inevitably history, for the story of the Highland regiments is also the story of the British Empire for nearly two centuries, "a story of strange lands and peoples, of heroism and endurance, of the open sea and the frontier." But in Mr. Watson's hands the history is a living, thrilling, many-coloured romance, and none the less real and true to facts because its romantic attributes are faithfully preserved in the telling. Beginning with an account of the break-up of the Highland clan system, and the formation of the Black Watch early in the eighteenth century, Mr. Watson deftly and glamorously unfolds the splendid narrative of the numerous wars, campaigns, and battles in which this famous regiment and the Highland Light Infantry, the Camerons, the Gordons, and others of equal glory have taken part all down the years: through the American Wars; the Napoleonic campaigns; the Crimean War; the Indian Mutiny; wars in South Africa and Egypt; to the greatest and most terrible war that is devastating the world to-day. It is the first time, we believe, that the history of these gallant regiments has ever been told so fully, and in such ordered sequence. Mr. Watson has gone into those valleys of dry bones, the

From Through the Brazilian Wilderness (*Murray*).

THE CANOE RIGGED WITH A COVER UNDER WHICH COLONEL ROOSEVELT TRAVELLED WHEN SICK.

military histories, and has put their dead facts together and made them live to such excellent purpose that his book is not only a valuable record but a stirring and intensely interesting one. It is good just now that we—that our young men especially—should be thus vividly reminded of our glorious past, and of those brave men who fought and died for the inheritance that is ours. All profits arising from the sale of the book so long as the war lasts will be devoted to the Officers' Families Fund.

In this other volume of his, "The Braes of Balquhidder," Mr. Frederick Watson turns again to history, and narrates the true story of the life and death of Rob Roy, who is known to most of us only as one of Scott's most famous heroes. He has gathered together the authentic biography and all the credible traditions of the great Scottish outlaw, and marshalled and compressed his material skilfully and very effectively. Especially welcome is the detailed account of the sons of Rob Roy. If Rob emerges in these pages as less of a dramatic or melodramatic hero than Scott made him, he wears still the magic of a picturesque and daring personality. The descriptions of the wild country that is for ever associated with his wild doings are admirably done; so, too, are the sketches of contemporary life, customs and character. This is a brilliant little study in imaginative realism; incidentally it is a delightful guide-book to one of the most romantic of Highland districts.

From **Java: Past and Present** (*Heinemann*).

WAYANG TJINA, OR CHINESE PLAY.

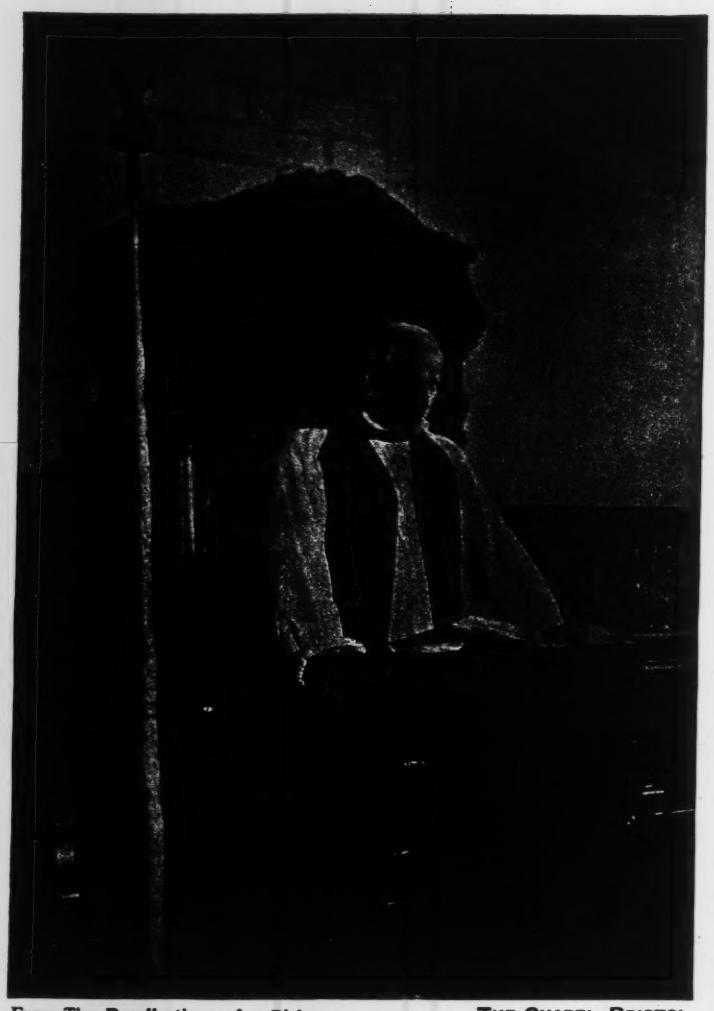
THE HARIM AND THE PURDAH.

By ELISABETH COOPER. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The woman of the East has always had a certain strange fascination for the woman of the West, perhaps on account of those very differences which at the same time estrange them. The authoress of this book has lived much with Oriental women, and has won for herself many friends among them, but the sum of her thoughts in connection with them seems to lie in this sentence of her book: "The ocean that geographically divides the East from the West is not more wide nor deep than is that invisible ocean between the minds of the woman of the Orient and the woman of the Occident." According to Western ideas the woman of the East is only an emotional and intuitive slave ignorant of that freedom enjoyed by her sister of the West. There is the other side of the question of course, and Mrs. Cooper reveals rather than states it to us here. We are shown in a series of engaging chapters woman's life in Egypt, in India, in China, in Burmah and in Japan. The mysteries of the Harim and the Purdah are not revealed to us for the very good reason that, generally, they have no real existence outside the imaginations of untravelled European writers of lurid fiction. There are perfumes, sweetmeats and soft silks if you will, but also, what these writers always forget to mention, a domestic life so intense and tender that we in Europe can scarcely have any idea of it.

From **Through the Brazilian Wilderness** (*Murray*).

AT THE RUBBER-MAN'S HOUSE.



From The Recollections of a Bishop (*Smith, Elder*).

THE CHAPEL, BRISTOL.

NEWS FROM SOMEWHERE.

By JAMES MILNE. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Since the war began Mr. Milne has visited Scotland and France, has journeyed about England, and particularly about London, where for years past he has made his home; and in all his goings to and fro he has noted the effect that war has had on the lives of the people, has been stirred by the uprising of the nation's manhood, the sight of the new soldiers going forth to battle, the womenfolk taking up their share of the burden at home, and he has got all these things and more into his book in a series of vivid realistic impressions. There is an admirable section in which, in like manner, he shows what is happening in Paris and in the villages and plains of France just behind the firing line. Any of us who have seen much of such matters for ourselves will recognise the truth of his pictures. He has real powers of observation, and writes with sympathy and with humour and with a deep sense of the pathos, the tragedy, and fine heroism that has entered so largely nowadays into the everyday lives of combatants and non-combatants alike. There are descriptions and stories in the book that bring the smart of tears to the eyes, but they are tears of pride as often as of sorrow. It is a heartening and a humanising book, for you come from the reading it with a better understanding of your fellow men and a warmer admiration and regard for them. It is a book that was well worth writing, and is well worth reading.

JAVA: PAST AND PRESENT.

By DONALD MACLAINE CAMPBELL. With a Map and many Illustrations. 2 vols. 36s. net. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Donald Maclaine Campbell lived in Java for twenty-three years, and in the last five or six years of that period this book of his, as his wife tells us in an interesting little introductory note, "was something more than the occupation of his leisure hours." His official position and business connections gave him exceptional opportunities of becoming familiarly acquainted with the country and all classes of its people, and his original intention had been "to divide the book into two parts, the first consisting of a general history and description of Java, and the second devoted to the commerce and industries of the Island." At the time of his death this second part was unfinished, but the first part had all been written and partly revised for the press, and is now issued in these two handsome volumes. It was a formidable undertaking, the writing of this book, but it was a labour of love. "The study of Eastern people, during my twenty-five years' sojourn in the Far East has always been a peculiarly delightful subject to me, but no Eastern folk have interested and fascinated me more," Mr. Campbell writes in his preface, "than the Javans of the Dutch East Indies. Their daily talks, their religion, amusements, their customs, their feasts, their life, I have quite entered into and lived in thought as one of them. Sorrows they have none, at least not as we know them. The more I knew of them the more excitement was engendered to learn and study them further." Written throughout in this spirit of keenly sympathetic interest the work is not only done with the most conscientious thoroughness, but has the freshness and vitality that come of such happy and spontaneous effort. Beginning with the ancient history of Java, before it came under the influence of the Hindus, Mr. Campbell traces its growth and development; its prosperity first under the Dutch down to 1811, then for five years under British rule; and finally under Dutch Government again from 1816 to the present day. This full and admirably narrated history occupies the first volume; in the second Mr. Campbell has brought together the accounts of Java written by many travellers between 1519 and 1832. Then follow

From News from Somewhere (*Chapman & Hall*).

THE SPIRIT OF WAR.
(Photograph taken by Mr. Ernest Brooks for the Admiralty, of a soldier visiting a comrade's grave in the Dardanelles).

six well-informed chapters on the antiquities, the fruits, flora, fauna, minerals and industries of Java; then follows a long concluding chapter devoted to an enthusiastic personal study of the people, their life, language, religion, trade, government, etc., with useful notes on the climate and general information that will be valuable to travellers. Nothing seems to have been forgotten. This will certainly become the standard reference book on "Java" and all concerning it, and it has the merit beyond most good reference books of being entirely readable and enjoyable.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A BISHOP.

By the Right Rev. G. F. Browne (Lately Bishop of Bristol). 10s. 6d. net.

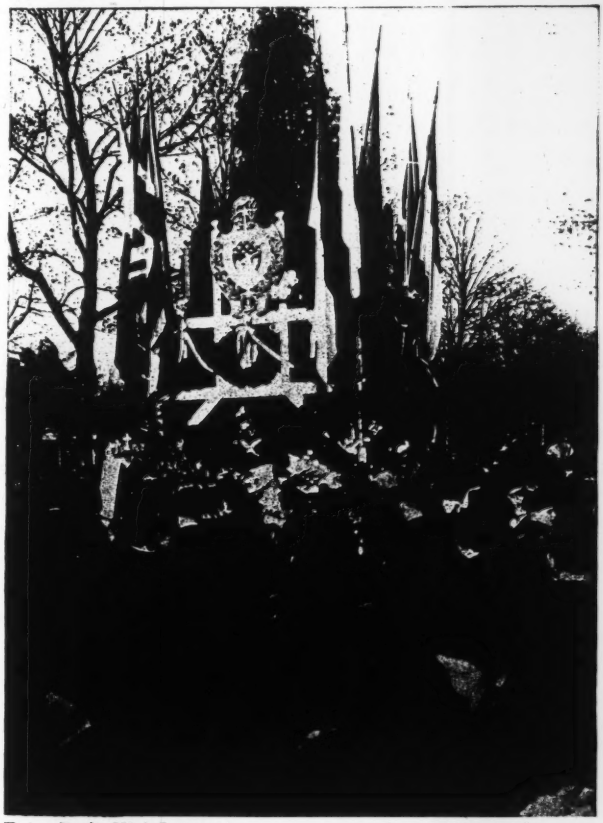
These recollections of a bishop make most refreshing and entertaining reading. For truth is not merely stranger than fiction, but very much more interesting as well. The Right Rev. G. F. Browne has a pleasant style of writing and a good sense of humour; he has witnessed and taken part in various historical events, and has come in contact with many people of importance. He relates how, at the Glenalmond Jubilee in 1891, he sat between Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and "had the duty and pleasure of conveying many messages from the anxious, careful wife about the management of Mr. Gladstone's coat collar in relation to draughts." The author was born in 1833, and seven years ago the editor of one of the daily newspapers wrote to ask him for his rule of life, as he had heard that the Bishop had reached an advanced age and was still vigorous. He replied that his rule of life was threefold:

From Alfred the Great (*Putnam*).

THE INTERIOR OF THE ANGLO-SAXON CHURCH, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

(1) To have had healthy parents.
(2) To have been brought up in the country.
(3) When things look black at night, turn on the electric light.

The book is illustrated with photographs and is a most interesting and valuable autobiography.



From Paris Waits, 1914 (*Smith, Elder*).

A MONUMENT TO FALLEN SOLDIERS.

ALFRED THE GREAT: MAKER OF ENGLAND.

By Beatrice A. Lees. 10s. 6d. net. (Putnam.)

A thoroughly competent study of the life and times of the great king, supplemented with important and well-chosen illustrations, provides its own justification. Alfred belongs to history far more than to legend. Yet he is so far a legendary figure that the author is able to provide an intensely interesting chapter on the Alfred myth. The book is a veritable patchwork of transcription and research. But it remains readable. The study of the Witan and its relations to the war, the systematic unfolding of the Alfredian state, which means so much to us by way of beginnings and example, make one glad of what might well prove to be a fatal book on the builder of the Navy, and first exemplar of the Federal idea. The study of Alfredian topography is thorough, and useful to historical teachers. There is remarkable freedom from dogmatic certainty regarding matters that must lie unsolved. And a lengthy bibliography will provide the sceptic with material with which to check the author's conclusions. She regards Alfred as an adaptor rather than a creator. Certainly he was defender rather than conqueror, and a conserver quite as much as a pioneer.

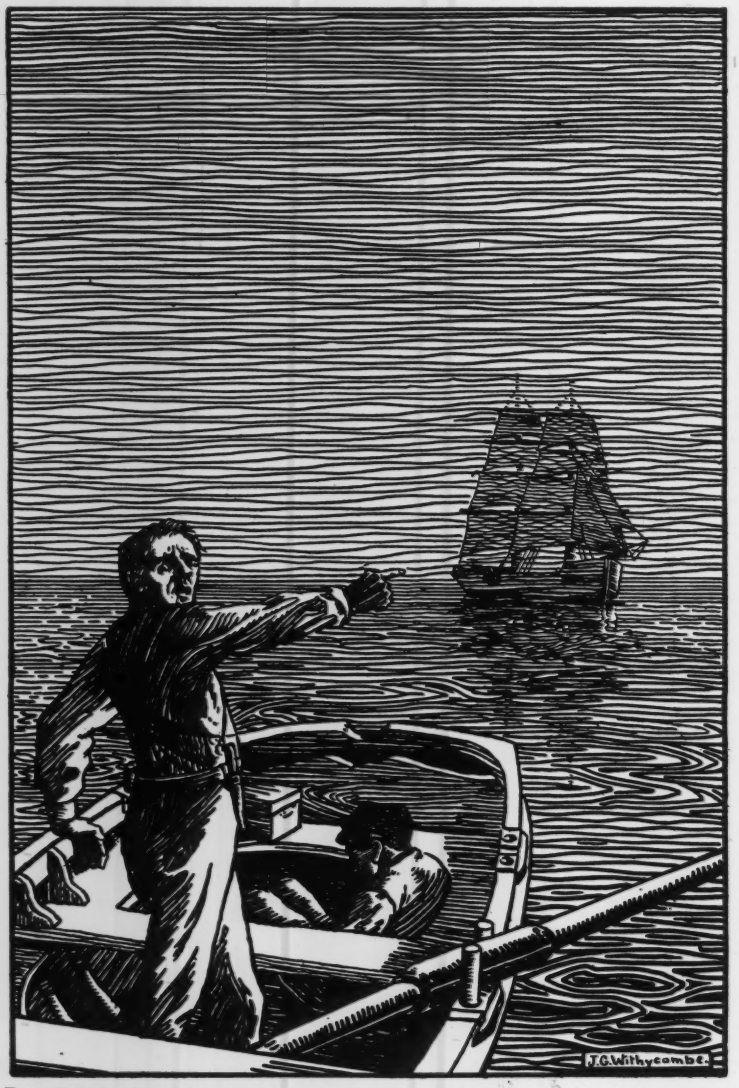
XUM

A WAR-TIME JOURNAL.

Germany 1914, and Travel Notes. By LADY JEPSON. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Lady Jepson was in Germany when the war broke out, and was detained there until nearly the end of September, 1914. During this period she kept a daily diary of her experiences, and a reading of it in this volume gives you a very vivid idea of how the Germans were meeting the crisis in the first days when we were recruiting and making eager preparations here in England to render a good account of ourselves in the great struggle. In the simplest, most matter-of-fact record of daily events the diary conveys a graphic impression of the insults, anxieties and humiliations that the English resident in Germany at that time had to endure, when the Germans were swollen with tidings of their initial successes and boasting that in a week they would be in Paris, and in about three weeks in London. The cheering on the streets, the bell-ringing and the flag-wagging after every fresh victory, or reported victory, the growth of the terrible German cocksureness, the continued excuses for preventing the exiles from returning to their own country—all the inconveniences and mortifications that came upon British, Russians and French who chanced to be stranded in the enemy's country are revealed in the casual entry for each day, till you understand fully the devout thankfulness that came upon the unfortunate aliens when at last they were permitted to depart. It is an interesting little book, and valuable for its authentic, first-hand account of certain phases of the war.

From A War-Time Journal (*Elkin Mathews*). ENGLISCHE KRIEGSFUHRUNG (How the Englishman makes war).



From Epistles from the Deep Seas (*Simpkin, Marshall*). "MY GOD! THE BARQUE AGAIN!"

THROUGH WONDERFUL INDIA AND BEYOND.

By NORAH ROWAN HAMILTON. 12s. 6d. net. (Holden & Hardingham.)

The writer of these impressions of India tells us nothing of herself. And yet she manages through her book to bring us into very agreeable relations with her, we are happy in the sense of pleasant sympathetic companionship. That is one of the qualities of successful writing of this kind. So much has been told us of India, we all have more or less accurate general nodding acquaintance with the principal characteristics of the country—the vivid colouring, the jewelled cities, the sumptuous fantastic decorated architecture, the manners and customs and habits of the people. Here, however, is a new interpretation through another personality, and one that we accept gratefully. Whether it is the discrimination in the descriptions, never exaggerated, never hackneyed, always delicately seen and skilfully conveyed, the sympathetic attitude towards the great mystic mysterious land and its countless races, the sound practical sense with which the actual situations and problems of to-day are stated and discussed in their essentials, or the appreciation of the ancient glamour and magical legendary charm of India, at no point does the book fail to carry the reader along in interest and pleasure. The sense of India's immensity and inscrutableness is everywhere felt, and yet the impression is always present that the veil is being withdrawn a little for our benefit. We talk to an old lady who was a child of nine during the Lucknow siege, and helped to tend the sick Highland girl who heard far off the bagpipes that brought rescue; we meet the Begum of Bhopal, who had studied Western ways, and is a progressive mother to her people, with shrewd views and a good executive brain; we learn something of what an Indian girl's life is. The book might be four times as long, and we should all look on it as four times better, especially if the seventeen beautiful illustrations were also quadrupled.

MEMORIES.

By the Right Hon. Lord Redesdale, G.C.V.O., K.C.B. 2 vols. 32s. net. (Hutchinson.)

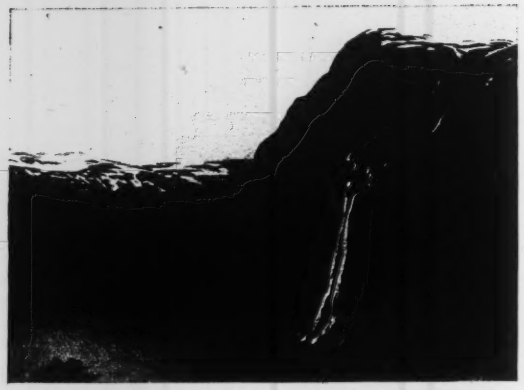
Few men have had a longer or more interestingly varied career than Lord Redesdale; and fewer still have had the luck or the capacity to write a book of recollections at once so historically valuable and so entertaining as his "Memories." As a statesman and diplomatist he travelled much and came into contact with the great men of many lands; his sketches of and delightful gossip about Disraeli, Gladstone, Harcourt, Bright and other famous politicians of the mid and late Victorian era are a real contribution to the history of the time and to the world's store of good anecdotes. A man of letters, author of the memorable "Tales of Old Japan," Lord Redesdale was on enviable terms with the literary giants of yesterday and the day before. He knew Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, the Carlyles, and has something of interest to tell of them all, of the Carlyles in particular. He was at Eton with Swinburne and Dickens's son Charles; and his friendship with the latter "led to my first acquaintance with his great father, who came down to Eton one fine summer's day with Mark Lemon and, I think, Shirley Brooke, and took several of us up the river to Maidenhead. What a day that was! The great man was full of life, bubbling over with fun, the youngest boy of the party. I often met him in after life, but then, wonderful as he was upon occasions, his face when at rest showed signs of fatigue; the strenuous work had told upon him; he looked careworn and older than his years. I like to think of him as he was that day at Maidenhead, brilliant, young and gay, the spirit of joy incarnate. It was at the time when he was writing 'Bleak House.'" There are some capital stories of Whistler, but there is no one, not even Beaconsfield or Gladstone, of whom Lord Redesdale writes with more admiration and affection than he does of Carlyle. He speaks of the sage's sudden bursts of laughter. "They were very characteristic and significant. Those who from Froude downwards have recorded much of Carlyle's conversation have given the impression of an ill-natured, discontented man carping with no little spite at the rest of mankind. That was not Carlyle. That he held violent opinions expressed in violent language is a fact. But much of his so-called cynicism was, I am convinced, misunderstood. . . . That laugh took the sting of cruelty out of his speech. He did not suffer fools gladly, and he could not brook being lionised, but during all the years that I knew him—from before the year 1850 to the time of his death—he was always kind to everybody with whom I saw him—kind and, in his rough way, considerate." He denounces Froude's portrait of him as entirely false. For any unhappiness that came into their married lives, Lord Redesdale puts the greater share of the blame on Mrs. Carlyle. Lord Redesdale writes genially and with a keen sense of humour; he has had a

From War Pictures Behind the Lines (*Smith, Elder*).

"Si j'étais à la place de Joffre."
By Ochs.
(Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist).

Defence Commanders proving, each to his own entire satisfaction, that the two 6·3 inch Howitzers are absolutely necessary in his particular Section
G.M.D

From The Life of Field-Marshal Sir George White (*Blackwood*).



From The Fjords and Folk of Norway (*Methuen*).

GEIRANGER FJORD.

full life, and it is largely because he has enjoyed it all so thoroughly that his book is so thoroughly enjoyable. The volumes are well illustrated with portraits and photographs.

NAPLES AND SOUTHERN ITALY.

By EDWARD HUTTON. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

Naples to Mr. Hutton is a man-made blunder set amid the glories of a nature that is prodigal in scale and generous in colour. He dwells with critical insight upon Neapolitan painting; works of native origin and importations to the galleries. Sculpture and bronzes are seen and described. Upon the historical side we have learned to expect boldness of assertion coupled with a care for facts. And here we are not disappointed. The book covers a vast area: on the West, from the mouth of Tiber down to Palermo, and across to that Eastern window of the Adriatic wherefrom Brindisi looks out upon the sea way. Coming forth just now, it is the historical and geographical aspects of Italy that rivet the attention. And in the South places of deep import are fewer and farther between. It is a land of distances, where even sunlight cannot always dispel the melancholy sense of marsh and far expanse. All that topographical quality is seized by the author. And in this task he is helped more than are most authors by his illustrator, Frank Crisp, whose pictures in colour and half-tone are in harmony with the prose, which is strong and vital. Especially is this the case where he describes the land scarred by those infidel desecrations that pierced Italy as they pierced Spain; the memory of which make Italy again a barrier against the Saracen.

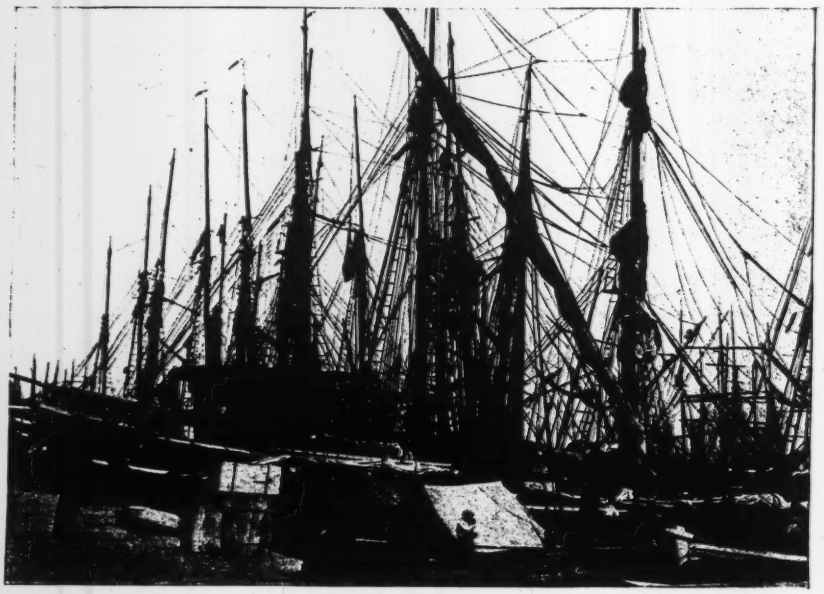
From The Fjords and Folk of Norway (*Methuen*).

"EAGLE'S NEST" DWELLINGS. SHOWING TETHERED CHILDREN.

PREHISTORIC MAN AND HIS STORY.

By G. F. SCOTT ELLIOT, M.A., B.Sc. 7s. 6d. net. (Seeley, Service.)

Professor Scott Elliot has done the world a sensible service in assembling all that is known to six branches of science about the history of Man in prehistoric times, and in stating his judgment on the many doubtful points of it. Moreover, the illustrations in his book, which include that remarkable series of sculptured effigies done at Brussels under the inspiration of Professor Rutot, and the astounding art work of the French caverns, are of extraordinary interest. With this author's conclusions in general most anthropologists will agree; but of course they are open to revision, and it must be allowed that in drawing large inferences from slender data, as one is bound to do in a tentative way, he sometimes forgets that they are inferences only. There is really no reason why we should suppose mankind to have developed from a single ancestor, or from a tribe in only one locality; and science awaits in particular the exploration of Asia.



From Naples and Southern Italy (*Methuen*).

THE HARBOUR, NAPLES

MY HARVEST.

By Richard Whiteing. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Few journalists have had a larger or fuller career than has fallen to the lot of Mr. Richard Whiteing. Born in London, he knows and loves the great city he has worked in for so large a part of his life; and his pictures of it, and of that special circle of it in which he moved, have all the truth and vividness of things seen and clearly remembered. But Mr. Whiteing has been no stay-at-home. He represented his newspaper in exciting times in various quarters of the globe, and has much of great interest to say of the cities he has known and people he has met. But we cannot do justice to such a book in a paragraph—we have said nothing of his work as a novelist—and shall return to it next month.

THE FJORDS AND FOLK OF NORWAY.

By S. J. Beckett. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

Norway offers a splendid field to the literary tourist or traveller, and of its opportunities advantage has often been taken. We have the ordinary tourists' guide books in plenty; as we have also many excellent books on the sports and pastimes of the country. But we certainly have not too many cheap, popular books which give a comprehensive view of even one section of the country and the many activities of the inhabitants, as this handbook by Mr. Beckett does. The first part of the book deals with Norwegian history, literature, art, folklore, customs, and national life. The educational facilities, the system of national defence, the industries—which are steadily increasing in importance, unregarded by many industrial peoples—and the commercial life of the country are also explained. The remaining portion of the book is more directly "tourist," a gazetteer of most of the better known places on the Norwegian coast. There is also an excellent index, as well as a map and a series of illustrations.

From The Fjords and Folk of Norway (*Methuen*).

THE CALM WATERS OF THE INNER LEAD.

THROUGH CENTRAL AFRICA FROM EAST TO WEST.

By Cherry Kearton and James Barnes. With a Colour Frontispiece, 8 Photogravures, and 160 Illustrations from Photographs by Cherry Kearton. 21s. net. (Cassell.)

A good deal of the ground covered by Mr. Cherry Kearton for his latest picture book has been gone over quite recently by writers who have described their experiences in the Belgian Congo. None the less, there is much that is interesting in the combined literary and pictorial account of the journey "Through Central Africa" which Messrs. Barnes and Kearton afford. If Mr. Kearton's photographs can hardly be described as arresting taken singly, at least they contrive by their number to give quite a vivid idea of the animals and human beings with whom the scribe and the photographer come into contact. While Mr. Barnes, though he has nothing really new to tell us, always writes pleasantly and has some particularly sound and useful advice to offer to would-be travellers in his own track. Nothing is more interesting in this very readable book than Mr. Barnes's description of the feeling of depression that came over the collaborators when they were making their way through the Great Forest:

"I have remarked before how conversation languished; one felt no more like laughing and joking than one does in the dusk of evening in the damp gloom of the unlighted nave of some cathedral. Our voices, when we did talk, were subdued; our spirits sank to zero. So the pleasant part of our recollections lives with the sunlit countries; they will return many times as pleasant dreams."

Messrs. Barnes and Kearton's opinion of the Forest is shared by the Duke of Mecklenburg who, in his book, "The Heart of Africa," says:

"I believe a long stay in this forest would lead to heavy mental depression in sensitive men. The unutterable feeling

From Through Central Africa from East to West (*Cassells*).

THE FALLS OF THE NAIROBI RIVER.

From Egypt of the Egyptians (*Pitman*). **IN THE BRASS BAZAAR AT CAIRO.**

(From a copyright photograph by Mrs. Walter Creyke).

of oppression which makes itself felt in the course of time lies in the absence of any free view, the impossibility of permitting the eye to rove freely across a wide space, or of once catching a glimpse of sky and earth merging in the far horizon."

In other words, the Great Forest produces in travellers a modified form of claustrophobia.

EGYPT OF THE EGYPTIANS.

By W. LAURENCE BALLS. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Pitman.)

Circumstances have given Egypt a special interest for all of us just now—but the fascination of that strange country is a thing that is independent of time and change. Mr. Balls, who knows his subject most intimately, tells the great romance of the rise and decadence of Egypt; its slow passing from under Roman and Ottoman rule to its renascence and development under the British protectorate. Its ancient glory was a wonder and a mystery; its modern glory is less of a mystery but even more of a wonder; its people have been quickened to new life, and much that was parched desert transformed into fruitful ground, and a new era of prosperity has dawned over all the land. The student of Egyptian history and social life will not easily find a more competent or more interesting book for his purposes than this. There is a useful map, and numerous illustrations from photographs.

A VAGABOND VOYAGE THROUGH BRITTANY.

By Mrs. LEWIS CHASE. 7s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Vagabond literature is admittedly alluring, but too many quite preposterous people pretend to be vagabonds. These sheep in wolves' clothing have left their heavy impress upon our circulating libraries. Let me hasten to say that Mrs. Lewis Chase is not of their company. On the contrary, she is a traveller who shuns sheltered paths, but who none the less retains the seemingly antagonistic instinct for capturing the glamour of beautiful hidden places. With her, you can snatch a moment of forgetfulness of ruin and death to renew old memories of Brittany and discover the wonder of new solitudes. She has made you a travelling companion without giving you the least worry, for she has that excellent gift of being vivacious without making other people feel dull. But before all else, this married couple were no sham vagabonds during that journey in an open boat from St. Malo to Brest, a journey that was punctuated by the exasperations of no less than two hundred and eighty locks.

Good travellers as they were, the Breton rain cured them very quickly of confidence in minute tents:

"Starting out in good faith as campers, albeit without experience, a single night brought a change of heart in favour of a less portable habitation. Any sentimentalising that may have been indulged in over 'the nice little tent' was speedily transferred to 'a nice big hayloft,' although there was a shy reluctance at first to admit this even to each other, because it seemed so out of keeping with the expedition."

This habit of seeking for hay-lofts brought our vagabonds necessarily into contact with men as well as things, and again and again we are introduced into the remote exclusiveness of Breton farm-houses, and even to the ghosts of Breton châteaux. Here is a typical interior:

"The only entrance was the door which had been the exit for such an astonishing number on the preceding day. On either side of the very long and narrow table were equally long

From A Woman in the Sahara (*Heinemann*). **A STREET IN CONSTANTINE.**

and perilously narrow backless benches. Over the open fire there was the customary black iron soup-pot, which was not much smaller than the tub-like receptacle used for making soft soap on my grandfather's farm. The side opposite the chimney was given up to a huge wardrobe, next the outside door stood a dresser, and at the other end of the room two finely-carved old beds, foot to foot, which were nightly occupied by the father, mother, and the four youngest children."

From The Balkan Peninsula (*Black*).

OLD SERBIAN TYPES.

Generally speaking, however, they were happiest when gliding down the current alone, past châteaux and pine-crested summits, sheer rock and innumerable windings between lock and lock. Sometimes there would be a snatch of life that was wholly un-French and even un-Breton, as though a glimpse of New-England days had by some magic projected itself into modern Brittany. Usually, however, life seemed hard enough for the Breton peasants in these days, so close to the outbreak of war. A Gascon peasant, for example, told the author that his rations during military service were altogether inadequate, but exactly the same rations seemed more than sufficient to the Breton conscript.

But poor as the Breton is, his sense of honour stands out conspicuously in these pages, and the author notes that it is so universal that it never occurred to the poorest of farmer's wives to imagine that anybody would take advantage of lack of guardianship. Even the children preserved of their own accord the "honour system." On one occasion our vagabonds hid their oar-locks, which were eventually discovered in the safe keeping of a little Breton:

"We were flabbergasted. Here was one of the little *gamins* actually guarding the very things we had removed to prevent him or some of his numerous fraternity from carrying away!"

But a walking-stick was missing, and it seemed at first that it at least had been stolen:

"The tension was relaxed by a small boy coming down a steep incline at such speed that when he stumbled and fell he kept on coming. Up he jumped and dived into a clump of bushes as though intent on completing the personal damage his headlong dash down hill had begun. For a minute his little sabots were the only signs of his existence; then he re-appeared waving the 'stolen' cane. Smiling and dirty, scratched and torn, he presented it to the rightful (?) owner, saying that he had found it in the grass and had hidden it for safe keeping when called away to mind the cows."

Such little incidents are worth quoting because they illustrate, more clearly than pages of description, the temperament of this foreigner in France, who never for a moment looks upon himself as French.

Naturally the picturesque is not neglected, and we have glimpses of the national life, from "A Market Day in Rostrenan" to the "Pardon of Plouguernével." It is, in short, a charming and companionable—the flogged adjective does preserve a meaning after all—volume that Mrs. Chase has given us in sad days. As for its bearing on these days, the author notes significantly that, when the call came, every man of this "race apart" went willingly to the colours, offering as a matter of course his life to "La France," while remaining as indomitably as ever a Breton of Bretagne.

J. A. T. LLOYD.

From Forty Years in Constantinople (*Jenkins*).

ABDUL HAMID.

MR. R. G. KNOWLES.
From A Modern Columbus
(*Werner Laurie*).

A MODERN COLUMBUS.

By R. G. KNOWLES. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Knowles has travelled the world around as an entertainer, and he must have written his book in the same capacity, for it is first and last and all the time entertaining. He has been a rolling-stone and gathered no moss, because he has been too busy gathering experience and good anecdotes "from the four quarters of the globe and the seven seas." The record of his varied career is told vivaciously, and with the characteristic touches of humour that have so often delighted us when we have seen him on the stage. No one can beat him at telling a funny anecdote, and he does it simply and effectively on paper as he does it on the boards. This is a thoroughly joyous book—Mr. Knowles even has some new and excellently voluminical anecdotes to tell about the war—the very thing to make a pessimist happy and an optimist happier than ever.

AN IRISHWOMAN IN CHINA.

By MRS. DE BURGH DALY. 10s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Many books have been published about China during the last twenty-five years, but, as Mrs. de Burgh Daly remarks in her Prologue, most of these have been written by experts in one line or another: scholars, politicians, experienced missionaries, or well-known travellers. The book she has written she describes as a "simple record of the life of ordinary European residents in China, who were interested in the people amongst whom they lived and very friendly with them." The general reader will much prefer to see China through the eyes of one who does not specialise in a particular branch of life, but takes life as a whole and writes of it in a most engaging way. He will find Mrs. de Burgh Daly's book of exceptional interest. The author, with her intimate knowledge of the people and customs of the country gives some vivid and entertaining descriptions of China and the Chinese, and paints charming word pictures of the wonderful scenery. Her record of war and peace in the Far East, written with a ready sympathy, a familiarity with her subject, and an Irishwoman's native humour, is one of the most attractive and pleasing of books.

From Up and Down the World (*Jenkins*).

A FRIEND OF THE PASIG RIVER EXPEDITION.

MRS. DE BURGH DALY.

FORTY YEARS IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

By SIR EDWIN PEARS. 16s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

A book of exceptional interest at the present moment is Sir Edwin Pears' recollections of forty-two years spent in the Turkish capital. Starting with a brief account of the chance circumstances that first led to his taking up his position of importance in the Near East, he goes on to tell us in graphic style of his experiences in Constantinople, the celebrities he met there, and his general impressions of the country and its people. One may gather that his book is in nowise lacking in excitement from the fact that he witnessed three Revolutions, three Sultans deposed, and the establishment of the Young Turk Party. He gives a vivid description of the Russo-Turkish War, and tells how "The British Fleet had arrived in Besika Bay near the Ægean end of the Dardanelles in May, 1876. In the middle of February, 1878, it passed through the Dardanelles, and this without the consent of the Sultan. For some weeks it remained in the Gulf of Ismidt, but when the Russian Army advanced to San Stefano it steamed up to Prinkipo, where it anchored, the flagship *Alexandra* being immediately opposite our house. Daily we heard its bands playing that most banal of music-hall songs, which added a new word to the language, or gave it rebirth. The chorus was:

MR. ROBERT HOLMES,
whose book "My Police Court Friends with the Colours" is published by Messrs. Blackwood.

"We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too.
The Rooshun bear we've thrashed before and while we're Britons true,
The Rooshuns shall not have Constantinople."

Whatever the Turk's opinion of us may be, there is little in Sir Edwin's book to inspire our love for the Turk. We would quote, if we had space, a gruesome story concerning the Moslem atrocities in Bulgaria, which the author played a noteworthy part in exposing; and also recount his meetings with famous public men connected with the Near East, most of whom he has come in contact with at some time or other. He has written a most valuable inner history of Turkey and the Near East during a period of forty important and turbulent years.

MRS. HUGH FRASER,
whose book "Storied Italy" is published by Mr. Werner Laurie.

FINLAND AND THE FINNS.

By ARTHUR READE. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Although for the past century Finland has been in the hands of the Russians, it has never ceased to hold steadfastly to its national ideals and to develop its national institutions. This, one would have imagined, should have made it a country of peculiar interest to the British people, for its ideals and aspirations are largely our own. The chief difference between us being that, in spite of their position of dependence, the Finns have done much more to transform their ideals into facts. Unfortunately, however, we have seldom troubled ourselves about this little country, but it is to be hoped that our alliance with Russia will lead us to take a more active interest in its development than we have done in the past. Mr. Reade opens his introduction with the war of 1808–9, when Finland was lost by Sweden to the armies of the Russian Empire, in spite of the brave and steady resistance of the vastly outnumbered Finnish Army. He then leads us through the century, with its changing fortunes and noble efforts, its period of peaceful development and ordered progress, to the recent unhappy period of "Russification," a period not yet ended and upon the continuance or discontinuance of which depends the future welfare of the nation. We welcome Mr. Reade's book as an admirable introduction to a study of the Finnish problem.

From Finland and the Finns (*Methuen*).

Z. TOPELIUS.

MY ADVENTURES AS A SPY.

By LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL. Illustrated with Sketches by the Author. 1s. net. (Pearson.)

Since the war began many of us have come to look upon spies and spying with a contempt that is a little unjust. So long as one side, in any warfare, resorts to spying the other side is compelled to do so in self-defence, and so far from being base and despicable the spy is frequently a man of the highest courage and honour. One of the cleverest and most successful spies who have ever been in the service of this country was Sir Robert Baden-Powell, and his character and personality is enough to lift the profession above the scorn and obloquy that is often poured upon it nowadays, even if there had not, as there have, been other men who have helped to clothe it in the attributes of heroism and romance. "B. P." touches on some of these, in his opening pages, then devotes himself to the story of his own experiences and adventures as a spy, and it is enough to say that it is one of the most amusing and exciting stories of its kind we have ever read. Incidentally he shows some most interesting sidelights on the plans and theories that have influenced Germany in its conduct of the present war. Surely there never was a spy more ingenious in disguises, or one who came alive through more perilous enterprises. It is such a fascinating record that it moves one not merely to tolerate spying, but almost to be in love with it.

CO-DIRECTORS.

By UNA L. SILBERRAD. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Elizabeth Thain is as fresh and sincere a character as we have met with for a long time; she makes a decidedly interesting heroine for Miss Silberrad's new book. Thirty-five years of age, she is a "woman with a little tuft of grey in the thick hair above her temples, and creases about the corners of keen, smiling eyes." The story deals with the business partnership existing between Elizabeth and a Mr. Marlcroft, an inventor. "Co-Directors," although not a very attractive title, is an uncommonly attractive novel, and one quite out of the usual run.

From J. Brierley: His Life and Work (*Clarke*).

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF DEAN ROAD, WILLESDEN GREEN.

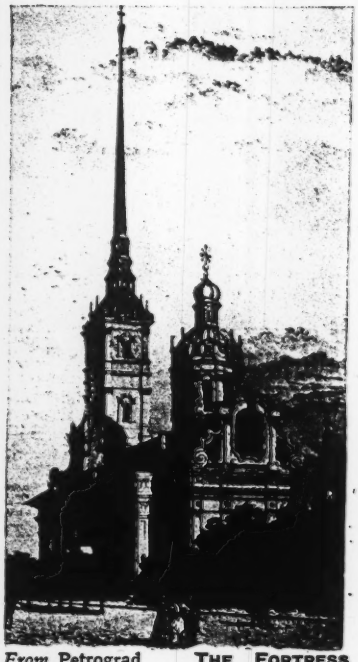
From Indian Memories (*Jenkins*). By Sir R. Baden-Powell. Recently reviewed i THE BOOKMAN.

WITH OUR RUSSIAN ALLIES.

By CAPTAIN F. S. BRERETON. 6s. (Blackie.)

Boy readers have long since learned what a capital spinner of yarns is Captain Brereton, and they will surely hail with delight the story in which he sets forth the thrilling adventures of young Hugh Hurcombe during the earlier months of the Great War. Hugh is an Englishman whose mother was Russian, and he was on his way to visit his maternal relatives in Warsaw when the war broke out. A horribly slow journey brought him near to the Polish frontier, but he was not yet clear of Prussia when war was actually declared, and he provided one of the first "incidents" of the conflict. An arrogant Prussian officer, having asked for Hugh's passport on the train, proceeded to insult him when the quick Englishman promptly knocked him down. Thereafter, it need scarcely be said, Hugh had some difficulty in making his escape, and thereby he made of his assailant an implacable personal enemy, sworn to have his life. Reaching Warsaw, Hugh joined a regiment of Cossacks with his Russian cousins, and proceeded not only to win distinction with those fine fighters, but to have a series of thrilling adventures, including capture as a spy, a wonderful rescue by aeroplane, and finally being inveigled by his arch-enemy into besieged Przemysl materially assisted in its capture. It is an absorbing story.

From India's Fighters (*Sampson Low*). SIKH OFFICERS WITH VICEROY'S BODYGUARD.



From Petrograd (*Grant Richards*). THE FORTRESS CHURCH OF ST. PETER AND PAUL.

EVOLUTION.

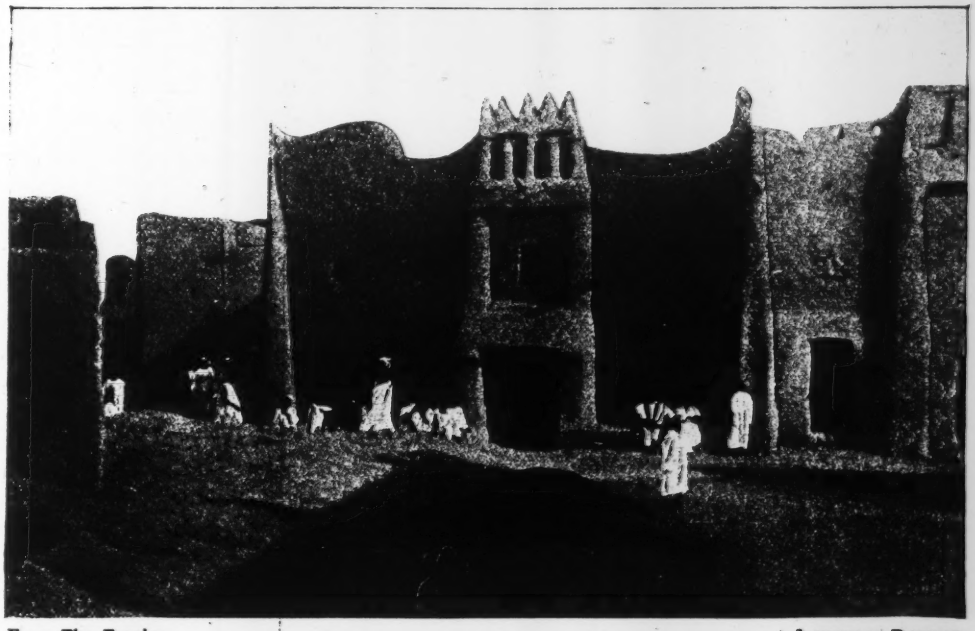
By J. A. S. WATSON, B.Sc. With Illustrations and Diagrams. 5s. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

This is the first volume of a novel series of books on science and art. The general title of the series is "Through the Eye," and the excellent object seems to be to present a sort of cinema of information, with a valuable text as companion to the pictures. Mr. Watson's first chapter is a clear and reasoned putting of the case for evolution. He goes on next to a study of the lowest forms of life. His book is well calculated to leave the general reader with—if not exactly a scientific mind—at least a scientifically inclined mind, long before he has reached the last page. If the "Through the Eye" series continues at the high standard at which it has begun it will form an invaluable group of volumes.

From Petrograd (*Grant Richards*). RUSSIAN RAILWAY GUARD: PURE GREAT RUSSIAN TYPE.

SPORT, TRAVEL, AND ADVENTURE.

Edited by A. G. Lewis. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)



From **The Tropics** (*Grant Richards*).

A VIEW IN DJENNE.

From volumes in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Modern Travel" series and from various books of sport and of adventure written by American authors, including Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Richard Harding Davis, Mr. A. G. Lewis has compiled an excellent anthology for adventurers, and for all who love tales of sport, of hunting, of climbing, and of exploration. Lion hunts, buffalo hunts, elephant hunts, and bear hunts all find their place in the section devoted to big-game hunting. While those parts of the narrative which are given over to stories of adventure among strange tribes are concerned with pygmies, with cannibals, with cowboys, and with natives of Tibet. Nor are marriage customs, camp-fire yarns and carnivals exempted from the scope of Mr. Lewis's work. Speaking of carnivals, it is interesting to note that the singularly unpleasant Easter-Monday custom of emptying basins of water on your friends and neighbours which the author of "Recollections of a Royal Governess" describes as very popular in Lemburg, is also held in high esteem in a country so far distant from Galicia as Peru.

From **With Our Russian Allies** (*Blackie*).

"A MESSAGE, BARIN," SAID THE COSSACK, SALUTING.

MR. BROOM AND HIS BROTHER.

By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

If one is reminded vaguely at first of "Princess Priscilla's Fortnight" on reading the first few pages of this book, the likeness is soon seen to be unreal. It begins and ends in Prince Torquil, heir to the non-German Dukedom of Katavia, throwing aside the shackles of royalty and fleeing to England to take up a position under the name of Mr. Broom, as secretary to Sir Joseph Looper. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick works out the theme on lines that are entirely her own. There is much humour in the book—Lady Looper for example, is a delightful character—but there is something more. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick has introduced into her story two characters that are almost terrifying—Miss Jones and Dr. Pratt. They are perfect types of evil—cruel, pitiless, devilish. The scene in which they attempt the murder of Miss Dimsdale by direct violence, more insidious methods having failed, has about it an atmosphere of horror which makes the lighter part of the book stand out in contrast. The story is in two parts and when these two characters appear again in the second part the authoress succeeds wonderfully in rousing the reader's sympathy for the two children upon whom they are engaged to practice. It is a remarkable story, very cleverly told and the interest is maintained until the end—in fact the scene at Berlin, on the night of the declaration of war with England, where the doctor meets with a just fate, is one of the best in the book.

XUM

From Champney's Old Belgium (*Putnam*).

THE STATUE OF VAN DER PEEREBOOM, INSIDE YPRES CATHEDRAL, WHICH IS AS PERFECT AND UNSCATHED AS IT WAS BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES

(From a copyright photo by the Topical News Agency).

BELGIUM THE GLORIOUS: HER COUNTRY AND HER PEOPLE.

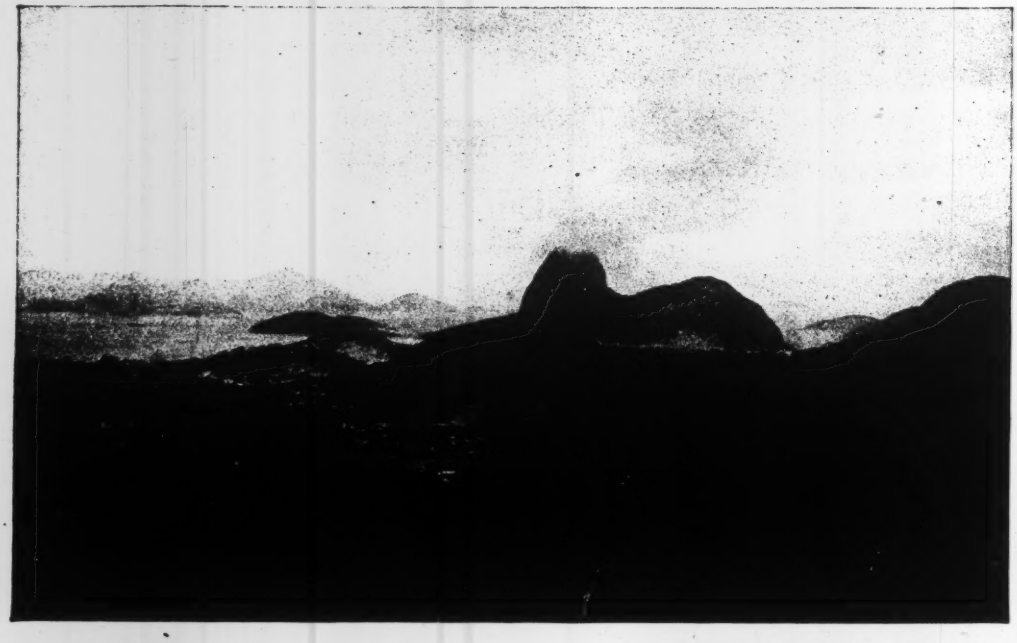
Written by well-known Authorities. Edited by WALTER HUTCHINSON. Vol. I.-III. With 651 Illustrations, 10 Colour Plates and 8 Maps. 10s. net each. (Hutchinson.)

These are bound volumes of the history of Belgium and her people that Messrs. Hutchinson have been publishing in periodical parts. "Belgium," as Mr. Charles Sarolea says in an Introduction, "is both a fascinating study and a perplexing problem in the mysteries of nationality," and the well-informed articles in the book by Demetrius C. Boulger and Clive Holland, on Brabant and West Flanders, East Flanders and Namur, bring its fascination home to you and help to make that problem clear. As a history of Belgium and a description of the country and its people it is unrivalled. Among the numerous illustrations are some very beautiful etchings of Belgian towns and scenery, and reproductions in black-and-white of famous Flemish paintings. The colour plates were specially painted for the volumes, and add greatly to its attractiveness and interest.

THE SOUTH AMERICANS.

By W. H. KOEBEL. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The average Englishman regards the various South American countries chiefly as centres of political intrigue and general violence; places where the people live in a state—delightful or otherwise, according to temperament—of perpetual unrest. Also he scarcely troubles to distinguish between the characteristics of the various countries and their peoples. Their differences, social or anthropological, are not recognised. In this book Mr. Koebel demonstrates these differences and gives us a complete picture of the strangely mixed and complex peoples which inhabit the republics. He has chapters on the home life, the labour, the literature, the defence and civil services of the various States. He traces the influence of the foreigners who have persistently come into the continent. The natural resources and industrial opportunities are explained at length; and the value of the different races and types of emigrant is commented upon. "South America has, I know, excited no little interest of late years in the British labour market. Nevertheless, saving two or three Republics, I think it may be safely said that South America is no place for the average British working-man." The book is written by one who knows, and is excellently done.



From The South Americans (*Methuen*).

RIO DE JANEIRO FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

EVERY IRISHMAN'S LIBRARY.

Humours of Irish Life. Edited by CHARLES L. GRAVES, M.A.
Legends of Saints and Sinners, from the Irish. Edited by DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.
Thomas Davis: Selections from his Prose and Poetry. Edited by T. W. ROLLESTON, M.A.
Wild Sports of the West. By W. H. MAXWELL. Edited by the EARL OF DUNRAVEN.
Irish Orators and Oratory. Edited by T. M. KETTLE.
The Book of Irish Poetry. Edited by ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES, M.A. 2s. 6d. net each. (Dublin: The Talbot Press.) (London: Fisher Unwin.)

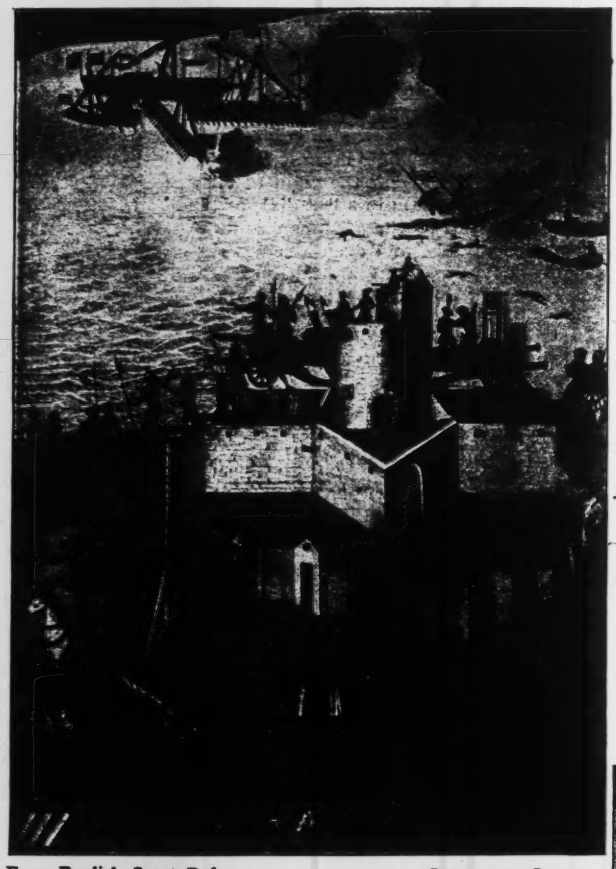
The attitude of the Present to the Past is always a significant thing in any nation. In England the significant thing is that there is no such attitude at all; and in the hand-to-mouth existence, enlivened by alien immigration (largely Irish) that results, the sense of nationality is extinguished, and patriotism, which is a continuing current, stagnates, drawing on immediate issues. In Ireland the interest branches into two main varieties: there are the young men who desire to know the past because of the dim perception that the present cannot be explained, or even understood, without it; and there are the elder men (sometimes, to be sure, only elderly in mind), who either escape from the present in the past or desire to escape from the past in the present. There is infinite tragedy in both past and present. In the past Ireland had to endure a brutality that is without parallel in all history. In the present her governance is a grotesque bungle: vindictive often enough, on the one hand, and a paternal interference not less offensive on the other. Both are parts of the one thing; and books hand on the continuance, and explain one in and by the other. Only, to do so, they must be treated as ever-living things—they cannot be treated as a student's elderly escape—they must appeal, not to the spirit of avoidance, but to the most venturesome spirit of youth, with its problems, its maturing interest, its ripening understanding. Incidentally also—no small point!—from the publisher's point of view this is good business; for on to the stage with which he is interested youth is just advancing noisily enough, whereas the point of view of twenty years ago is only to be seen in a last disappearing heel.

For instance, to the Irishman to-day Charles Lever is an unrecognisable, and even a somewhat offensive, figure. Charles Lever will put a healthy Irishman into a more healthy anger than any writer; for Lever evolved a funny man suited to the demand of an English audience who wished to forget the wrongs of Ireland in easy laughter, and nicknamed him Paddy, whereas Padraic is a taciturn being, close and reserved, despite the courtesy with which he puts off the inquisitive, and with a fine dignity that is even at times repellent. Therefore, to see Mr. Charles Graves' collection of "Humours of Irish Life" done in the spirit of Charles Lever is not a very pleasing thing. It is a subject of very fine possibilities; and many of Mr. Graves' selections recognise those possibilities; but the book is not of Ireland; or if Ireland, then Ireland very much from the outside. There is one great stroke of wit in it, however. I notice that George Birmingham is referred to as Cannon Hannay. It has been suggested to me that the artillery spelling is a misprint. I do not believe it. I take it as the neatest reference I have yet seen to the fact that George Birmingham these days is a very big gun indeed.

Dr. Douglas Hyde's "Legends of Saints and Sinners" is of another order. Few men have more patiently

From **The Little Towns of Flanders** (*Chatto & Windus*).

YPRES, LA PLACE DU MUSÉE.



From English Coast Defences (*Bell*).

SOUTHSEA CASTLE.
Temp. King Henry VIII.

collected stories by turf-flame than the late President of the Gaelic League; and in this book he puts together translations of Irish folk-lore than can definitely be related to Christian influences. The distinctive mark of all Irish folk-lore is its loving acceptance of all good things. It is not insistent, as it certainly is not exclusive. All the good world enters. Its Christianity, to this hour, is saturated with a spirit towards Earth that the foolish call pagan, meaning condemnation by that; even as its pre-Christian day was marked by the finer spirit of Christianity. In this collection neither Saints nor Sinners are enskied or "be-helled." Fun is poked at one; and the other gets human kindliness.

It is just that kindliness that has always endeared Thomas Davis to his nation. But it is time to face the fact that much of what he wrote in prose has no sort of reference to us. There is great need of a collection that will give us all of Davis that does so refer, and bravely cut away the rest. What purpose is served, for instance, by giving us such things as his "Hints for Irish Historical Paintings"? It is just such things that put people away from reading a gracious and scholarly writer; and it is surely part of an editor's function to make such excisions, and to make his subject bear sharply on a later time. Arthur Griffiths did something of that in his recent edition; and with much success. In the place of such temporary things we could have had Davis' fine essay on Curran, perhaps the best thing he wrote. Yet Mr. Rolleston's edition contains the Poems and his defence of the Irish Parliament of James II.; and we are glad to have both.

One of the raciest books on sport written in English, with much in it also of great value to the historical student, is Maxwell's "Wild Sports of the West." Inaccessible for many a day, it was a good idea to include it in this library. Lord Dunraven's introduction seems to be under some misapprehension as to Maxwell that the publisher's own Prefatory Note might have corrected for him. He also states that the book was "the forerunner of such stories as . . . 'Castle Rackrent,'" which unfortunately for him happened to be published some thirty years before. But the book itself is full of good things; and those who come to it for the first time will find a good feast awaiting them.

The two best books in the half-dozen are T. M. Kettle's "Irish Oratory" and "The Book of Irish Poetry." The selection of the oratory is not as well done as it might have been; but the introduction is a thing to rejoice over. It is quite the best thing that Professor Kettle has yet done. As he himself says, the hardest thing to relate to a younger day is the speech of the politician; and it is to his credit that the one book that does translate its subject to the understanding of another generation is the one that was given into his charge. This is done by his introduction, which happens to be not the least eloquent thing in the book, and full of splendid passages in which fine understanding is mated with beautiful prose writing.

There have been several selections of Irish poetry lately—or rather, Anglo-Irish poetry, which is not at all the same thing—and Mr. Graves is so catholic in his inclusions that it is not easy to accept the reviewer's unpleasant task of picking holes. The assortment of his selections into Love Poems, Wonder Poems, Nature Poems, etc., does not, however, seem very happy. Would it not have been better to have placed the poets in order of time? That would have had other advantages beside. Yet there would have been disadvantages also. For instance, looking through Mr. Graves' introduction, the present writer discovered to his surprise that he belongs to "what we may call the Irish-Georgian school of writers." That is such an astonishing bit of self-discovery that he closes this review at once with it.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

From Across Asia Minor on Foot (*Blackwood*).

VIEW IN ZEITOUN.
"THE BRIDGE" LEFT OF BUILDINGS.

Oxford University Press

The Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West, and Ashton (1734-70). Including more than One Hundred Letters now first published. Edited by PAGET TOYNBEE. With Portraits and Facsimiles. 2 vols. 8vo, **21s.** net. In one vol. On Oxford India Paper, **25s.** net.

The Oxford English Texts.
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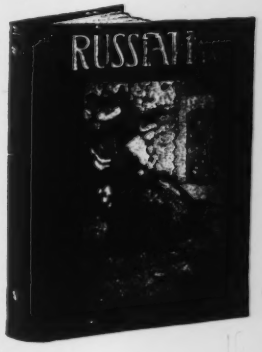

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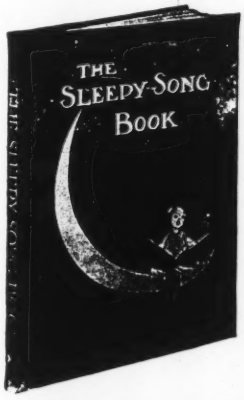

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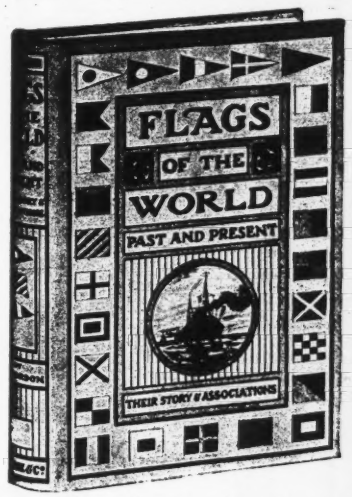

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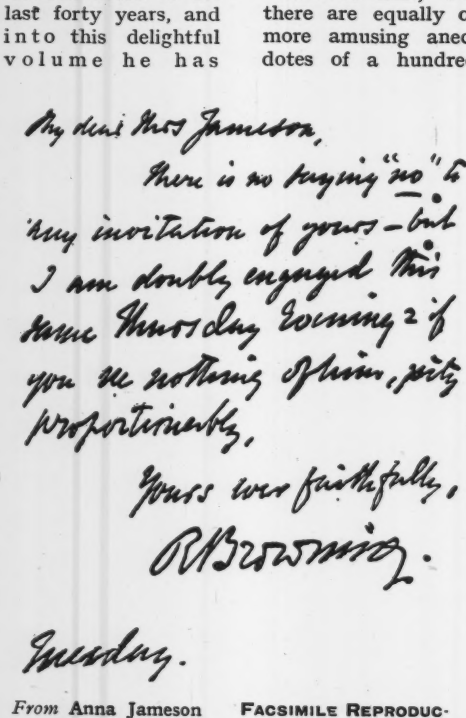

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CHRISTOPHER MONCK DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.

By ESTELLE FRANCES WARD. 12/- net. (John Murray.)

"A few disconnected words written on a piece of old parchment, forming part of a dispatch-case, once the property of Colonel Joseph Ward, of General Washington's staff, first introduced the Duke of Albemarle to my notice. This fragment proved to be a part of a royal warrant granted to Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, and his five associates, the Gentlemen Adventurers. It gave permission for the use of two ships with which to make search for a lost Spanish galleon. From this slender beginning this volume has developed." So writes Miss Estelle Frances Ward in her preface to the story of the Second Duke of Albemarle's life. "It would be a matter of intense surprise to the Duke of Albemarle," she adds, "could he realise how completely he has been forgotten." But because he has been forgotten his history comes before us now with a pleasing freshness. It is undoubtedly a real life romance. "Born in an attic over a tailor's shop with a shadow on his birthright; at the age of thirteen he was a member of Parliament; at sixteen he inherited his father's titles and great wealth, and took his place in the brilliant circle surrounding King Charles the Second. His enjoyment of rough sports and pastimes, his gay hours at Court, his earnest attempts to embrace first the statesman's then the soldier's life, are tastes and ambitions shared with a dozen other of his contemporaries; but his connection with a successful treasure hunt, and his experiences as Governor of Jamaica, distinguish his career from that of the many."

It is a book that cannot fail to interest, for truth is always interesting, and Miss Ward has a most engaging way of weaving her facts into a very enjoyable narrative. The book is illustrated from old prints and paintings.

THE GRAFTON PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.

By THOMAS KAY. (Partridge).

Everything about Shakespeare is uncertain. The Baconians and others deny that he wrote his own works. If it were not for his baptismal certificate and a few legal documents, that he ever existed at all would probably have been questioned before now. We have several portraits of him, and no two are alike, and now Mr. Kay has discovered a new one which is not like any of the others. The unlikeness in this latter case is not absolute; Mr. Kay shows by careful diagrams that the face-measurements are precisely at one with those of the Droeshont original, and that the features are not the same in both is sufficiently explained by the fact that the new portrait, which is dated, was painted when Shakespeare was a very young man, the Droeshont when he was in his last years. Mr. Kay gives an interesting account of how the portrait came into his possession, and makes a plausible case for its authenticity. We should like to believe it authentic, for it is the most pleasing portrait of the Bard that has yet emerged; and we are not disinclined to believe that it is. We recommend Shakespearean students to get the book and weigh the evidence for themselves. The interest of it is undeniable. It is supplemented with an excellent record of the sack and destruction by the Cromwellian forces, on Christmas Eve, 1643, of the Manor House of Grafton Regis, whose occupier was then the possessor of the portrait. The book is illustrated with reproductions of the portrait in colour and in black-and-white, and with other portraits of Shakespeare and of certain of his contemporaries, these latter serving to illustrate Mr. Kay's dissertation on the style and methods of painters of the period.

From Sport, Travel and Adventure (*Fisher Unwin*).

PYGMIES OF UGANDA WITH THEIR BISHOP.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

FICTION AND MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mrs. Tynan presents us in this pretty story with a model hero. In fact he strikes us as being a creature almost too good for human nature's daily food, and we find ourselves cherishing an unholy desire to witness just one lapse from virtue. John Brett, for such is his name, is taken by his mother from a coal-mining district after a grim colliery disaster to a charming country seat in Worcestershire where in days gone by Mrs. Brett had acted as lady's maid to "the family." Mrs. Brett, it should be stated, is Irish, with all the charm of the Irish character. Our hero, apparently purged of original sin, starts at the hall by being a model gardener's boy, and it is not long before he engages the villain of the story in mortal combat in the presence of the winsome little heroine. That the astute proprietor of a monster American store happened also to be an interested spectator of the scene was one of those fortunate circumstances which occasionally happen at the right time. Having won the day on the field of honour, John proceeds to school and achieves equal distinction in classics and mathematics, while in games he is the envy of his fellows. When John leaves school to make his fortune with the aforesaid American, Mr. Sweeney, his schoolmaster observes that "he will not find his like again; he has been a delight to work with." With such a testimonial we did not expect that failure would attend John's steps in New York, and to be sure, it did not. Partnerships and fine settlements are soon the talk of the day, but John comes home to rescue the heroine from the villain's clutches as the result of a dream (his mother was Irish, you remember). Riches and honours crowd in upon him in embarrassing profusion as the story draws to a conclusion, and little mysteries about our hero's birth are solved with the happiest of results. Perhaps it is worth noting that the director of a well-known London stores receives from the author a most flattering tribute. It will not tax his ingenuity to unravel the disguise in which his name is cloaked. Without being up to Mrs. Hinkson's highest level, this is a bright, very readable romance.

From The Spirit of the House (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

THE HERB GARDEN.

From Black Beauty (*Dent*).

SHE CHOSE ME FOR HER HORSE.

ANNE OF THE ISLAND.

By L. M. MONTGOMERY. 6s. (Pitman.)

Miss Montgomery completes the trilogy of her "Anne" books with the story of Anne's college career and matrimonial settlement. Honesty compels us to admit that this is our first introduction to Anne, although her praises have often sounded in our ears. We have the feeling that Anne must have been more arresting as a child than she is as a young woman. When she essayed to write stories, a candid critic to whom she submitted the manuscript, advised her to "cut out all those flowery passages." We share the critic's feelings when we find Anne, a girl of eighteen, in the woods with her lover "with her face upturned to the sky" rhapsodising in this strain: "The silence is like a prayer, isn't it? How I love the pines! They seem to strike their roots deep into the romance of all the ages. . . . I think, if ever any great sorrow came to me, I would come to the pines for comfort." The picture of college life which Miss Montgomery draws is strangely unfamiliar to an English reader acquainted, say, with Girton. Anne, we are told, partly owed her rapid social success to her friendship with a girl who was the daughter of a rich and well-known man who belonged to an old and exclusive "blue-nose family." Such odious snobbery is happily not one of the vices of our colleges. Miss Montgomery obviously writes chiefly for her many American readers, but there are myriads of English readers who will no doubt be as delighted with this latest "Anne" book as they were with the earlier ones.

From Black Beauty (*Dent*).

MY MOTHER AND I.

BETTY GRIER.

By JOSEPH LAING WAUGH. With Frontispiece in Colour by HENRY W. KERR, R.S.A. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

The quiet humour and homely pathos of this charming story will make it sure of a welcome from all readers who delight in the tales of Ian Maclaren and Sir James Barrie. Betty Grier and her husband are genuine creations, and deserve a place among the best-loved characters of recent Scottish fiction. Mr. Waugh depicts present-day Scottish life intimately and with the finest sympathy, and in "Betty Grier" touches an even higher level than he did in "Robbie Doo"—which, as all acquainted with the latter will know, is saying a great deal.

From Betty Grier (*Chambers*).

BETTY GRIER.

FANTOMAS.

By PIERRE SOUVESTRE and MARCEL ALLAIN. 6s. (Paul.)

"Fantomas" is a definite creation. He is the best figure in sensational fiction we have had for a long time since—to the present reviewer's way of thinking—Sherlock Holmes. Fantomas of course is a French creation, and may prove too subtle for the English taste, but in the light and shade which the authors have given to their story, in the psychology and observation they have lavished, we have—for the kind of fiction the book purports to be—something out of the common. Fantomas, as one may suspect from his name, is chiefly distinguished for his elusiveness. His crimes suggest rather than cry aloud the terror of his name. There is a strange and startling affair happens somewhere which presents a mystery no one is able to solve. All the detectives are puzzled, but the chief, M. Jouve, says, "This is a typical Fantomas case." Even when Fantomas is brought to justice and forced face downwards under the knife of the guillotine he remains true to his name, for when the head is taken from the basket, the police see it was not Fantomas at all whom they killed, but a substitute. Vive Fantomas!

From Countrymen All. COVER DESIGN.
By Katharine Tynan (Maunsel), recently reviewed in the *Bookman*.

From Mrs. Martin's Man. COVER DESIGN By Jack B. Yeats.
By St. John G. Ervine (Maunsel), recently reviewed in the *Bookman*.

From A Christmas Carol. (*Heinemann*). COVER DESIGN.

From More Belgian Playmates (*Gay & Hancock*). BACK FROM THE WAR.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

By CHARLES DICKENS. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

Few of the Christmas volumes will be more generally welcome than this most popular of Dickens's Christmas books illustrated by one of our most popular artists. The art of Mr. Rackham is in its way as unique as the art of Dickens, and in "A Christmas Carol" he has a theme that is exactly suited to his genius. "Pickwick" might have been too beefily real and robust for him; "Oliver Twist" and other of the novels would have called for a more conventional realism than would have appealed to him; but the Carol, with its mingling of the fantastic, the supernatural and actual life, gives natural scope and play to his peculiar powers, and it is not too much to say that never have those qualities in Dickens been more sympathetically or more imaginatively interpreted than in the delightful series of drawings that illustrate this book. The genial humour, the grotesque eeriness, the pathos and graceful fancy that are in the story are faithfully mirrored in Mr. Rackham's pictures; they could not have harmonised more completely with the atmosphere and feeling of the tale if the very spirit of Dickens had entered into the artist while he worked. The result is a beautiful and ideal edition of the ideal Christmas story.

THE SON OF HIS FATHER.

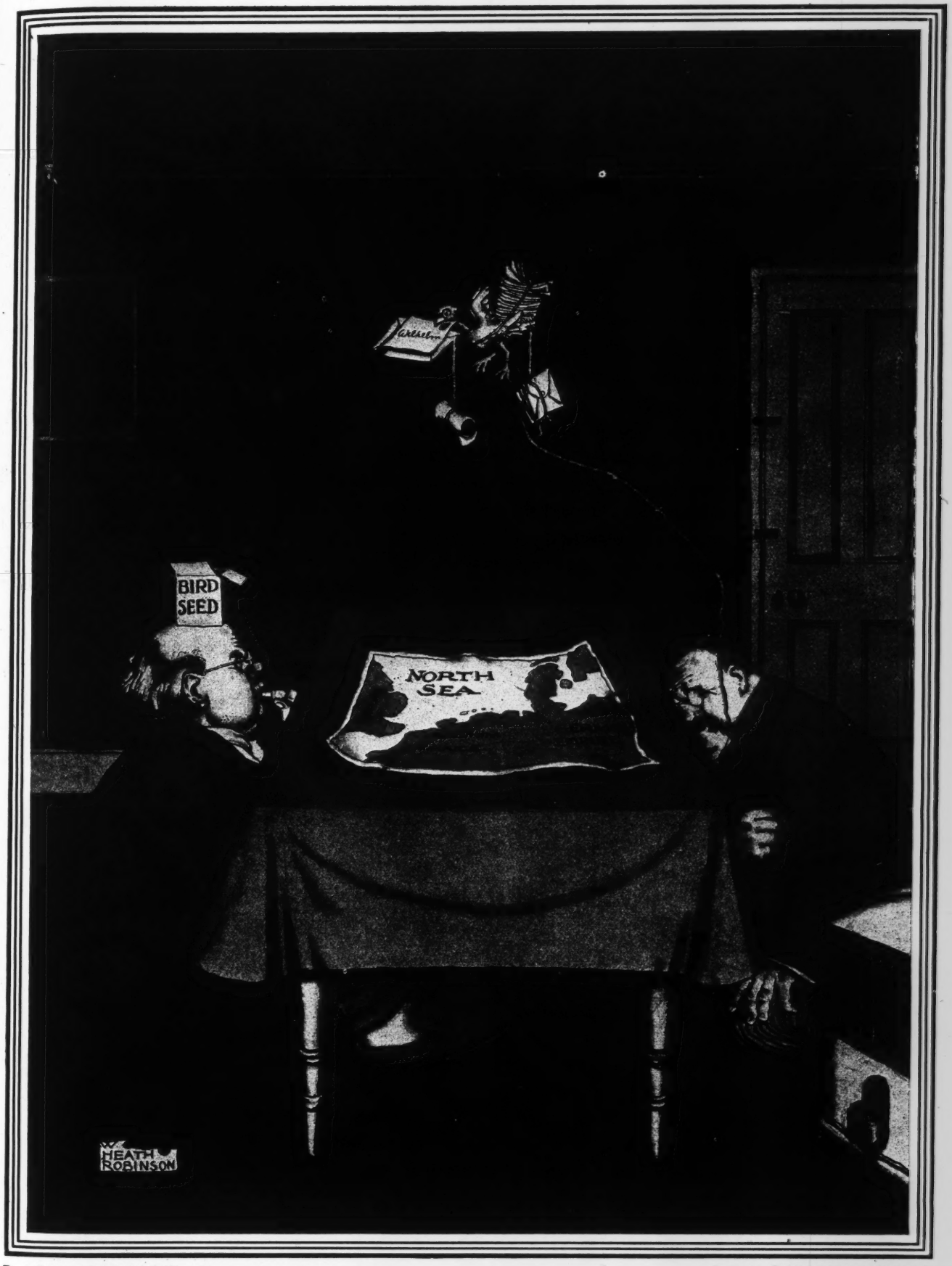
By RIDGWELL CULLUM. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

There is really something very infectious about Mr. Ridgwell Cullum's racy vernacular. After reading his latest novel, it seems the easiest and most natural thing in the world for the reviewer to describe it off his own bat as a story of grafters and ground sharks, with a get-rich-quick guy for a hero and a dandy piece of prairie goods for a heroine. Having undutifully lectured his father on graft, Gordon Carbhoy, son of an American railroad king, gets notice to make a hundred thousand dollars in six months or quit, and the story relates in the breeziest manner how young Gordon succeeds in outgrafting his astute parent. Snake's Fall, where Gordon is deposited for a fight with a gambling sharp, is a budding town near the foothills of the Rockies, and Gordon arrives in time to learn something of the dark and devious ways of land pirates, railroad agents and coal-mine owners. How he throws in his lot with Silas Mallinsbee and daughter, a delightful combination of the backwoods-highbrow genus, is told in the author's best manner, and the story swings buoyantly along to an exhilarating finish.

THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

By MARY GAUNT. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

This is a collection of excellent short stories, vigorously written, dealing, as the title indicates, with adventures in far lands and on strange seas. There is a story of a "hell-for-leather" ride through an Australian bush fire; another of a fight with Filipinos "when the Colt jammed"; and one of an adventure in a ship's boat adrift south of the Horn. Sixteen there are in all, of strife and fight and rich, red life and black death at the ends of the earth. The last yarn in the book, "North of 53°," is the best. It tells of a Scotch skipper of a sealing vessel, and his Swedish-American mate, rivals for the hand of a half-caste Japanese girl in a drinking den in Hakodate; and of their struggles with each other and fate; of their raid on the seal rookeries and the fight with the companies' men in which one rival is killed and the other wounded. Mrs. Gaunt tells us, in a preface she calls "A Scrap of Biography," that she never writes a successful short story unless she comes across an incident that interests her deeply, or some scene that cries out to be illustrated. We can well believe it. These stories are as real to us as if we had ourselves lived through them.



From Some "Frightful" War Pictures (By W. Heath Robinson). (*Duckworth*).

GERMAN SPIES TRAINING CARRIER-PIGEONS IN THE FASTNESSES OF A LONDON BOARDING HOUSE.

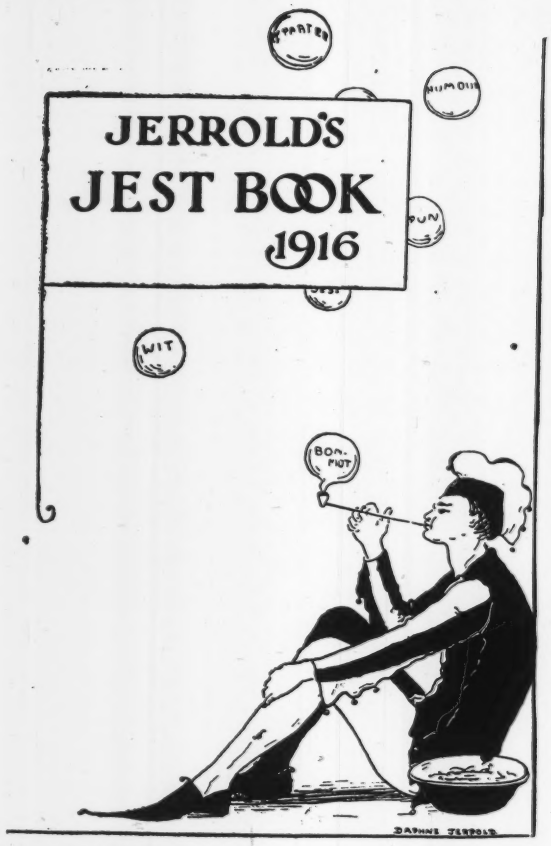
XUM

From The Melody of Death (*Arrowsmith*). COVER DESIGN.

THE MELODY OF DEATH.

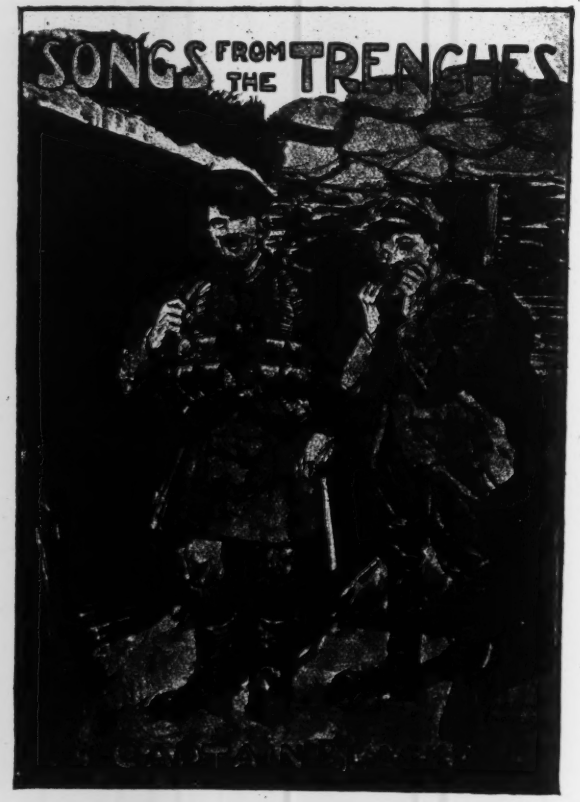
By the AUTHOR of "FOUR JUST MEN." 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

Readers on the look-out for sensationalism will find goodly entertainment in this strangely-named tale concerning the doings of a gang of super-burglars and their unmasking by the boldness and ingenuity of a certain Foreign Office clerk, Gilbert Standerton. Gilbert is believed to be the heir of his wealthy uncle, and as such becomes engaged to Edith Cathcart, thanks to the intriguing of that girl's mother. His uncle, however, has something of a hobby for making new wills, and when the marriage comes off Gilbert is a poor man—much to the indignation of Mrs. Cathcart. To make matters worse the young man gives up his post in the Foreign Office and is occupied in most mysterious fashion o' nights. There have been all manner of safe burglaries at banks and other places, and it certainly looks for a time as though Gilbert was concerned in them—he is, however, only concerned in unmasking the gang, and how in the course of doing so he manages to restore the stolen property, to make himself wealthy and to win the love of his young wife, combine to form a thoroughly readable yarn of the improbably sensational kind. Coincidence, as is not unusual in such tales, plays a goodly part, especially in the case of the mortgaged, stolen and strangely recovered necklace; but the "long arm" is one of the most valuable aids to the story-wright who treats of crime.



From Jerrold's Jest Book for 1916. COVER DESIGN Drawn by Daphne Jerrold.

By Walter Jerrold.
To be published this month by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall.



From Songs from the Trenches (*John Lane*). COVER DESIGN.

H. A. VACHELL.

(1) Quinneys. (2) Quinneys, a Comedy. 1s. net each. (John Murray.)

The novel "Quinneys" has deservedly attained great popularity. It sets forth how an appreciation and search for the beautiful ennobles the soul, while emphasising human affection as the strongest force in life. Most of us know the pleasures of a collector, or can appreciate the excitement and the "odd incidents" of

From The First Hundred Thousand (*Blackwood*). COVER DESIGN.

From Quinneys' (*Murray*). COVER DESIGN.

the chase, and admire the cultivated, yet partly instinctive, knowledge of the connoisseur. Yet it is not often that a *dealer* such as Quinney is made the hero of a novel. Money values add excitement to the collector, but are unfortunately responsible for many sordid features, yet Mr. Vachell is human enough to see that even these features add a certain charm to the chase. Certain incidents in the careers of Mr. Lake and Mr. Pressland will be recognised as characteristic by many, even such as have dealt only with the "aristocracy of the profession." The daily temptations that assail every dealer are sympathetically portrayed. The final incident of the *chairs* is intensely thrilling because of its ingenuity and the excitement of the human drama. Here Quinney conquers, and by his victory saves his own soul, confirms the love of his wife and child, realising to the full what are in life "his most exquisite gems."

It is difficult for a popular novelist to resist the temptation to turn his novel into a play, to him the spectacular appeal of the drama with its easily seen stirring of the emotions of a crowd makes a special appeal. "Quinneys, a Comedy" has attained popularity. But we fancy that Mr. Vachell is a sound enough critic to feel that he has sacrificed much to attain that popularity. For the purposes of the stage the story has undergone many significant alterations, which detract from the subtlety and the truth of the picture. The comedy will be best enjoyed by those who do not know the novel, but the novel is the truer work of art, and will ultimately give more and greater pleasure.

From The Way They Have in the Army (*John Lane*). COVER DESIGN.

From Joffre Chaps (*John Lane*). COVER DESIGN.

THREE GENTLEMEN FROM NEW CALEDONIA.

By R. D. HEMINGWAY and HENRY DE HALSALLE. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Here is a capital first novel of the swell-mobsman type, with a cosmopolitan theatre of action giving glimpses of New Caledonia, London, Paris, Rotterdam, and rural Worcester. The three "gentlemen" of the story, André Gaspard, Kit Polliter and Jean the Rat, are better known to the police of Europe as a clever gang of cracksmen whose exploits have earned for them the nickname of "The Invisibles." At the time the story opens, the trio, thanks to the treachery of an accomplice, are serving a life sentence in New Caledonia, and the first part of the novel—a really vivid piece of writing—deals with their dramatic escape from the island after twenty years' confinement. In the second part "The Invisibles" are seen plying their favourite craft under the hypnotic leadership of André and plotting a fiendish revenge against the time when they shall discover their erstwhile accomplice. For readers who do not relish for their hero a cracksman, be he never so polished and well-groomed, the authors have provided a most respectable and (as befits the times) democratic rival for their sympathies in the son and heir of Lord Janesford, whose good-humoured love-making relieves in an

COVER DESIGN.
By Starr Wood.
From Tales of Temptation (*Angold*).

From Bible Battles (*Oliphants*). JONATHAN AND HIS ARMOUR BEARER.

agreeable manner the atmosphere of hate and cunning which of necessity gives the dominant colour to this latest but by no means least thrilling of thief novels.

BIBLE BATTLES.

By Mrs. Lettice Bell. 3s. 6d. net. Illustrated by Walter S. Stacey. (Oliphants.)

This is an up-to-date book for children in that it deals with war, but deals with it in such fashion that no boy or girl reading it can fail to see the sad significance of war from the Christian standpoint, and to be urged on the way that shall save the future from its scourge. The stories are divided with series gathered round the heroic figures of Joshua, Gideon, Saul and David. The lesson of the book—a lesson that cannot be too strongly inculcated—is that there is all the difference in the world between soldiering for mere self-aggrandisement and the lust of conquest and going to battle in defence of human rights. Mrs. Bell has made numerous friends with her other books, and "Bible Battles" is so full of interest, and so charmingly written that it is sure to add to the number of them.

THE PERPETUAL CHOICE.

By Constance Cotterell. 6s. (Methuen.)

With vivacity and power Miss Cotterell here relates the history of Morgan le Fel's struggles and love affairs. Morgan is the warm-hearted, masterful daughter of Humfrey le Fel, who disappoints his second wife by not making money, her first husband having been a genius and gathered a store out of nothing by simply shouting on the Stock Exchange. But Humfrey, with his gay, wise words and thoughts, is too much of a philosopher ever to be a rich man. He quickly follows the second Mrs. le Fel out of the world. Before he goes Humfrey confides to Morgan that "illness can destroy pleasure, but that work can destroy illness, and that while a man is the best thing for a woman, and a woman for a man, work is the best for both." Morgan and her stepsister, the damp Georgina, are left to the care of an aunt. The aunt speculates with Morgan's small patrimony and loses it. Morgan rather welcomes the loss as it brings to a crisis her determination to be a writer. She joins a girl friend, a musician, in a squalid London street. Their joint menage is unlike the usual Bohemia, and both are glad when a fire gives them the opportunity of getting back to the country. Morgan and her chum after many vicissitudes gain the love of worthy men. Humour relieves the gloomy and squalid parts of the story.

STORIES FROM THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

By William Morris. Retold in prose by C. S. Evans. 6s. (Arnold.)

There are peculiar difficulties in taking the poetical works of a man and retelling his stories in prose form, especially when the poet was such a man as William Morris, with his rich embroidery and sensuous imagery. True, the stories here dealt with have been often told down the ages; but Morris brought his own rich individuality to all the themes he touched upon, and re-created something he was entitled to call entirely his own. For "The Earthly Paradise," Morris had gleaned his subject-matter from Greek myth and Norse Saga. There are twenty-four stories in all, only ten of which have been used by Mr. Evans in the volume before us, and in these ten he has given us as much of Morris as was possible. "I have considered that there was no point in presenting the stories baldly and shorn of any indication of the poet's peculiar method in treating them." We compliment Mr. Evans on his achievement, and heartily recommend his book.

From Hal o' the Ironsides (*Hodder & Stoughton*). COVER DESIGN.

WARS OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

By Alfred H. Miles. 5s. (Stanley Paul.)

A book of topical interest in view of the many comparisons it offers to present-day warfare is "Wars of the Olden Times," a history, compiled by Mr. Alfred H. Miles, of the wars of the world from Abraham's time to the days of Cromwell. It sets before us the evolution of war and weapons of war, giving a description of all the great battles that have made history, and linking them together by synopses of intervening events. "It is not a book in praise of war and contains nothing calculated to inflame the war spirit," says Mr. Miles in his prefatory note. "It records the struggle of the world for the liberty which it values more than peace, and which it ever demands that peace may be made the more secure." Mr. Miles is to be congratulated on producing so instructive and attractive a book—a record of great events set out in an interesting manner, which makes all the difference. A continuation of the history is promised in due course, "to the close of the Anglo-German War." This volume is generously illustrated, containing over a hundred pictures.

From **Wars of The Olden Times** (*Stanley Paul*). JOAN OF ARC.

LOST FACE.

By Jack London. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

The tremendous vitality that stamps all Mr. Jack London's stories shows no signs of flagging. The grimly realistic tales of the Yukon that make up the present volume are characterised by an almost brutal intensity of observation and imagination. They are stories of superlative situations—situations requiring superlative cunning or superlative endurance. To the ordinary reader, a temperature of "seventy-five below" may not sound very terrible or very exciting; it probably leaves him cold—nothing more. But there is a simple little story in this book written round this degree of temperature that literally numbs the imagination and transforms one's thoughts into icicles. Again, the story of Churchill's superhuman feat of endurance in his race to overtake the Yukon boat is an equally vivid piece of writing, and holds the reader by its sheer tenacity of purpose no less than by its dramatic denouement. Here is a picture of Churchill when he reaches the coveted boat: "On deck he became a centre of horror and curiosity. The clothing in which he had left White Horse was represented by a few rags, and he was as frayed as his clothing. He had travelled for fifty-five hours at the top notch of endurance. He had slept six hours in that time, and he was twenty pounds lighter than when he started. . . ." Another story, "Flush of Gold," tells of a fickle maid and of her six-foot-four lover, who swore that he would rise out of the grave to claim her—and kept his word. In some of the tales the Yukon Indians figure prominently, and altogether Mr. London's latest book can be warmly recommended as a magnificent example of the art of telling a live story, concisely and well.

THE IMPOSTOR.

By David Whitelaw. 6s. Hodder & Stoughton.)

Breathless intrigue—an atmosphere reminiscent of the cinematograph with its quickly shifting incidents—a plot that is both ingenious and daring—that is the admirable receipt of Mr. David Whitelaw's latest novel "The Impostor." The story tells how a certain Richard Vane has gone to prison to save the son of his benefactor, Sir Christopher Detmold, from disgrace—how Sir Christopher on the death of his son, engages Mr. Ernest Nicol to effect Vane's escape from gaol, in order that he may establish him, under the guise of a ne'er-do-well nephew who has died in America, as his heir. The average novelist would have been content with this elaborate machinery. But not so Mr. David Whitelaw. With an unexpectedness which in itself is original, he produces another character, who, finding the clothes and the money and the letter of instructions to the escaped convict on the downs near Brighton, dons the disguise and goes and claims the inheritance. It would be unfair to betray the details of this thrilling story any further. The most bored novel reader will welcome the book with pleasure. We have only one fault to find with Mr. David Whitelaw's telling of the story—if he would omit his favourite *cliché* of making "syphons hiss" with dramatic effect here and there through his pages.

TREASURE.

By W. Dane Bank. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Once again the old moral story of the rich man who counted his stores of wealth only to find that those acquisitions of his failed to bring him happiness, is told in a new and original setting by Mr. W. Dane Bank in "Treasure." There are two parts to the book; in the first we see two cousins, George Harvey and Thomas Ewins, living together in rooms. Harvey is an idealist, a charming character, who marries where he has given his heart. Thomas Ewins on the other hand is a type of a very unpleasant, North-country business man—the type of man that Yorkshire pretends to be proud of producing—the product of that Yorkshire motto "Do nowt for nobody, and if tha' does owt for anybody, do it for tha' sen." Ewins also marries—for money—and the story tells of the results of these two marriages. The author paints his scenes with a sure hand.

His character drawing is excellent, and he passes from the sombre picture of the Ewins household to the charming home life of the Harveys with perfect naturalness. Mr. Dane, too, has a great gift for narrative, and the story never falters in its hold upon the reader.

A LION, A MOUSE, AND A MOTOR CAR.

By Dorothea Townshend. 6s. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

The Lion of this story is Sir Roger Bertram, whose diplomatic services to the country are supposed to be universally acknowledged. He is a great man, and on his return to England from abroad he gives a housewarming, inviting among the numerous dukes and duchesses, and bishops, and famous statesmen, and renowned explorers, an old friend, Lady Polwhele, who brings as her companion Delia Gwyn—a rector's daughter and the Mouse of the story. Delia is whirled into high society life, and diplomatic circles, and finally off to Spain, where she acts as governess to the two little daughters of a Russian princess. The children's grandmother, a weird old Russian lady with a brilliant intellect, is a great friend of Sir Roger's, and has a finger in most of his diplomatic pies. Delia sees and hears much that goes on and is able to be of great use to the old lady, and also to Sir Roger. The secret plans, the spying, and the race for life in a motor car, are exciting incidents, much more interesting than the high-life and rough horse-play scenes introduced as a sort of "comic-relief." There is no lack of action in the story, and when it is told that the Lion is a bachelor, and the Mouse young and pretty the reader will not be surprised to hear that there is a love interest in the story as well.

From **Flower of the East** (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

Cover Design.

THE HOPE OF THE HOUSE.

By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 6s. (Cassell.)

David Owen is recalled from Cambridge on the death of his father to take his place at the head of his ancestral estate, which is called Treowen. He and his younger brother Johnny (for whom he has a strong affection) are the last of a long line of Owens of Treowen. He discovers that his father has left money matters in a bad way, and he is advised to sell Treowen. This he cannot bring himself to do, and is determined to save the place, if not for himself, for Johnny. The story shows how he keeps Treowen, by setting to work as a sheep farmer, and giving up all social life and pleasures, and how when he has "made good" and is looking forward to sharing the old home with Johnny and Peggy (who is soon to marry Johnny) the great war breaks out, and Johnny enlists and is killed in action. What happens to David, and how the war which takes from him all he has loved and worked for, brings to his door a beautiful refugee, keeps the reader's interest sustained to the end of the story.

THE BUBBLE MOON.

By Roy Bridges. 6s. (Hodder.)

A costume romance this of the old highly-scented kind, which tells of a secret marriage at Gretna and of the child born of that marriage, and of how this child Roderick was stolen by his uncle Sir Anthony Glaine, so that Sir Anthony himself might live in undisturbed possession of the Glaine estate. Roderick is substituted for the baby that has been born to the wife of Parson Sickleton—a child of shame that died at birth. The author has a great gift of picturesque writing and the romance is full of stirring incidents and strong emotional scenes.

From **Athalie** (*Appleton*).

Doris continued to haunt agencies and theatrical offices.

THANKFUL'S INHERITANCE.

By Joseph C. Lincoln. 6s. (Appleton.)

So realistically does the author of "Thankful's Inheritance" describe in the first chapter the stormy night—the howling gale—the rain pouring in torrents, that we find ourselves shivering involuntarily, and as the tale proceeds become reduced to a sufficiently eerie state of mind to appreciate thoroughly the weird experience of Thankful Barnes in the empty, "haunted" house, in chapter 2. This is all excellently done. But we must not give the reader the idea that the story is all stormy nights and ghosts. Far from it; the story develops into an amusing comedy, full of lively incidents and wholesome fun, and has a strong love interest running through it. Thankful Barnes is a widow from Cape Cod, who inherits a house in the country from her Uncle Abner. She goes to live in the house and starts a boarding establishment there. Everything goes well until it is discovered that the house is haunted, and then things begin to happen, and the boarders begin to leave. How the ghost is eventually laid, and what becomes of Thankful is told in a whimsical, easy way by Mr. Lincoln, who introduces into the story many a delightful character besides Thankful herself—who is quite a store-house of quaint and humorous remarks.

From **The Only Girl in the World** (*Hodder & Stoughton*). **COVER DESIGN.**

RECORD No. 33.

By Ida Clyde Clarke. 6s. (Appleton.)

This is something quite new in the way of a romance. A young Louisiana girl, Amèlie Trent, sends to New York for a talking machine in order to learn French during the long lonely evenings when her day's work is done. She falls in love with the French professor's voice, and especially with something he says on Record No. 33. This record she would not part with for worlds and is dismayed to receive a letter from the New York factory asking her to return Record No. 33, as it is feared that it has been sent to her by mistake. She pays a visit to the factory, and her refusal to part with the record makes them suspect that she has in her possession another Record No. 33 which contains a valuable secret formula which is missing from the factory. Suspicion thickens about her, and events follow each other rapidly, until the mystery of the missing record is finally cleared up. While she is in New York Amèlie meets her French professor of the fascinating voice, but whether he is like his voice, or brings disillusion to her romantic day-dream we must leave the reader to discover. We congratulate Mrs. Clarke on this charming and refreshing story. The illustrations by Stockton Mulford are exceedingly good.

From **Athalie** (*Appleton*). **SOMETIMES ATHALIE LUNCHED THERE IN THE GARDEN WITH HIM.**

BIRDS AND MAN.

By W. H. Hudson. 6s. net. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Hudson is one of those enthusiasts who can, by his skill in writing, without the aid of any elaborate literary artifice, impart much of his enthusiasm to his readers. He was very well advised in reprinting this charming volume. The book will bring an element of peace and happiness to all, while, at the same time, to the adventurous it will show that excitement may be real even though it be unaccompanied with slaughter and destruction. Like all naturalists he dwells on the association of man with nature, but his thoughts are always of companionship, not subordination or utility. The naturalist will regret that the volume is not fully illustrated, and this regret will be emphasised by the beauty of the coloured frontispiece. The strict ornithologist will object to Mr. Hudson calling the "Dartford Warble" a "Furze Wren,"

partly because the name is so entirely local, but still more because the bird in question is a "Warbler," and could not, therefore, be much further removed from a "Wren." The chapter entitled "The Scent of the Willow Wren" particularly appeals to us, because it expresses so accurately and clearly what we have ourselves observed and felt.

THE BOOK OF THE THIN RED LINE.

By Sir Henry Newbolt. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

Sir Henry Newbolt knows that at this time the thoughts of boys like those of their elders are full of fighting, but the boys are thinking rather of the actual soldiers and their adventure than the problems and principles involved in the war. He says "I take it for certain too that when you read about war you want real battles and real people, not imaginary ones." So in his volume he has not gone to his imagination, but to the records of real life, and has made every page as true and accurate as he could. This volume forms a most attractive companion to "The Book of the Blue Sea"; it covers in the main the same period of history. This book is in no way out of date, unfortunately in one way it is extremely topical, but for boys and even older people it is more profitable reading than the daily paper, because it can be read in a calmer spirit, recording as it does events which have taken their permanent place in history. The six lives that are chosen illustrate the bravery and the gentleness of the great soldier, and show how he recognises fair and honest fighting, and is always ready to admire bravery in his foe. The soldier does not much care what he is fighting for, the faithful performance of his duty consists in a readiness to obey without hesitation and without fear, and this willingness to subordinate self has a lesson for us all.

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From The Book of the Thin Red Line (*Longman*).

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By Peggy Grant. 6s. (Melrose.)

This is the story of a girl's youth and of how she found "The Gate of Dreams." It is a charming novel, sympathetically written; an idealistic novel, yet with strong touches of realism, and one that is likely to make a name for itself. Janet is a dreamy girl, singularly lonely in life, yet craving for companionship. Her first love, dating from her childhood, is a bitter disappointment, and with so much that is sordid and sad behind her life, one marvels that she keeps her dreams and ideals pure from contamination with the world. But she does keep them pure, and they lead her at last to the happiness she has longed for. The characters are well drawn, and the author possesses an unaffected, interesting style that is very pleasant to read; and we hope she will go on and write many more novels, for this one shows considerable powers of description, and an intimate knowledge of human nature. We shall hope for great things from the pen of Miss Peggy Grant. As a first novel, this is distinctly promising.

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By B. M. Croker. 5s. (Cassell.)

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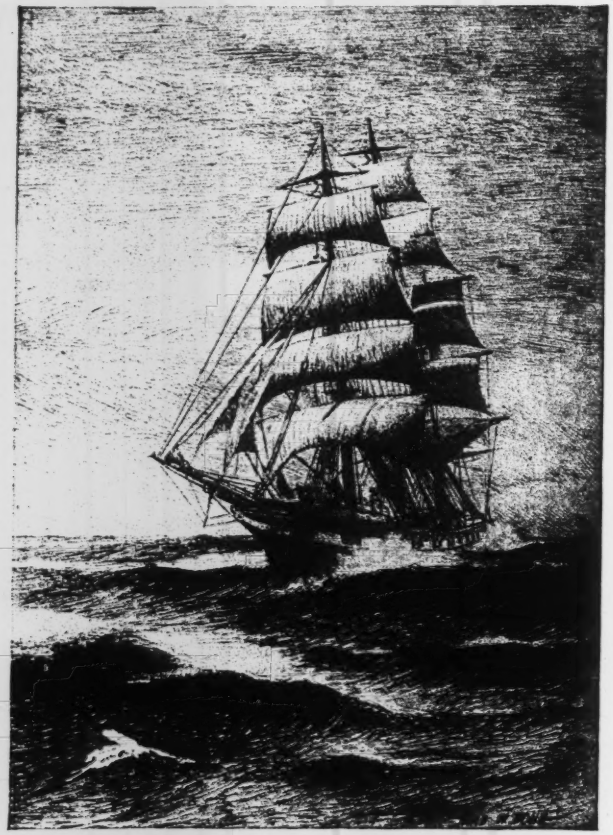

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The plot of "The Temple in the Tope" is good. It tells of a retired Indian Colonel who has married, against the wishes of the priests, a girl dedicated as a sacrifice to the gods, and beloved by the high priest. By marrying her the Colonel incurs the hatred of the priests, which they wreak on him in a horrible manner. The child of the marriage is brought up in the Temple, to fulfil, when the stars are propitious, the destiny the priests had arranged for her mother. Whether good or evil ultimately triumphs, we leave the reader to discover. The story has a fascinating setting of Indian jungle life, and possesses even more than the usual allowance of thrills.

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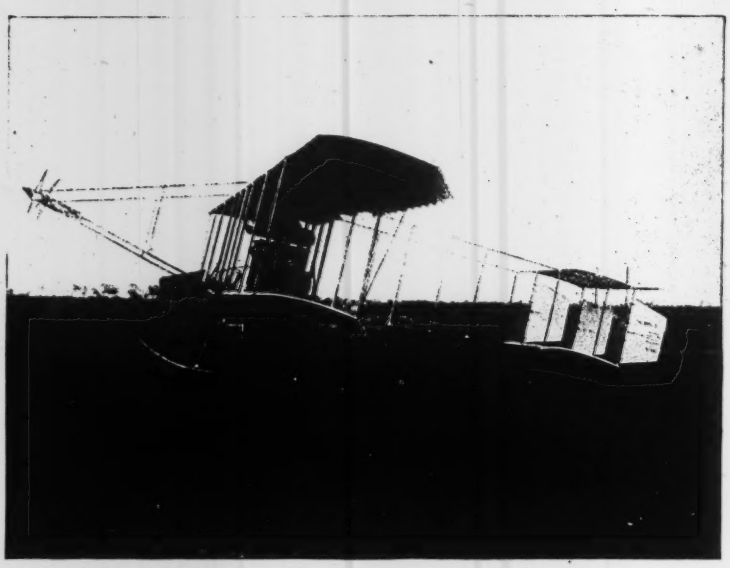
It is well that the reminder "A Book for Boys," appears on the title page of this handsomely illustrated and agreeably weighted volume. For the nature and the quality of the contents are so entrancing that you are tempted to forget all about that inventive young scamp of a nephew and imagine that you bought the book to satisfy your own craving for a more thorough knowledge of the leviathans and stickle-backs of the air. Mr. Simmonds has indeed provided one of the best and most complete introductions to the world of planes and gas-bags we have yet seen. He traces their development from dreams to realities, from Friar Bacon's quaint forecast of the modern Zeppelin, "a large hollow globe of copper, or other suitable metal, wrought extremely thin, and filled with liquid fire," to the actual Zeppelin destroyed the other day by Warneford in his aeroplane. There are instructive chapters on the making of model aeroplanes, on a visit to a big workshop, on the mysteries of air eddies and invisible holes, on the qualities that go to make a great flying man.



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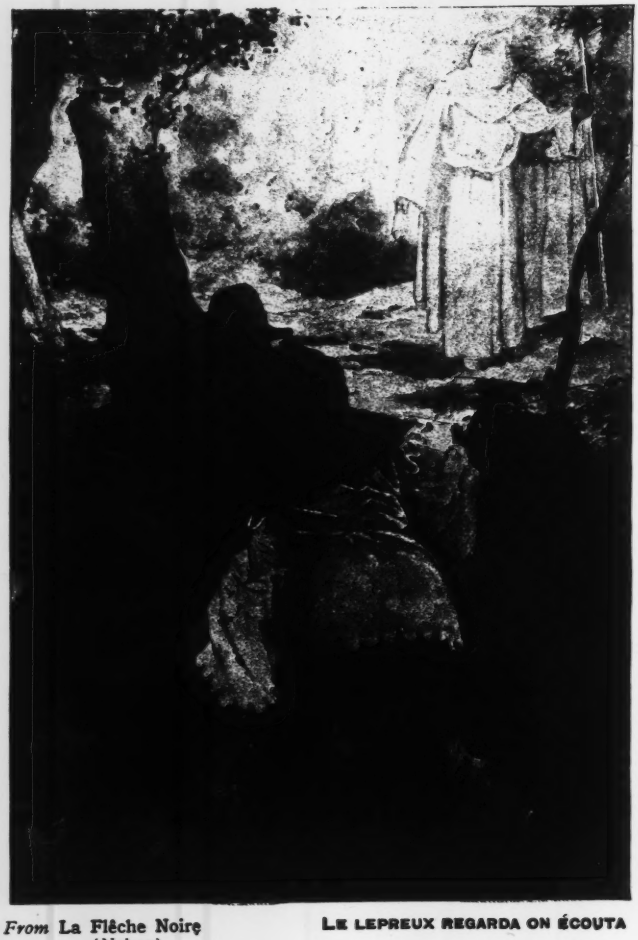

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THE DAMPIER BOYS: A SCHOOL STORY.

By E. M. GREEN. 3s. 6d. (Blackie.)

Frank and Douglas Dampier were brothers who, with their younger sister were left in England for their schooling when their mother returned to the Far East. Fortunately, Mrs. Dampier was able to leave them in the charge of an old friend of her own, whom they came to know as Aunt Bee, and their story, as set forth by E. M. Green, deals in part with their home life with that charming and understanding lady, in part with their life at a school kept by the excellent Dr. Lester, and in part with their visits to the ancestral home of Linfield Grange. Colonel Dampier, the father of the boys, should have inherited the property, but the will under which he would have done so could not be found, and so it had gone to a younger brother in accordance with an earlier will. That younger brother's widow and son occupied the place, and Frank and Douglas found themselves welcomed there. Their cousin seemed a bit of a duffer at first, but came to be greatly influenced by them, and proved a brick when a certain prophetic distich concerning the family was realised. The many people of the story are admirably presented, and there are plenty of incidents to please the youthful reader who likes to hear of school exploits, as well as others dealing with a smuggler's cave, a secret panel, and so on, and a touch of romance in the aged "miser" friend made by Douglas. It is a hearty, wholesome and attractive story, of the kind that always has appealed to boys who like a tale of real people better than a wild romance. One must add a word of special praise for the illustrations.

THE LOST PRINCE.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

If there is a girl or boy of your acquaintance to whom you wish to give an extra special Christmas present this year, you cannot do better than buy her, or him, a copy of "The Lost Prince." It is the kind of book that will appeal equally to boys or girls, and is a fine, inspiring story, picturing big ideals which fire the imagination; no average girl, no average boy, could read it without feeling stirred to do bigger and better things. The plot deals with a five-hundred-year-old legend concerning a Prince of Samavia (a turbulent little European Country) who is said to have mysteriously disappeared, and whose descendants, supposed to be living at the present day, are the real heirs to the throne of Samavia. When the story opens Stefan Loristan and his son Marco (a boy of twelve) lodge in a dingy house in a poor quarter of London. There is obviously some mystery surrounding them, the bearing and manners of the father suggest that he does not "belong" to his surroundings, and he tells Marco that he is training him for some special purpose. What that purpose is and how the Lost Prince's descendant is found and returns to his own country is told in an arresting, skilful manner by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. The adventures of Marco and a little crippled street-arab, known as The Rat, make uncommonly good reading. The characters of the two boys are admirably portrayed, though the dominant personality is Marco's father. Those who read the book will feel his influence, even as Marco did, even as The Rat did; and will wish that men in his position at the present day would act as he does.

From Blackie's Popular Nursery Rhymes By John Hassall, Esq.

MY LITTLE OLD MAN AND I FELL OUT.

From Bill, the Minder (*Constable*).

FAR SOONER HAVE THE MUMPS.

again, we have the foxes and the hares and, of course, the bears and the cock and the goat and the wolves once more indulging in their quaint, jolly adventures. We were curious to see the Russian version of the Kids and the Wolf—you remember, that the wolf ate the kids up and that the mother goat, finding the wolf sleeping after his meal, cut him open and released the imprisoned kids, cunningly substituting in their place a number of paving stones? But the Russians will have none of this conclusion. They end the story abruptly with the tragedy of the wolf eating up all the kids. No mother could go wrong in buying this book for the nursery.

BILL THE MINDER.

Written and Illustrated by W. HEATH ROBINSON. 6s. (Constable.)

This is a cheap reissue of a delightfully humorous Christmas volume that first made its appearance three year ago. In "Bill the Minder" Mr. W. Heath Robinson is his own author, and tells a joyous and lively succession of stories that young readers will unfailingly enjoy, and illustrates them in colour and in black-and-white, in his own inimitably whimsical manner. "Bill the Minder" is the opening tale, and there are fifteen others, and they are all good, but you will perhaps be as much tickled by "The Respectable Gentleman" (metaphorically speaking, of course, for he was too genteel to do it literally) as by any of them, and the picture of the respectable gentleman out for a walk with his wife and daughter is more than worth the price of the book if there were nothing else in it.

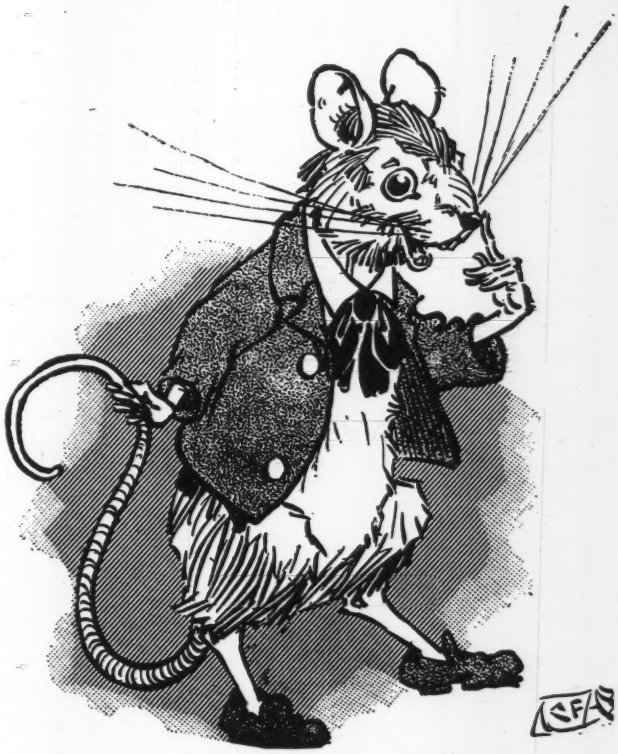
STILL MORE RUSSIAN PICTURE TALES.

By VALERY CARRICK. Translated by NEVILLE FORBES. 2s. 6d. (Blackwell.)

Last year we remember welcoming a collection of picture-tales from the Russian. They were delightful stories; the remnants of that book lie before us at this moment—torn scattered pages, lovingly thumb-marked by little fingers, belonging to readers who have eagerly conned the tales over and over again. When "Still More Russian Picture Tales" appeared, the book, issued in exactly the same form as its predecessor, was hailed with a chorus of delight. And, after all, a book for the nursery ought to be appreciated by the nursery; there is no better test. And here,

From Still More Russian Picture Tales (*Blackwell*).

BEGAN TO DRIVE HER HOME.



From Teddy Tail of the Daily Mail (*Black*).

TEDDY TAIL.

A BOOK OF THE SEA.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS. 3s. 6d. (Nelson.)

Every boy with an interest in ships and sea-going, and a desire to know more of the wonderful laws of the ocean, should be given a copy of Mr. Archibald Williams' "Book of the Sea." It is packed full of useful information, with many diagrams and illustrations, and a helpful index that will quickly tell the reader where to find anything he wants to know. Mr. Archibald Williams covers the ground thoroughly, and his concise style of writing makes the book of particular interest and value. He touches on all sorts of ships and everything connected with them, such as the mariner's compass, lighthouse-lighting, tides, and ocean currents, icebergs and icefields—and in such a way that one grasps a perfectly clear knowledge of them with no difficulty whatever. No better book of its kind has ever been published, and like the author's other productions, "Things to Make," "How it is Made," "How it Works," etc., it is a most instructive volume and will prove invaluable for reference on all the matters with which it deals.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.

Pictured by MONRO S. ORR. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

If Santa Claus should happen to read these lines when making up his list of books for the children's stockings this year, let him be sure to put down on his list "Grimm's Fairy Tales." For this book, which must have delighted the hearts of countless children, will be as surely welcomed by the new generation of children who will have grown just old enough this year to appreciate these ever-popular tales. And as he is a wise Santa Claus he will add, after the title of the book, "the edition pictured by Monro S. Orr., and published by Messrs. Harrap." For this is indeed an attractive "Grimm," lavishly illustrated with coloured and black-and-white pictures—delightful pictures, drawn in a bold, original style. The book is altogether an artistic and well-finished production.

THE ADVENTURES OF TEDDY TAIL OF THE "DAILY MAIL."

By CHARLES FOLKARD. 1s. net. (Black.)

Teddy Tail, having already made his appearance in the pages of the *Daily Mail*, has no doubt won for himself an extensive popularity, but now that he has come out in book form he is likely to have an even larger circle of friends and admirers. His amusing adventures with his companion, Doctor Beetle, and the comical drawings by Mr. Charles Folkard will keep children amused for hours. The narrative is very fresh and genuinely funny. Children will delight in reading of Teddy's endless pranks, and the manner in which he is constantly getting himself into trouble and out of it, and they will unanimously agree that he is the most impudent and at the same time most entertaining mouse they have ever heard of. It is something new in the way of picture books for children, and will probably be one of the most popular published this Christmas.

From The Redcaps Annual (*Kelly*).

OUR PONY JACK.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY BLACKBIRDS.

By Edward Thomas. With Coloured Frontispiece. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Edward Thomas has written four-and-twenty miniature stories, each of which has a proverb for its title. To tell the truth the proverb is a quite unimportant part of the story; it seems neither a necessary peg on which to hang it, nor a point made when the story is told. The thing that matters is Mr. Thomas's charm of telling. No story in the book is more than about three or four pages in length, and wide-margined pages, too; but in the four-and-twenty he shows us hills and meadows, blossoms and birds, kings and peasants, glamorous romance and everyday happenings, hints of philosophy, and plain men's words. Scotland, Wales, Wiltshire, Cornwall, Gloucestershire, Hampshire—these are some of the backgrounds for his "blackbirds." In "It's an Ill Wind" for instance, where the wind kills George Gammon, the father-in-law, and blows a fortune to William the son-in-law, and in "He who Laughs Last," where the honestest of three beggars gets the best of the fortune, there is a certain half-humorous, half-cynical twist in the story to impress the proverb. But in many cases the proverb is almost a *non sequitur*; and those readers who care for clean, concise writing, welcome the simplicity of the style and forget and forgive the implied promise of the title. Mr. Thomas is one of the select writers who love Nature, and good writing for the sake of Nature and good writing; and if he were set to write cookery recipes we know the recipes would be a pleasure to read.

From Four and Twenty Blackbirds (*Duckworth*).

From Whittenbury College (*Nelson*).

THE REAL FOUNDER WAS THAT OLD LADY IN THE PICTURE.

WHITTENBURY COLLEGE.

By Alice M. Chesterton. With Coloured Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (Nelson.)

One of the best book bargains of the season, to speak in a crude commercial sense, and from the point of view of a reader's pleasure, is this story for girls. In a bright, thoroughly interesting and unaffected style the authoress shows us an original idea in the working. Miss Whittenbury, aided by the advice and purse of a dead grandmother, founded the college for girls who had left school, to be trained in all that makes for health and pleasure and comfort in home-life—a scheme that ranged from dusting to dairy work, from gardening to a simple knowledge of architecture, from the arranging of flowers to the nursing of babies. The group of girls presented to us (mostly brown-eyed, we notice), gives the writer a good chance for her skill in delineation of character; and as this group, too, shows a wide range of age (from fifteen to twenty-three), we have enough of plans and ambitions, and love interest blended with the tale to make its appeal a wide one also. Life at Whittenbury College is wise and cheery, amusing and practical, and the reader becomes a little envious in noticing the smooth way in which the domestic wheels go round. The illustrations have a real charm of their own, their one flaw being that the girls are not quite old enough. It is a handsome, delightful book, and again we say, a bargain in every way.

MOTHER GOOSE.

Pictured by MONRO S. ORR. 5s. (Harrap.)

This is a most complete collection of nursery rhymes—no rhyme of any standing has been left out of it. After all, nothing pleases children more than the dear old rhymes of children that have delighted little people for generations and will go on delighting them for many generations to come. Mr. Orr has illustrated the book both in black-and-white and colour, and it makes a very attractive volume indeed, one that children will be proud of and will treasure among their most cherished possessions. No nursery book-shelf should be without a copy.

From Mother Goose (*Harrap*).

MOTHER GOOSE.

THE RED BOOK OF THE WAR.

By HERBERT STRANG. 2s. 6d. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Everything a boy wants to know about the war he will find in Mr. Herbert Strang's Red Book. Starting with its origin, he describes the work and mechanism of the Army, Navy and Naval Air Service, showing the splendid parts they have played, and painting thrilling word pictures of some of the most important battles that have taken place. He quotes largely from letters written by men who were actual witnesses of the fray, and much of his information has been procured first hand and is consequently doubly interesting. In these times when life itself is so full of stirring events, boys weary of fiction and will much prefer to learn more about the great war on which their minds are always running. They will read and re-read every article in this book, and gain a wealth of useful information, and the book itself will always be an interesting memento of these historical days.

THE KIDDIES.

By M. E. LONGMORE. 3s. 6d. (Shaw).

The kiddies—Maidie, Gordon and little Doris, are three of the most lovable children imaginable. And that is because they are so absolutely natural. The story of how they were sent to their grandmother's when their soldier father was ordered abroad, their mother accompanying him, makes most delightful reading, and their adventures will keep children thoroughly interested and amused. The author has a charming style of writing, and knows just the sort of thing that will appeal to juvenile readers. As a Christmas present nothing could be more suitable for a little girl or boy, or bring them greater pleasure than a copy of this attractive and entertaining book.

From Plants We Play With (*Wells Gardner*).

DANDELION.

THE MYSTERY OF THE ISLANDS.

By E. G. Mulliken. (Wells, Gardner.)

A thrilling mystery tale is the "Mystery of the Islands" by E. G. Mulliken. It has a first-rate plot and rattles along in a way that will appeal to boys who revel in stories of exciting adventure. The author has a most interesting style of writing and his hero is a lad of admirable courage and honour. The evil cunning of Dutch spies and the clever strategy of a young Britisher who gets on their track, but finally falls into their hands, form the chief theme of the book. It is one of the best stories for boys published this Christmas.

JILL THE IRRESISTIBLE.

By L. T. Meade. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

Mrs. L. T. Meade's books are always popular at Christmas time, and the mischievous, impudent little girls she writes about never fail to please. Jill, as can be guessed from the title, is no exception to the rule. She is one of the most mischievous and most impudent little creatures one could meet with anywhere, but in spite of this, or more likely because of it, she is everybody's favourite, and the reader cannot help loving her either. She and her sister Paddy are up to all manner of pranks, and one is every bit as saucy as the other, but Jill has a twinkle in her eye that makes conquests wherever she goes. The plot, showing how a selfish, jealous girl, scheming for her own ends, so works it that Jill and Paddy, as well as some others who come into the story, are sent to a certain boarding school, and what happens when they get there, is quite as good as one expects from this ever popular writer. But little need be said to recommend her plots or her heroines, and every girl who likes a well-written tale with plenty of action in it will probably have learned from experience that she cannot do better than select one of Mrs. L. T. Meade's.

From A Singer of the Kootenay (*Partridge*).

HER ARM WAS ABOUT ITS NECK AS SHE WALKED, ONE HAND TOYING CARESSINGLY WITH THE GLOSSY EAR.

THE LITTLE RAJAH.

By E. Hobart-Hampden. 2s. 6d. (Nelson.)

This is the story of the adventures of two English children in India, their friendship with the little Rajah, and of how they discovered hidden treasure. It is absorbingly interesting, full of excitement, and, as with Mrs. Hobart-Hampden's other books, the novelty of the setting lends it a certain freshness. The author's concise manner of writing, her sympathetic style, and her intimate knowledge of childhood, all serve to make it a tale that boys and girls will thoroughly enjoy reading. Frieda and her twin brother Michael are very natural children, and the little Rajah himself a most lovable character; while Duttia, "the Famine Child," is a pathetic little figure that will win everybody's heart. Those who have read "Tota," "The Taming of Tarn," and Mrs. Hobart-Hampden's other stories of Indian life, will make a point of securing a copy of her latest one. For there is no doubt about it that her books are always out of the ordinary rut of children's books, and have a charm that is entirely their own.

From The Little Rajah (*Nelson*).

KRISHNA PLAYED AND THE COBRA SWAYED ITS HEAD.

THE WORST HOUSE AT SHERBOROUGH.

By DERWENT COKE. 6s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

You will hear elderly men say that the boys' books of to-day are not as good as the literature with which they were provided in their youth. This must be because they do not read the modern boys' book. Take "The

From The Child's Treasury (*Partridge*).

Worst House at Sherborough"—it stands comparison with all the old favourites of thirty years ago, with the "Willoughby Captains," and even with "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's"—and that is no mean praise, as any old boy who was reared on these classics, turning to them with delight from "Eric," or "Little by Little," must admit. Mr. Coke writes with real charm, and every boy will follow the story of Dick Hunter's uphill fight to make the "Worst House at Sherborough" into the best house, with breathless interest. It is a strong, clean, healthy story, never failing in incident and movement.

MARGERY DAWE.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. With Illustrations by FRANK E. WILES. 6s. (Blackie.)

Mrs. Tynan is an adept in writing a story which will thoroughly interest girls, and women too, and "Margery Dawe," is such a story. Poor Margery, her life for many of her young years was rather of the nature of the see-saw life of her namesake. Margery's father was a handsome farmer who had married a lady, the only daughter of the vicar, and had loved her devotedly till she died. Margery

From Margery Dawe (*Blackie*).

MARGERY WISHED SHE COULD GET THE BABY TO SLEEP.

was the eldest girl of the little family of five left motherless, and the one calculated to suffer most in mind as well as body, when her father married the coarse, common Betsy Franklin from the public-house, and set her over his children in their mother's place. The life at Dawe's Farm is sympathetically described, and the passing from misery to relief is keenly realisable. All the pretty, intimate touches, all the revealing details which make Mrs. Tynan's stories so much like bits of real life, are here to impress the heroine's charm upon the reader. It is a simple story of hardship and squalor and sunshine and love, and in closing the pages at the end we feel as if we had said "good-bye" to a circle of real friends.

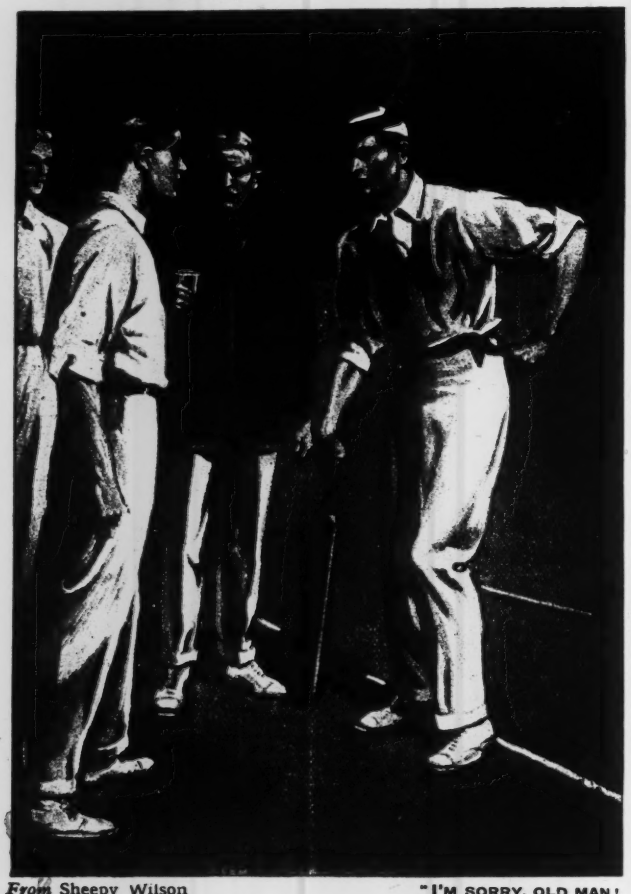
THE JOLLIEST TERM ON RECORD.

A Story of School Life. By ANGELA BRAZIL. 3s. 6d. (Blackie).

Miss Angela Brazil has a long and growing list of school stories to her credit, and this addition to it will be found to deserve in the fullest degree the welcome which has been assured to it by its predecessors. Where many writers can tell a story of adventure in which the interest is quickened by a succession of exciting incidents, there are comparatively few who can hold the reader's engrossed attention by a narrative of school life—and of schoolgirl life perhaps more particularly. Miss Brazil has a very definite place among those few, for she has an undoubted gift for rendering schoolgirl life and character, without making her people pronouncedly of the nature of prigs or of "villains." There

From The Jolliest Term on Record (*Blackie*).

"I BELIEVE I'VE BROKEN MY LEG," HE MOANED.



From Sheepy Wilson (*Nisbet*).

"I'M SORRY, OLD MAN! I'M BEASTLY SORRY."

is a charming note of naturalness about her work, and it is very marked in this capital tale of the experiences of Katrine and Gwethyn Marsden as pupils for a single term at Aireyholme. There are escapades, jealousies, and unusual incidents during the memorable term, and a simple thread of romance which helps to give unity to the fascinating record of "The Jolliest Term"—for so the two girls looked back on the period which in prospect they had dreaded.

From The Outlaw of the Shell (*Chambers*).

STANDISH WAS HURLED FROM HIS FEET.

LORDS OF THE FO'C'SLE.

By MORLEY ROBERTS. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

A cruise through this cheerful collection of short stories introduces the reader to many kinds of captains in as many kinds of ships. There are mean captains and moral captains, cautious captains, unscrupulous captains, incontinent captains; and their ships range from the wedge-built Dundee whaler to the dirty ocean tramp and the *Mesopotamia* "wot 'ad the motters." There is for example the bibulous Captain Joseph Bandy of the full-rigged ship *Kedron*, who once upon a time shipped a real Irish peer before the mast and whose subsequent mania for lord-hunting in the fo'c'sle is traded upon to the advantage and delight of the crew and the very deep disgust of the mates. Another good yarn tells how the melancholy chief mate of the *Star of the East* signed for trouble when he made out the receipt for "one three-parts-grown clouded Manchurian tiger, shipped in good condition, with the end of his tail in doubt." Written in a light, breezy, anecdotal vein, these stories and sketches are full of good things and make capital reading.

SHEEPY WILSON.

By GUNBY HADATH. 3s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

One knows Mr. Gunby Hadath as a writer of many talents—as the author for example of some of the most charming song lyrics—but we think that, as a writer of school stories, he excels himself. "Sheepy Wilson" is an admirable school story—unexpected in its treatment and quite original in its subject. Usually in school stories, the hero is a budding "blue"—the boy who makes good on the football and cricket field. But Mr. Hadath has departed from this tradition. His hero, Sheepy Wilson, is one of those big, sleepy, mediocre boys, simple and humble-minded, who, in the hands of a far-seeing master, can be roused to great things. His young brother comes to his school, and his young brother has all the shaping of the stereotyped hero—a brilliant scholar and a brilliant athlete—but he is vain and self-assertive, easily flattered by the attentions of Cathcart, one of the leaders of the school. He declines to mix with his own year, and he is developing into a spoilt petulant youth when Sheepy Wilson takes hold of him and saves him, and in the process of saving him drags himself out of the rut. It is a first-class school story which not only boys, but older folk, will like to read.

From **A Sub. of the R.N.R.** (*Partridge*).

From **The Dispatch Riders** (*Blackie*).

KENNETH HAD A MOMENTARY GLIMPSE OF THE UHLAN'S PANIC STRICKEN FACE—THEN CRASH!

From **Sheepy Wilson** (*Nisbet*).

YOUNG SHEEPY WAS OFF.

NATURE'S WONDERLAND.

By W. PERCIVAL WESTELL, F.L.S. 2s. 6d. net. (The Pilgrim Press.)

Nature is inexhaustible, and not half the books that may be written about her have been written yet. But in every book there is something new, some fresh discovery, some novel aspect of the most wonderful of all Wonderlands that is with us and around us wherever we go. All nature lovers will welcome Mr. W. Percival Westell's new publication, for he ranks foremost among

From Russian Fairy Tales (*Harrap*).

THE BEASTS OF THE FOREST CAME RUNNING IN BANDS.

students and lovers of nature, and what he does not know about plant and bird life, it may safely be said, is scarcely worth knowing. His book is divided into twelve sections, representing the different seasons of the year, and boys and girls who are interested in natural history, as well as older folks, will treasure his volume, with its concise explanations of many of Nature's mysteries, and its profusion of excellent photographs, and will become more intimate with the varied wonders of Nature's Wonderland because of it.

RUSSIAN FAIRY TALES.

From the Skazki of Polevoi. By R. NISBET BAIN. Illustrated by NOEL NISBET. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

With a few flaming pictures which are a red glory of colouring, and much wild illustration of the black-and-white order, one is drawn here into the strange realm of the Russian land of Faërie under far higher warrants than when these tales from the Skazki first appeared in English, some sixteen years ago. The original preface again reminds us that the collection was preceded by that of Mr. W. L. Ralston, to which we are therefore recalled, and to the honour of both translators. But the stories in the earlier case are imbedded in a treatise on Slavonic folk-lore, while the present selection is simply a pageant of tales. There is nothing in the whole world of legendary lore which is quite like the Russian legends, nothing that belongs so little to the beaten folk-tracks, though naturally one is reminiscent there and here—usually at a far distance. Mr. Nisbet Bain's rendering is from the "Popular Russian Tales" of Polevoi, who drew from the great store-house of Afanasiev, softening the original crudities and roughness, as required in a volume designed primarily for the young. The style of the stories may be therefore compared with the tales translated by Mr. Ralston, who drew mainly from the same source, but had other audience in view. Reading over each, a heart of pious envy is turned towards their fountain-head, wondering whether it will yet be with us in an English vesture at full length. It is impossible to read such stories as "The Tsarevna Loveliness-Inexhaustible," and "Fenist the Bright Falcon"—to select almost at random—without longing for the whole and the freedom of its great wilderness. It is impossible to dwell on these without envying those children who, in this beautiful edition, will read them for the first time.

From Still More Russian Picture Tales (*Blackwell*).

THE FOX AND THE HARE.

JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

Valentine and Orson. 1s. net each. (Warne & Co.).

These old fairy stories, published by Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., are indeed masterpieces of modern art. They contain some of Mr. H. M. Brock's finest colour and line work, and there is a picture on every page, besides several beautiful plates. Nobody could wish for more handsome picture-books, and an added attraction is the amazingly low price at which the publishers are able to offer them to the public. "Jack the Giant Killer" and "Valentine and Orson" are also issued under one cover and entitled "The Old Fairy Tales," for the moderate sum of half-a-crown. Children will be immensely pleased with these fascinating productions.

THE CHUMMY BOOK.

3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. (Nelson.)

This is the "Chummy Book's" third appearance, and it is even better than it was last year or the year before. It is "packed full of fun by Edward Shirley —and lots of Other Folks," and, as its opening verses declare:

"There's a charm that never fails
In the magic 'Chummy Book.'"

The influence of the war has inevitably crept into its pages, and there are plenty of "playing at soldier" stories that the little ones will love to read. The print is, of course, very large, and the words are very simple, so that children can read the book for themselves—which adds greatly to its attractions. It has several colour-plates and a quantity of other illustrations to amuse those who are not old enough to understand the print. Already this splendid annual has won its place among the Christmas books, and there are many little people to whom Christmas would not seem like Christmas without it. And it can be safely predicted that after this year that number will have considerably increased.

From Jack the Giant Killer (*Warne*).

JACK WAS HORRIFIED AT THE SIGHT OF A MONSTROUS GIANT, HAVING TWO HEADS, WHO WAS NOTORIOUS FOR HIS CUNNING.

MODEL ENGINEERING.

By HENRY GREENLEY. 5s. net. (Cassell.)

Any boy with a taste for engineering would revel in this book. It is a splendid guide to model workshop practice, with working drawings of engines, boilers, rolling stock, cannon, electric machines, etc., and contains eighty-five photographs and seven hundred and twenty-four line drawings. It is a most exhaustive volume, packed with practical information and concise instructions that a boy can easily follow. Mr. Greenley possesses a thorough knowledge of model making, and the book is specially addressed to amateurs desiring to learn how mechanical models, chiefly prime movers, operate, and how they can be made in the home workshop. Edited by Mr. Bernard E. Jones,

From Still More Russian Picture Tales (*Blackwell*).

EACH OF THE VILLAGERS TOOK WHAT HE COULD, AND RAN DOWN TO THE HOLE IN THE ICE.

From Spider and His Friends (*Duckworth*).

HE SAW THE TWO FRIENDS MAKING THE BEST OF THEIR WAY TOWARDS THE SHORE.

it is published in uniform with "The Furniture Maker," and other volumes of "Cassell's Handicraft Library," which will be ready next year.

THE LITTLE LOST BEAR.

By FRANK VER BECK. With Coloured Illustrations. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Theodore of Bruintown was, as anyone might guess, a bear. But when we go on to say that Theodore was Teddy to his familiars, and that when he wanted to see the wide, wide world he began the Grand Tour by following a honey-bee, probably everyone will guess that he was young and trustful also. Mr. Ver Beck is one of those happy beings so blessed by Fate that he can illustrate his own stories, or write to his own illustrations. The result is that the story of Teddy's wanderings is a record, by picture and word, entirely satisfactory. The slyness and the punishment of Mr. Fox (the first person Teddy met after he lost the honey-bee); the passive assistance of the scarecrow; the meeting with Mr. Coon; the sorrow and deliverance of Mr. Rabbit; the question of the owl; and the final discovery and accomplishment of the way back to Bruintown, are revealed, page by page in this daintily produced little volume. All children love teddy bears, and undoubtedly all children will rejoice over the real biography of this Teddy Bear. It is a valuable addition to the Bruin Library, and will solve the difficulty of a Christmas present for any child who has not already seen and demanded it.

SPIDER AND HIS FRIENDS.

By S. H. HAMER. 2s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Children will be delighted with Mr. S. H. Hamer's book, "Spider and His Friends." There are four stories in all, but the story of Spider, a little dog, and how he and some of his animal friends are wrecked on a desert island, is by far the longest of the four. The adventures of the domesticated animals and fowl among the wild animals and birds of the island will keep children enthralled. The idea in itself is so novel, and the story is written in a style that will appeal to all youngsters—for there are fortunately very few boys and girls who do not love animals and are not interested in their doings. The other stories, "The Four Glass Balls," "The Old Stone Cross," and "The Youngest of the Three," will be found equally charming, and Mr. Harry Rountree's pictures—several of which are in colour—combine to make a story-book that is altogether attractive and one that strikes a note of originality.

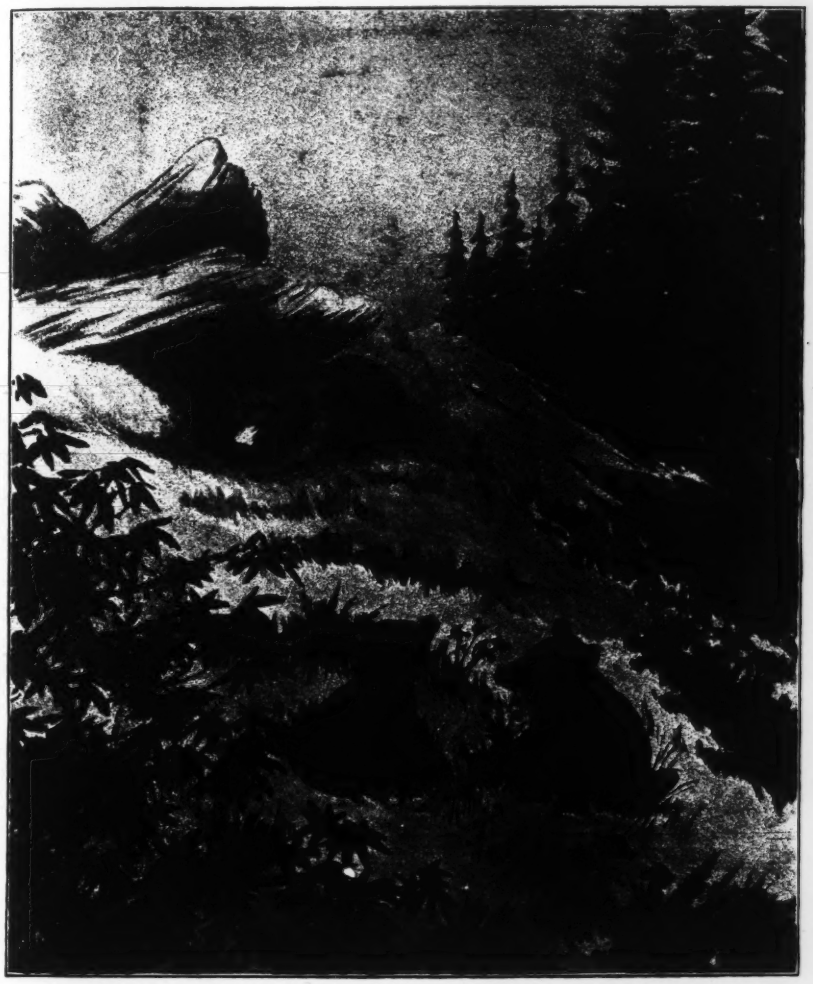
HERBERT STRANG'S ANNUAL.

6s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

This popular and ever-welcome annual for boys maintains its splendid standard in spite of the war, and is just as good this year as on any previous occasion. It is full of good things for boys of all ages, and the list of contributors is, in itself, uncommonly attractive. Captain Charles Gilson, Claude Graham-White and Harry Harper, Captain Desmond Coke, Leslie Beresford, Frank H. Mason, R.B.A., and many other prominent writers are among the authors, while such men as Cyrus Cuneo, C. E. Brock, N. Sotheby Pitcher, Montague Dawson, and others of equal fame and merit figure amongst the artists. The book is extensively illustrated, and as usual, stories and articles of every kind imaginable are to be found between the covers, and every taste and interest has been magnificently catered for. No Christmas gift could give more pleasure or profit to the average healthy-minded English lad than this excellent annual of Herbert Strang's.

From The Little Lost Bear (*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

THE POOR LITTLE BEAR BEGAN TO CRY.



From The Ibex of Shā-Ping, and other Himalayan Studies.

BLACK BEAR AND CUBS.

THE IBEX OF SHĀ-PING, AND OTHER HIMALAYAN STUDIES.

By LIEUT. L. B. RUNDALL. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

These mountain studies have a particular interest attached to them, for the author, who has illustrated the book himself both in line and colour, was killed in action on December 19th, 1914. He has captured in the sketches the majestic grandeur of the Himalayas, and his book is one to take up at the end of a weary day; for there is something restful about it, and the reader is carried "out across the seas, over the parched sand, across the arid plains of India, and up into the everlasting snows where the chill night winds are sighing." As Lieutenant Rundall has infused the atmosphere of lonely places into his writing, so, too, in his pictures there is a subtle vastness which makes them very striking indeed. It is a handsome volume, and the reader will grow to love and to yearn for the mountains and the wild mountain life—because the author himself loved them, knew their magic, and heard the music of their wondrous silence.

PIERROT, DOG OF BELGIUM.

By WALTER A. DYER. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

The adventures of a Belgian dog in peace and in war, told sympathetically and with genuine pathos, make excellent reading, and "Pierrot, Dog of Belgium," is likely to be a very popular book this Christmas. The more so because although he takes his part in the fighting, like a good soldier, and gets wounded and goes hungry and miserable, everything ends happily and he finds his own people at last, after countless adventures—the people who love him and who will nurse him back to health again. It is a book both children and grown-ups will enjoy reading, and gives a vivid idea of the home-life of the Belgian peasants before the tragic days of the war, and of the sorrow and suffering that swept suddenly over the country. Topical and well written, there is a tender charm about the book that will appeal to all hearts, and inspire the reader with an even deeper pity and greater admiration for the gallant little Belgians.

THE WONDERS OF ANIMAL LIFE

By W. S. BERRIDGE, F.Z.S. 6s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

A fascinating book by Mr. W. S. Berridge, on "The Wonders of Animal Life," is illustrated by excellent photographs taken by the author. It is a book that even those who profess nothing more than a casual interest in animals will find arresting in its appeal to their curiosity; for Mr. Berridge certainly knows how to make his readers want to learn still more about the wonderful creatures he writes of. To animal-lovers the book will prove absorbing in its revelation of the curious and little known characteristics of some of the inhabitants of the animal kingdom. It makes delightful reading throughout, and whether it is the chapter on "Nature's Peter Pan," or "The Courtship of Birds," or "Fish that Walk, Fly, and Live out of Water," or "The Grotesque in Nature," or "Animal Worship and Superstition" the author has always something entertaining to tell us. The book deserves wide popularity.

From Wonders of Animal Life (*Simpkin, Marshall*).

THE WONDER BOOK.

Illustrated with 12 Coloured Plates and Hundreds of Other Pictures. Edited by HARRY GOSLING. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

This popular picture annual for boys and girls has become almost a national institution. It belongs to Christmas, and to many children Christmas would scarcely seem complete without it. The new volume is every whit as good in every way as the volumes of other and happier years. There is the usual excellent miscellany of stories of humour and adventure and verses of the dainty, or fantastic, or laughing kind that children love. And the pictures—even the editor seems to have given up trying to count them and is satisfied on his title page to put them down as hundreds—are not only a large miscellany but a most attractive one. It is rare to find a children's book in which that art and the literature are of such uniformly high quality.

THE HOLE IN THE WALL.

By MAY BRYON. Illustrated by ERNEST ARIS. 1s. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

A story for very little people is "The Hole in the Wall." It tells about all the wee folk who lived there—about Mouseykin Grey and his mother and brother and sisters, and of the adventures he had, and how he got married and was nearly killed ever so many times, but always managed to escape. It is full of the sort of fun children appreciate, and there are several full-page coloured pictures, and a host of illustrations in the text. It would give any small girl or boy an infinite amount of pleasure to have such a pretty little picture book that has been written specially for them, and one which they themselves can easily read.

From **Wonder Stories** (*Duckworth*).

WONDER STORIES.

By BALDWIN S. HARVEY. (Duckworth.)

These "Wonder Stories" are the most delightfully refreshing stories imaginable, and have a distinct Lewis Carroll touch about them, without resembling in the least anything Lewis Carroll wrote. Mr. Harvey is not afraid of dealing with magic, and under his pen the unlikeliest things seem not merely possible but very probable indeed. In the story of the "Magic Dragon" he explains that all sorts of wonderful creatures reside in the centre of the earth, and he describes how one of them comes to the surface and takes a little boy on an amazing journey. The second tale: "Gervas and the Magic Castle" is equally fascinating, and "Sago and the Hobgoblin," and "The Princess Ultima," both shorter tales, possess in common with the longer ones a strong note of originality and are in every way as enchanting as they. The humour is delicious throughout, and the verse scattered here and there through the book decidedly amusing. Mr. Harry Rountree's illustrations are, of course, masterpieces, and his beautiful colour effects leave nothing to be desired. Anyone who can read and enjoy "Alice in Wonderland" will certainly be charmed with the "Wonder Stories."

From **The Hole in the Wall** (*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

IT WAS A HOLE WITH A NEST IN IT.

THE ROSEBUD ANNUAL.

Pictorial Boards, 3s.; Cloth, 4s. (Clark).

This year again the "Rosebud Annual" is a delightful production, and will bring joy to the heart of every child who is fortunate enough to be given a copy. It is, as usual, full of pretty little stories, and amusing pieces of verse, mainly about animals and birds, and there are two hundred illustrations, many full-page and some attractively coloured Everything a child likes has been provided—though, indeed, to say that it is in every way as good a volume as it ever has been in previous years is in itself sufficient praise and recommendation. It is quite one of the best presents to give a little girl or boy, and will afford them countless hours of enjoyment.

PARABLES FROM NATURE.

By MARGARET GATTY. With Illustrations by ALICE B. WOODWARD. 3s. 6d. net. (Bell & Sons.)

There are certain books which should be in every library, nursery or adult, and one of these books is "Parables from Nature." Every child who is old enough to have stories told to it will love to hear Mrs. Gatty's little tales of birds and animals and flowers and children. The grown-ups love the same tales because they are already old friends, and because of the simple, beautiful style of their telling. This edition of the "Parables" is a most desirable volume to possess; it is handsome, tasteful, and generously illustrated. Miss Woodward has evidently found herself quite in sympathy with her subjects; and her frontispiece, illustrating what is, perhaps, the best known of all the "Parables"—"A Lesson of Faith"—gives the keynote to the whole; it is original, natural, simple, and, without violating the limitations of bird and insect life, gives just the right suggestion of thought and speech in that life. As a gift-book for children, this collection of stories is perennially suitable, for not only does it captivate the child-mind by its intimacy with the animal and vegetable world, but, the nature lessons being always accurate, they inform without tears, so to speak; and the happy child learns scientific facts while drinking in romance.

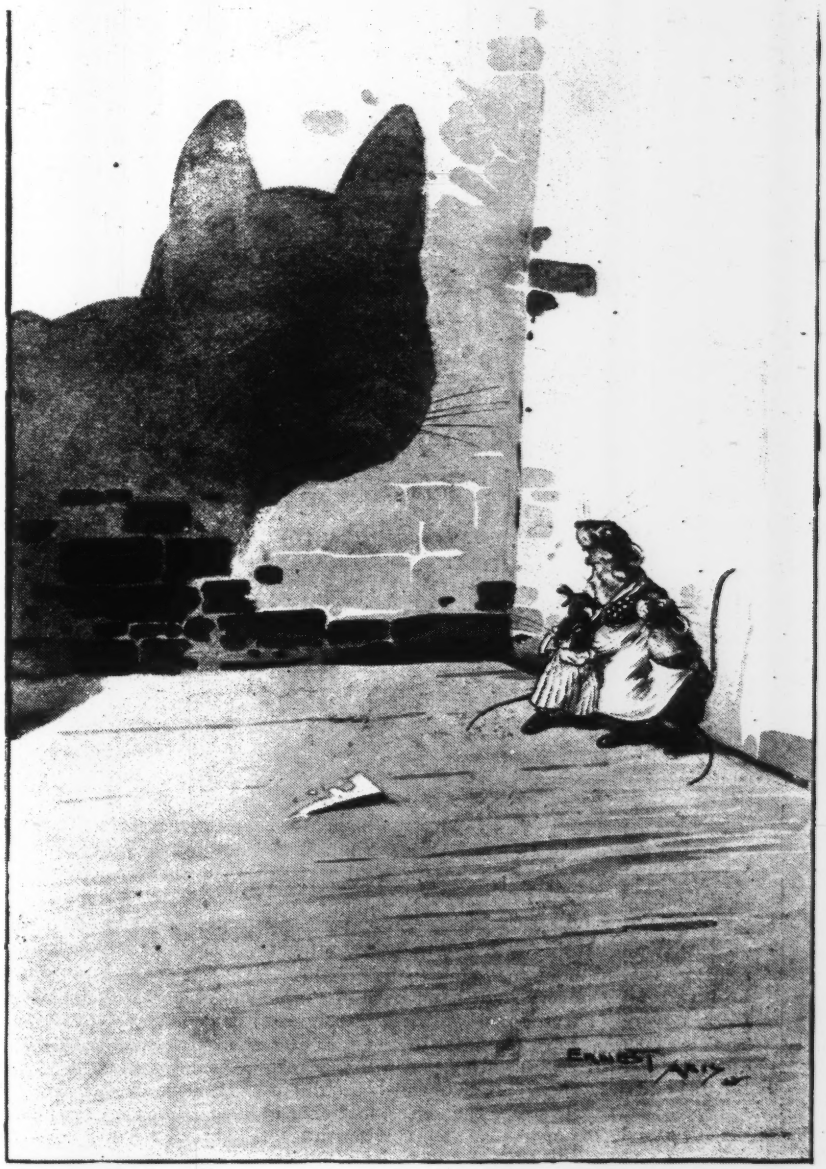
HOME-MADE TOYS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

By A. NEELY HALL. With over 300 Illustrations, etc., by THE AUTHOR and NORMAN P. HALL. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Neely Hall prefaces his book with the words: "Constructive ideas expel destructive ideas from the juvenile mind." A most hopeful statement in itself; and with this toy-making book in one's hands, a comfort and encouragement to all who have had to grapple with the juvenile mind in its wakeful moments. Dr. Isaac Watts, a couple of centuries earlier, realised something of the same truth. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," he wrote. And we feel sure he would have welcomed Mr. Hall's volume to help his juvenile friends to emulate the busy bees. There are one-and-twenty chapters in the book, and the glorious things that may be made by following the instructions given in them, range from a paper windmill to a toy motor-boat, from a kite to a model aeroplane. Here are joys to be obtained without money, made from what the author terms "pick-up materials," and joys to be obtained by the saving of pocket-money. Doll's furniture may be made from cigar-boxes; carts and carriages may be made from cardboard; a doll's house from a packing-case. Then there are clockwork toys, and electrical toys, and mechanical toys. And the numerous drawings and illustrations save the toymaker from failure. It is a fascinating book for boy or girl.

From Parables from Nature (*Bell*).

EIGHT DARLINGS MUST COME OUT OF THEIR NEST.



From The Wonder Book (*Ward, Lock*).

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

OTTOMAN WONDER TALES.

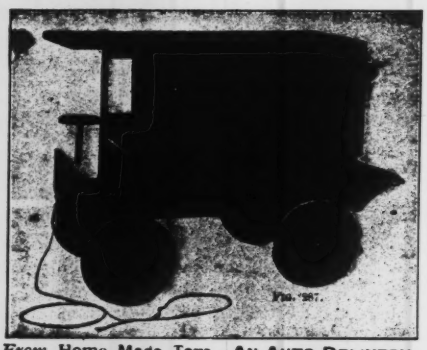
Translated and Edited by LUCY M. GARNETT. Illustrated by CHAS. FOLKARD. 6s. (Black.)

Miss Garnett has already edited a volume of Greek Wonder Tales, to which this is a good stable companion. The term "Ottoman" is used to cover not merely the Mohammedan subjects of the Turkish Sultan, but

From Ottoman Wonder Tales (*Black*).

OUR HERO MOUNTED WITH HER ON THE FALCON'S BACK, AND DESCENDED FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

all the other races and creeds that make up the Ottoman Empire. The Osmanlis, or Turkish proper, have a very rich and varied stock of tales, largely concerned with legends of Mohammed and the saints of Islam, with the magical exploits of David and Solomon, with Djinns, Peris and the like superhuman creatures, guarding treasures and playing pranks, rewarding virtue, punishing the wicked. Kurds and Albanians have their own tales, and the fourteen chosen by Miss Garnett may be taken as representative. Kings, and the beautiful daughters of kings, who marry bathboys or younger sons—the fools of their family who become heroes and Viziers—Djinns like our Giants or Ogres who steal children or treasures or princesses, and live mainly to be outwitted and slain by gallant youngest sons. Wicked princesses who envy their beautiful sister, but whose persecution ends only in discomfiture for themselves and triumph for the hated one. All these are familiar, and indeed their adventures run upon familiar lines. So much so, that we could wish that Miss Garnett had annotated the book just a little, given us a hint of the story's origin, whether true Turk or Kurd or from another quarter, and possibly a word of comparison with Northern fairy tales, though that would open up too wide a field for expatiation. For some details are more Northern than Oriental, and the intermingling and interchange of folk tales has gone on from the beginning of time. Mr. Folkard's twelve coloured illustrations are very dainty and sweet, and suggest the jewelled illumination of the old Persian manuscripts.



From Home Made Toys for Girls and Boys (*Werner Laurie*).

AN AUTO DELIVERY-WAGON, BUILT OF CIGAR BOXES.

From A Fairy Council (*The Woodlands Press*).

A CHILD'S DAY.

Verses by WALTER DE LA MARE.
Pictures by CARINE and WILL CADBY.
2s. net. (Constable.)

This is a very welcome reissue of a book in which Mr. de la Mare's charmingly simple and simply charming verses combine with the photographer's art to tell the story of a day in a child's life from getting-up time to the hour for going to bed again. There is a photograph on every right-hand page of the volume, and the little model who posed for these photographs is as dainty and delightfully childlike in them as the child of Mr. de la Mare's verses. The photographers have been more faithful to their text than artists usually are; their pictures accurately illustrate the verses, and this in such a book is of the first importance, for children are quick to notice any error in this respect and to be disillusioned by it. This is really a children's book, and children will love it.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.

By LEWIS CARROLL. Illustrated in Colour by A. E. JACKSON. 7s. 6d net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is one of the most difficult of things for an artist to illustrate "Alice in Wonderland" successfully. He has got to run the gauntlet of those myriad critics who have grown up in the Tenniel tradition and are firmly prejudiced in favour of Tenniel as the ideal and only possible illustrator of this delightful nursery classic. The present reviewer is one of those biased many, and yet in spite of a natural predilection for the earlier drawings, that have the added charm of old association, he is reduced to the necessity of fairly admitting that Mr. A. E. Jackson has achieved the almost impossible in this new and beautiful edition of Lewis Carroll's masterpiece. He will not supersede Tenniel—nobody can do that, or wants to—but he gives us a fresh interpretation of the scenes and people of the story that many young readers will prefer to the older one. For his Alice is undeniably a sweeter and more winsome little person than Tenniel's quaint youngster, and perhaps the humour and fantasy and grotesqueness of the pictures even gain something by contrast with the attractive, very human little girl on whom they centre. It is enough, anyhow, that this is a beautiful and wholly desirable new edition of "Alice," and will give delight to any child who gets it among his or her Christmas giftbooks.

From Alice's Adventures in Wonderland (*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*). "IT'S A VERY GOOD HEIGHT INDEED!" SAID THE CATERPILLAR, ANGRILY.

THE STARS AND THEIR MYSTERIES.

By CHARLES R. GIBSON, F.R.S.E. With Illustrations and Diagrams. 3s. 6d. (Seeley, Service.)

Probably during this past year more children have been asking pertinaciously searching questions about the sky and the stars, and more parents have been failing to answer them, than at any previous time within the memory of man. Our eyes and our thoughts now so naturally turn skywards, it is not to be wondered at that everyone wants

From The Stars and their Mysteries (*Seeley, Service*). A COMET.

to know something about astronomy, and know it quickly and easily. For each and all, except the astronomical experts, Mr. Gibson's new book about the stars will come as a help and guide. It is written in clear and simple language to suit the young, but it tells the big facts that we all want to know, and tells them without any foolish "embroidery" to catch the fancy of the children. Mr. Gibson is too genuine a scientist to descend to exaggeration; and his subject is quite alluring enough in itself,

From A Child's Day (*Constable*). BUT THIS LITTLE MORSEL OF MORSELS HERE— JUST WHAT IT IS IS NOT QUITE CLEAR.

From The Boy Electrician
(*Duckworth*).

A Boy's Wireless Apparatus made up of the Apparatus described in Chapter XIX.

The Junior Dynamo and a Coherer Outfit can be seen on the lower part of the table.

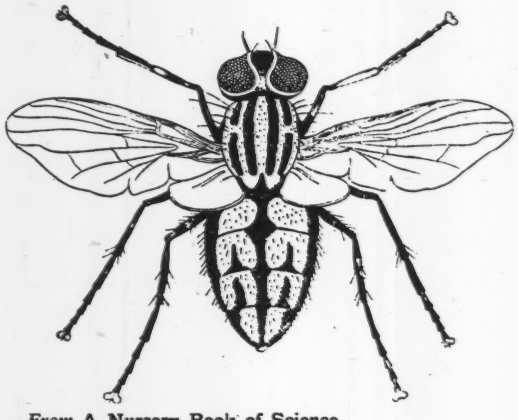
it needs no over-elaboration. Intensely interesting are the chapters about the moon, about the planet Mars, about meteors, comets, and the telescopes that bring them all to our eyes, and, perhaps chiefly, the pages that tell us about the wonders of the sun. Undoubtedly this is the book for the Zeppelin season; it is as interesting as a story-book, and is warranted to set right those sky-gazers who have mistaken the Pleiades for an enemy airship.

THE BOY ELECTRICIAN.

By Alfred P. Morgan. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

This is a really excellent *boy's* book. All boys are interested in science and invention, a world of marvels tempting the strong exploring instinct. And above all things a boy wants to do and see for himself. Mr. Morgan aptly quotes a boy who was given an elaborate railway system, engines, carriages, railway circuit-switches, points, signals, all complete. The train ran automatically, propelled by tiny electric motors, the signals went up and down, the station was reached, a bell rang, and off went the train again to complete its journey. And the boy first looked on with delight, and then his face clouded, and he cried out, "But what do *I* do?"

Mr. Morgan's book takes this feeling as his starting point. A boy wants to make, to create, to do with his own omnipotent hands. And so Mr. Morgan's book not merely explains the principles of electricity on which motors, batteries, telephones, and telegraphs depend, but he shows how they are to be made, and with materials and tools that are at any boy's command. The joy of making a cylinder electrical machine is one of the present reviewer's most vivid memories. Mr. Morgan's directions are precisely the method he adopted, and if he would offer any criticism on the book, it is that at eight years of age he found it took a durn sight more than an hour to drill the necessary hole through the bottom of a largest size sweetmeat bottle, brought in triumph from a small sweet shop—the tendered help of a sympathetic father having been refused, and tactfully not re-offered. Mr. Morgan teaches his subject well, from compass needle to dynamos, and his book is a fascinating gift for any boy with an electrical curiosity, a little pocket-money, and controllable hands.



From A Nursery Book of Science
(*Jack*).

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.

Illustrated. 5s. (Headley Bros.)

We are glad that the war, which threatened at one time to deprive us of all German music—as if great art was purely a local affair—has not eliminated "Grimm's Fairy Tales" from the nursery bookshelf. This new edition includes a selection of thirty-six of the more familiar tales. Here we have Hansel and Gretel and the Twelve Brothers, and Little Snow-white, and the Tale of the Singing Bone. We have always believed that Grimm was a much bigger favourite with children than Hans Andersen—that Andersen was rather something that the parents pressed upon children, just as they tried to make them read "Eric, or Little by Little," in preference to the gorgeous old-fashioned penny dreadful. At any rate, in this edition the children will find everything that is best in the tales, which have been newly translated by Ernest Beeson. The six colour drawings by George Soper are delightful, and the pages of the book are further enhanced by some three dozen charming line drawings by the same artist.

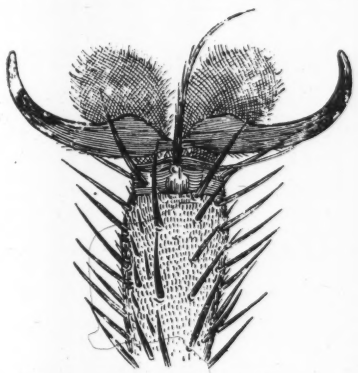
From Grimm's Fairy Tales
(*Headley*).

In an instant it was burdened with goods far better than anything the host had been able to procure.

FAVOURITE NURSERY TALES, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOK, RED RIDING HOOD, ETC.

(Petty & Sons.) 1d. each.

Messrs. Petty are publishing a series of toy books at a remarkably low price. The price is lower, and the quality better than anything else of this kind on the market. They include, as well as the above, "Favourite A.B.C.," "Cinderella," and "Nursery Rhymes," and all have coloured pictures in them and will prove most attractive in the nursery. Messrs. Petty are told that their toy books are more popular among children than are those of the German make, and they are certainly quite different to, and a great improvement on, the old foreign books that used to control the markets. This enterprising firm is to be congratulated on their venture. There can be little doubt that their enterprise will meet with universal success.



HEAD OF A FLY (ENLARGED).
From A Nursery Book of Science
(*Jack*).

From The Wonder Book
(*Ward, Lock*).

"MRS. JUMBO."

OUR DARLINGS.

2s. 6d. net. (Shaw & Co.).

The very title of "Our Darlings" is, in the opinion of the average child, sufficient to recommend it. It has already won a vast number of admiring readers, who declare that every year it seems to get nicer and nicer. Undoubtedly it is a fine annual, and there is small wonder if a multitude of boys and girls clamour to be given a copy for a Christmas present in preference to any other book or toy. There are stories to suit every fancy, a profusion of illustrations, and a quantity of pleasant verse. Mrs. George Corbett's serial, "Little Miss Robinson Crusoe," gives this year's bound volume a particular attraction, while Miss Norma Saxon's "Hobbies for Girls" and "Stories of Brave Deeds from Britain's Roll of Honour," by R. Power Berry, will be found remarkably interesting and of exceptional quality. It is impossible to mention here all the allurements of the contents; but they are just as good as usual, which is, of course, very good indeed.

From Our Darlings
(*Shaw*).

"THE SUNSET LAND"

From Granny's Workbox
(*The Woodlands Press*).

DWARFS ENTERTAINING BABIES.

THE TINY FOLKS' ANNUAL.

Edited by Mrs. HERBERT STRANG. 2s. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mrs. Herbert Strang's Annual for Tiny Folks is a charming volume and one that very little boys and girls will be simply delighted with. It contains several simply-worded tales, a quantity of verse, and a host of pictures—dainty black-and-white drawings and many coloured plates as well. The smallest members of the family will be proud to possess such a beautiful book all to themselves, and they will find plenty in it to keep them good and quiet and happy for hours. It is to be hoped Santa Claus will get in a liberal supply of "The Tiny Folks' Annual" this year, so that very few tiny folks just learning to read or just going to begin to learn, will be without a copy on Christmas morning. It is certain that no gift could better please any one of them.

MRS. STRANG'S ANNUAL FOR CHILDREN.

(Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.) 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net.

What would Christmas be to many little dwellers in the nursery without Mrs. Herbert Strang's Annual? This year it is as full of fun and frolic as ever, with a budget of stories and charming verses by writers who know just the kind of thing that children like and are amused by; and a host of lovely pictures, many of them coloured, and all guaranteed to bring joy to the heart of every small boy or girl who peeps between the covers. And what small boy or girl who got the chance could resist doing that? This fascinating book fully deserves the reputation it has won of being one of the best and most popular annuals published for children.

IN KHAKI FOR THE KING.

By ESCOTT LYNN. With 6 Coloured Illustrations by NORMAN AULT. 5s. (W. & R. Chambers.)

This story for boys will act as a stirring recruiting appeal to those whose turn has not yet come to fight for their country's honour. The setting of the story is not fiction, but fact, and the adventures of the two youths who are the chief characters are adventures that are happening constantly in Belgium and France. Oliver Hastings, son of a former Military Attaché in Berlin, knew Germany well, had several friends in that country, and happened to be in Frankfort when war broke out between Austria and Serbia. A quarrel with a German officer in a public garden led to a hasty and risky escape from the land of the Hun; and in company with an old schoolfellow, met with by chance, he reached the Belgian frontier after many hairbreadth escapes, and was able to carry important tidings to King Albert of the German soldiers' presence in the country before war was declared. Oliver and his friend Vivian are then given commissions in the Belgian army, and are among the first to taste the excitements of war. The rest of the story must be read for its own sake, and there is no doubt that it will be among the first favourites this Christmas. Boys like adventure books, and the biggest "adventure" ever known is taking place now; and this is a spirited and breathless account of some considerable part of it.

From Mrs. Strang's Annual
for Children
(*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

"WHAT'S TO BE DONE?"

THE PEEK-A-BOOS IN CAMP.

Drawn by CHLOE PRESTON. Told by MAY BYRON. 3s. 6d. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The Peek-a-Boos in Camp" is a most amusing story with many quaint pictures to illustrate it. Miss May Byron knows just the way to make children laugh, and the ridiculous Peek-a-Boos will cause endless merriment. Unable to enlist in the regular army, they form a battalion of their own, and joined by their young friends and relations, they have all manner of comical adventures. It is just the funniest book imaginable, the best thing of its kind, and children will certainly want more "Peek-a-Boo" books when they have read this one.

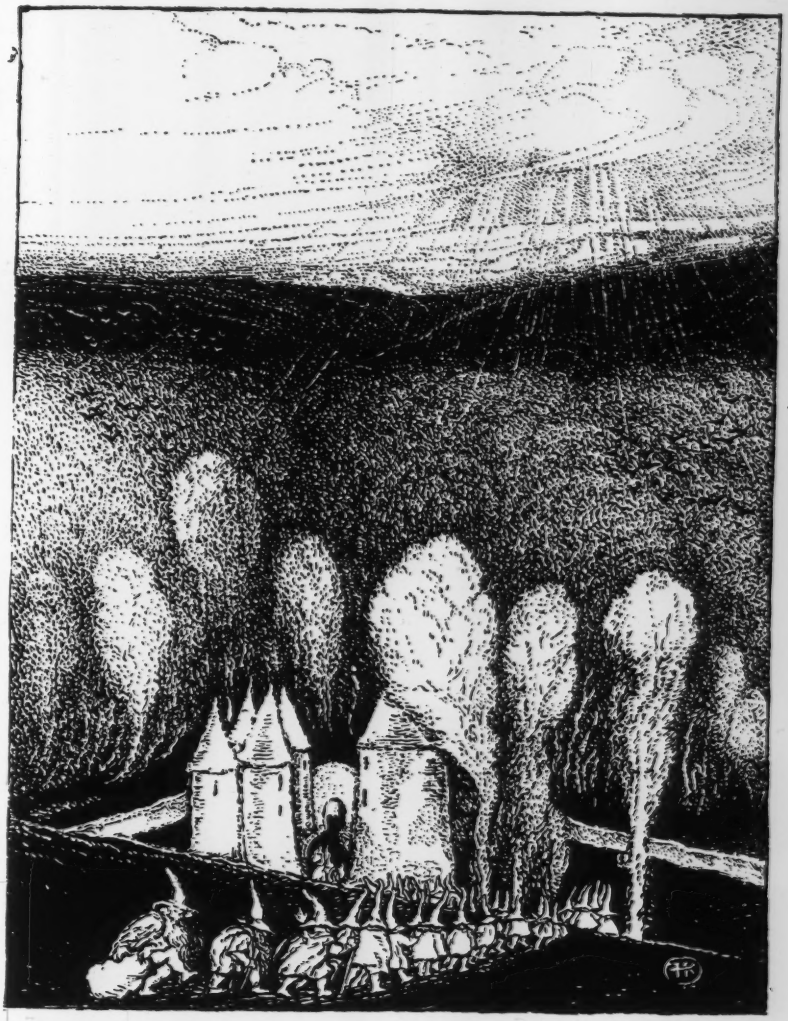
THE ROMANCE OF THE SPANISH MAIN.

By NORMAN J. DAVIDSON. With Illustrations. 5s. (Seeley, Service.)

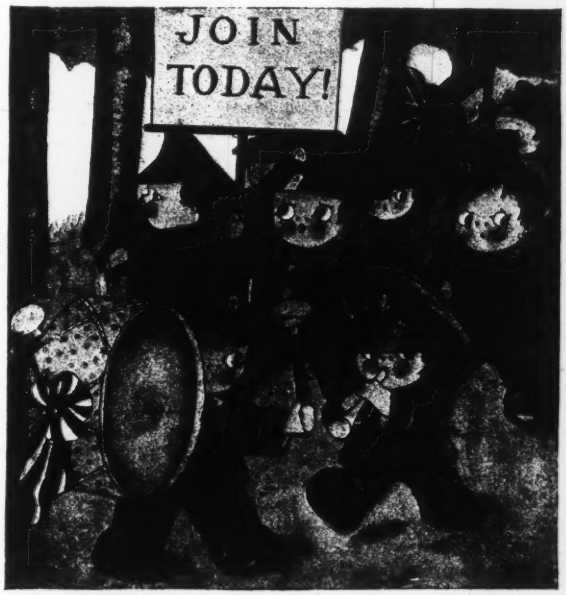
The title of this volume is not free from a suspicion of tautology. For to every boy, at least, "Romance" and "The Spanish Main" are synonymous terms. But few boys, whether old or young, could offer a very exact definition of what they understand by the words "The Spanish Main." They have a vague idea of pirates in constant quest of pieces-of-eight; picturesque ruffians who flew the Jolly Roger and had an awkward habit of mutinying against superior officers, whom they made to walk the plank. Mr. Davidson's volume corrects these vague impressions, and gives us a careful account of the evolution of the buccaneer, from the Indian hunter who ate *viande boucanée, i.e.*, meat cured and smoked in a hut or *boucan* for that purpose, down to such descendants as those seamen of fortune, Hawkins and Drake, or immortal ruffians like Morgan or Teach. The glamour of these names is irresistible. Grown-up boys, such as Stevenson and Henley, attest it. In countless generations of boys, to whom poetry was a thing of ridicule, the mere words, "The Spanish Main," have quickened a dormant imagination, and have given them, at least, a fleeting glance:

> "From magic casements opening on its foam,
> Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn."

This volume is an excellent addition to a series of recognised excellence. It is a wonder that "The Spanish Main" had to wait so long for inclusion in "The Library of Romance." Every boy of normal instincts will recognise that Mr. Davidson has filled a notable gap in official school histories.



From **Granny's Workbox**
(*The Woodlands Press*).



From **The Peek-a-Boos in Camp**
(*Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

FOR BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

By ESCOTT LYNN. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

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has been written around the stirring experiences of those who supported the cause of the prince, and Mr. Lynn's name on the cover is in itself sufficient assurance that the book is in every way the sort of gift boys and girls will thoroughly appreciate.

BIBLIOTHÈQUE POUR LA JEUNESSE.

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Robinson Crusoé. Par DANIEL DEFOE.
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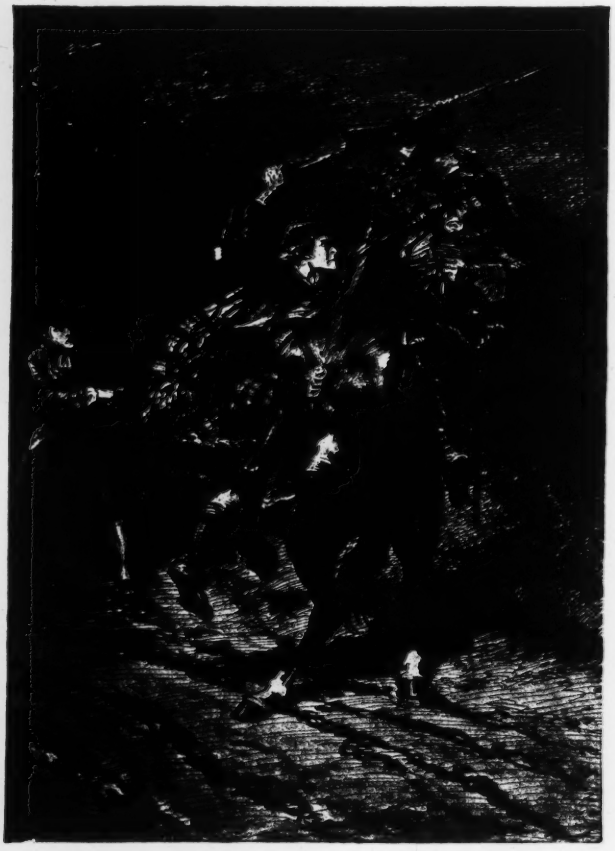
These are indeed most attractive volumes in their white cloth binding, white paper and clear, if not too black, type. It will be very interesting to discover if the series



From For Bonnie Prince Charlie (*Cassells*).

THE HIGHLANDER WITH ONE WILD SPRING WAS UPON HIM.

will appeal to *la jeunesse* of France. These two with which the series opens being offered by the present reviewer to a French girl were accepted graciously. "Robinson Crusoe" was laid aside as an old friend, familiar since she was eight years old. "The Black Arrow" was new, and she seized upon it and was presently engrossed in it. After half-an-hour, she declared more or less that she liked it, but it was *un peu filandreux* (a bit tough), you had to chew it, it didn't run. At the end of an hour she liked it less hesitatingly, but found the writing *un peu enfantin*, rather childish, and meant for "twelve year old children." Well, perhaps the book has been "adapted" rather than translated, but even so—poor Stevenson. This particular critic revels in Anatole France, who has affinities with Stevenson; we may wonder if English translations of Anatole may not be like the French Robert Louis, *un peu filandreux*, even *un peu enfantin*!

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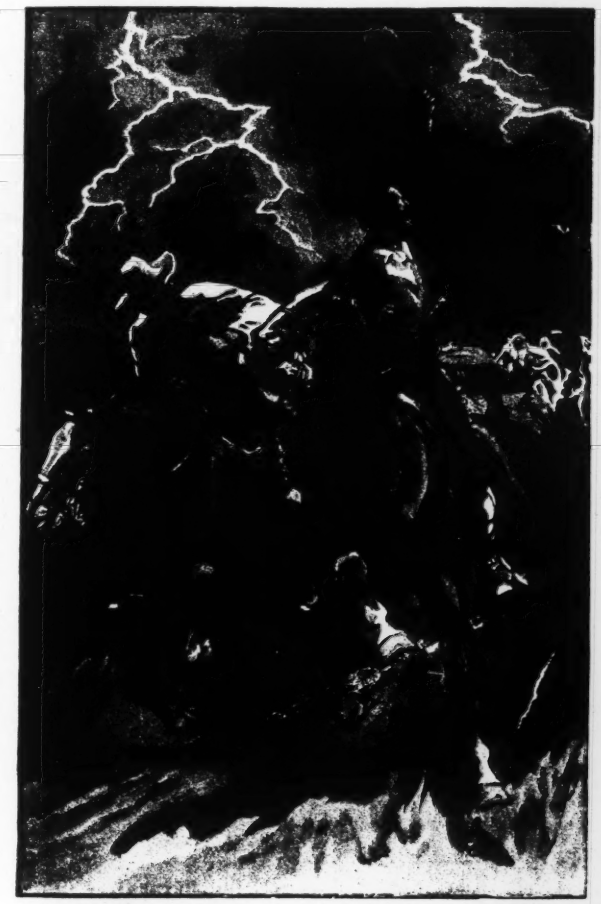

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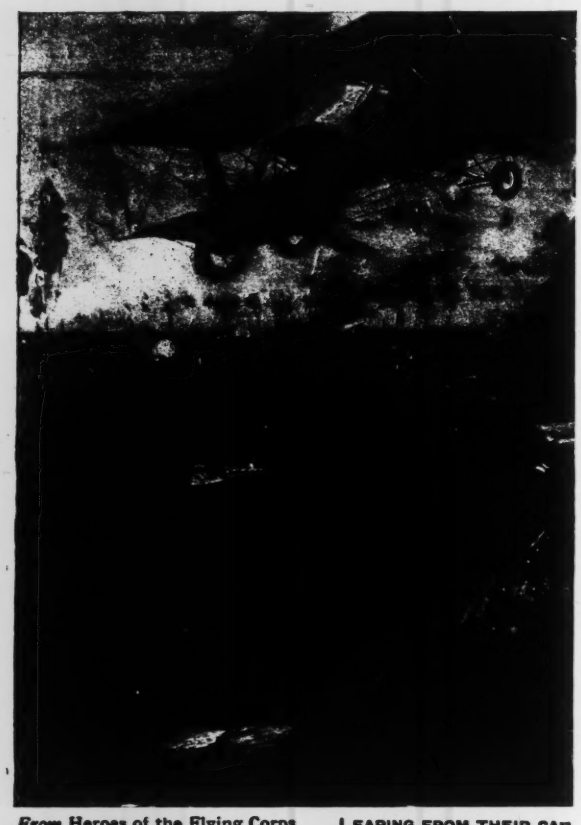

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mystery. We certainly see more aeroplanes these days than we used to and many of us have made acquaintance with Zeppelins, but still we know very little of these mysteries, for very little about them has yet been written. And here are two experts writing entertainingly of this very subject which is no mystery to them. The book tells all about the rival air fleets, of aerial scouting, of running the gauntlet of fire, and also about such subjects as the direction of artillery fire by aeroplanes, and the art of dropping bombs. There is further a very excellent chapter on the Zeppelin. The value of the book is enhanced by the six admirable coloured illustrations contributed by Mr. Cyrus Cuneo.

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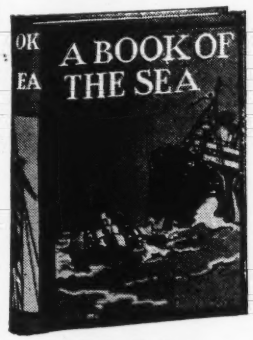

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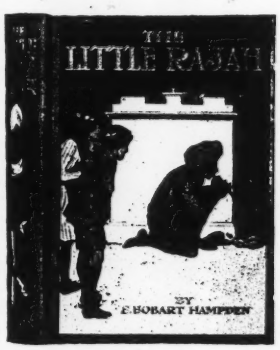

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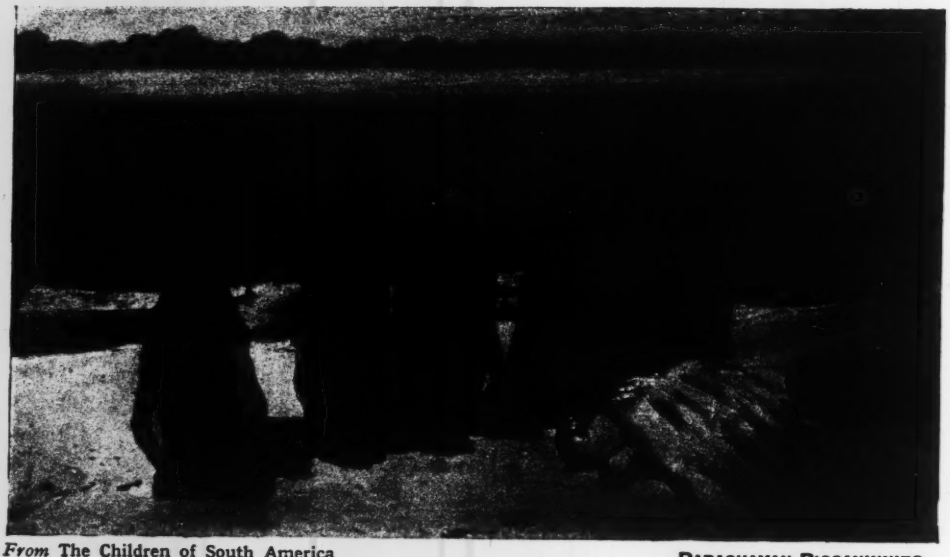

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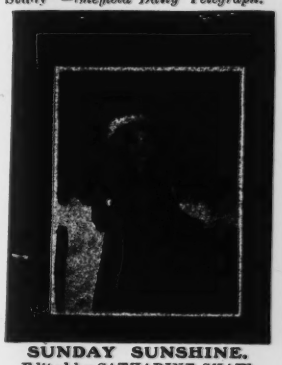

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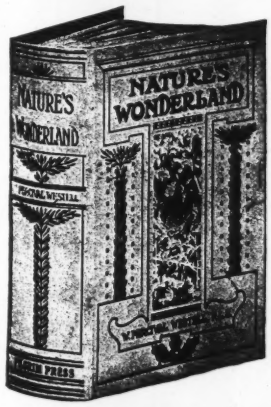

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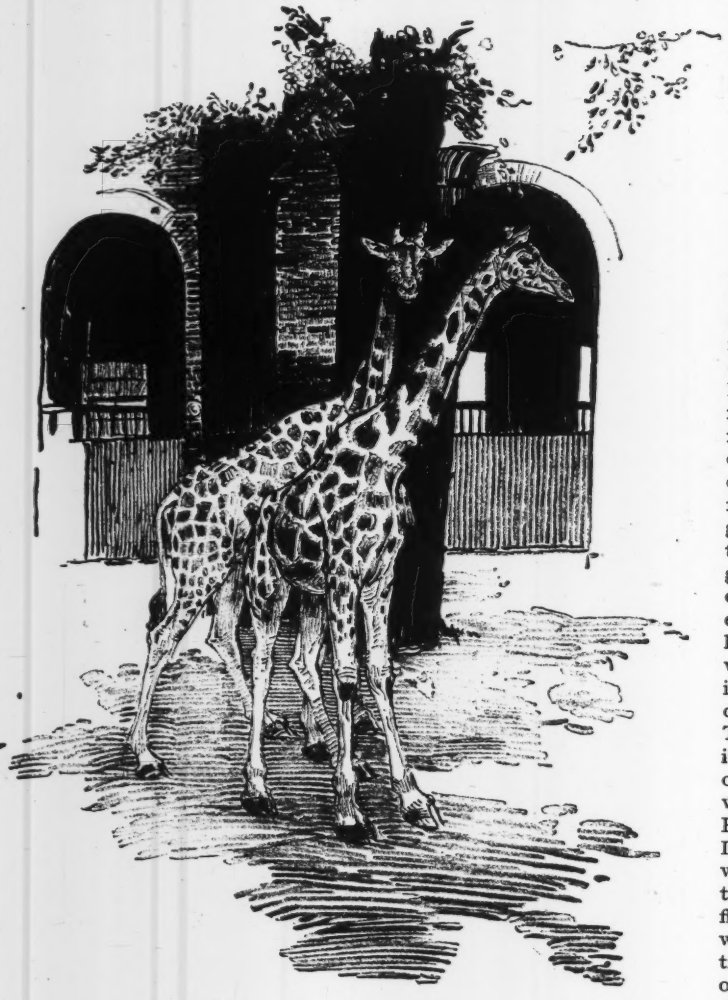

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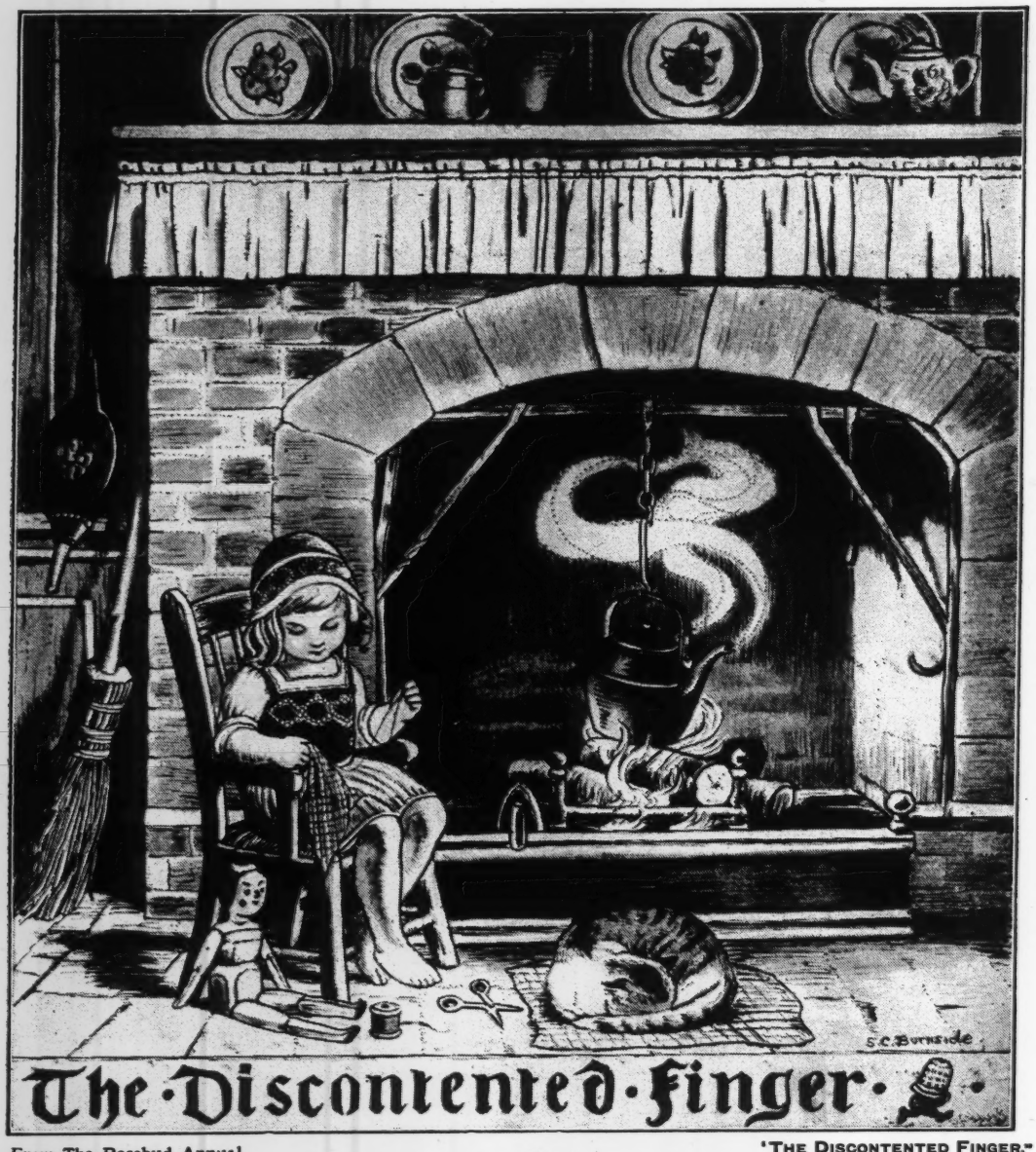

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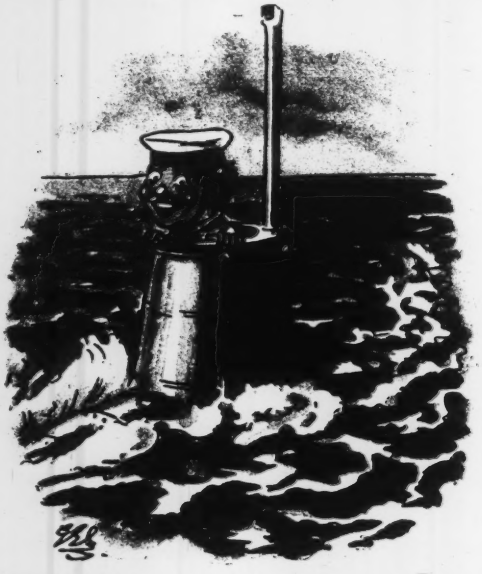

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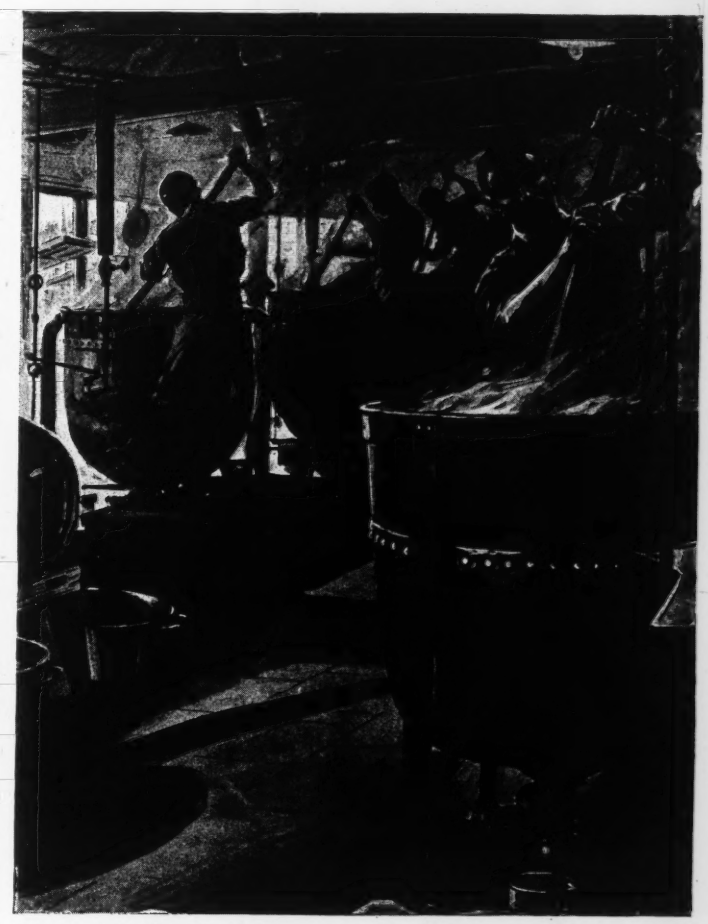

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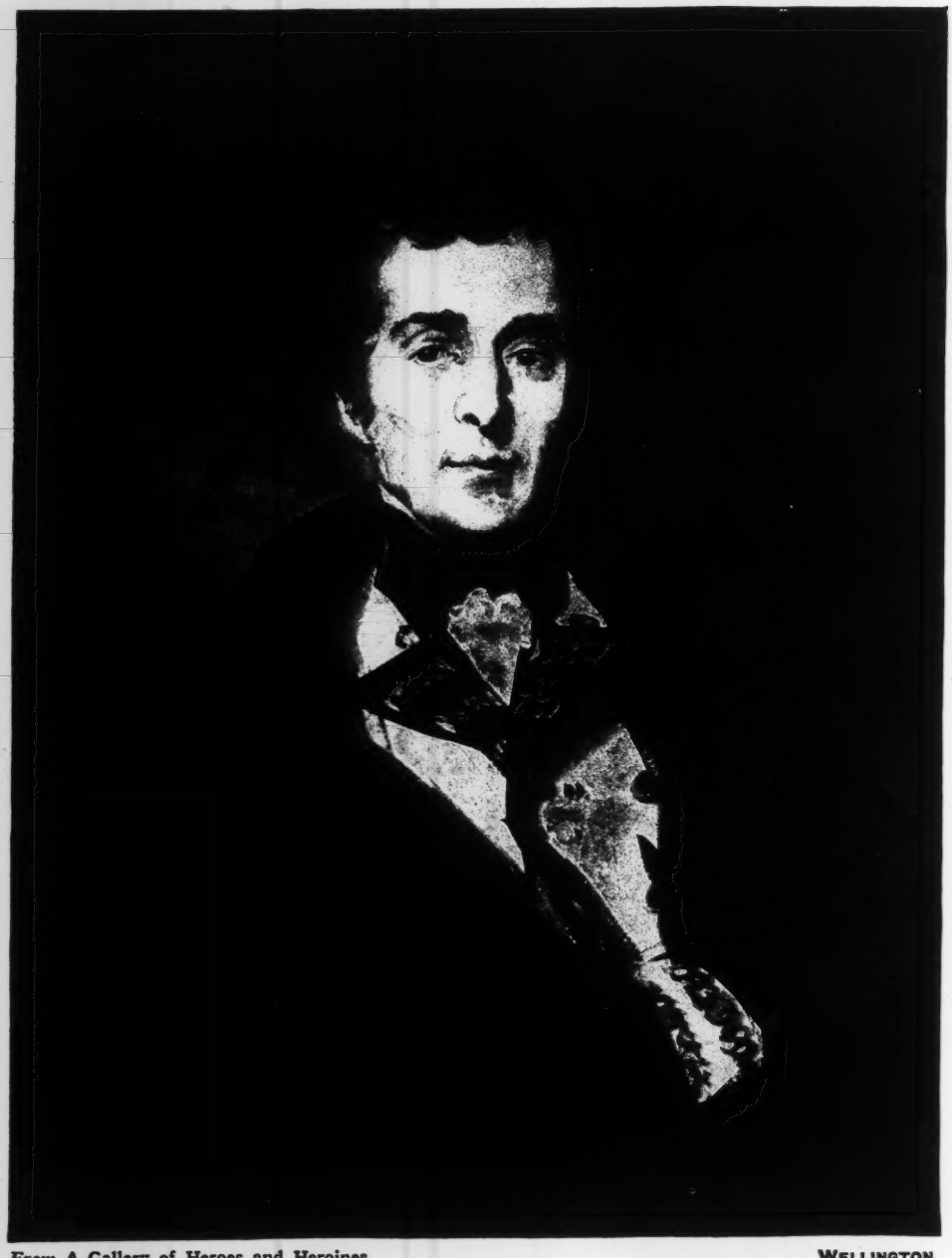

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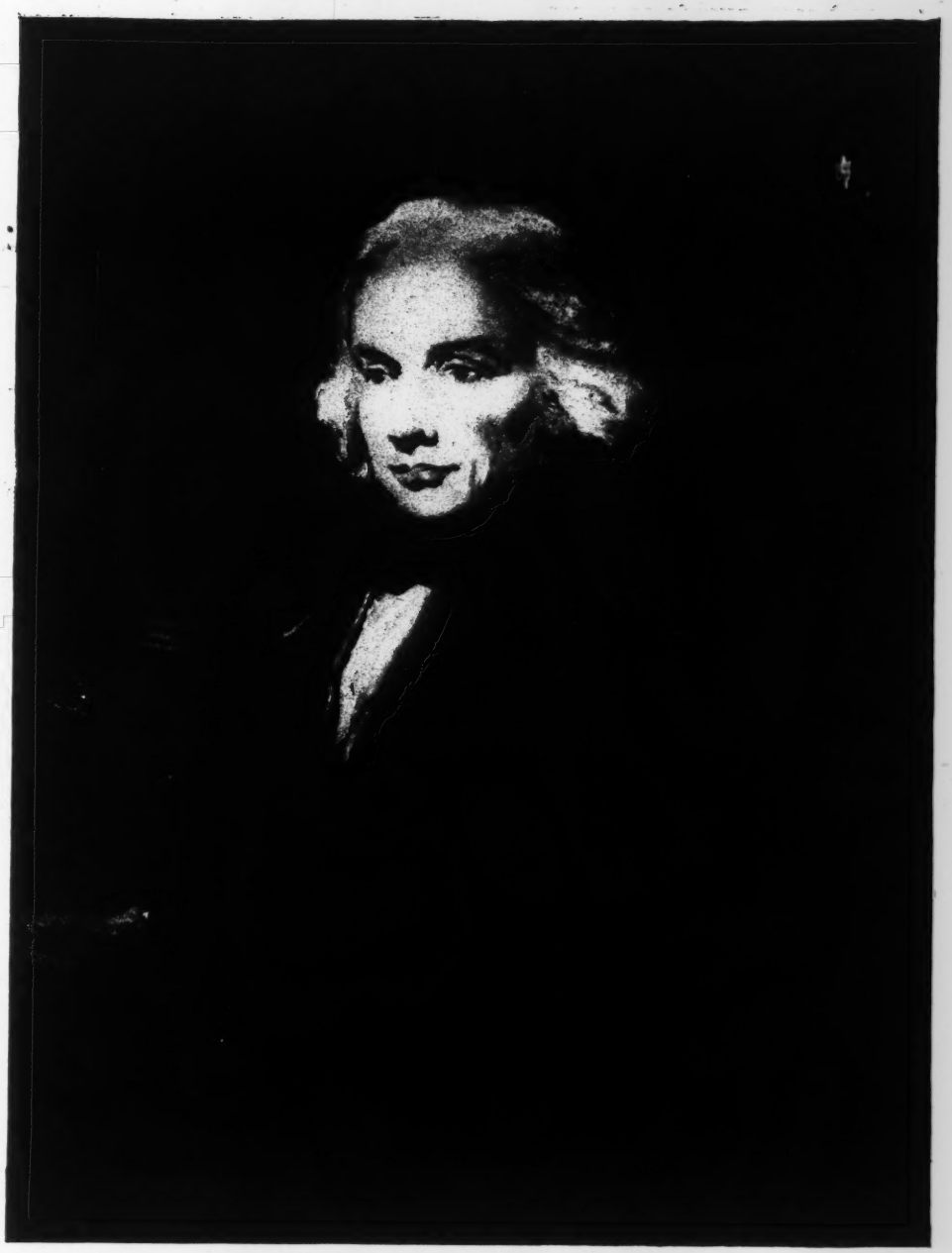
The scenes of E. E. Cowper's new romance for girls are set in the stormy days of the early part of the nineteenth century—when the Battle of Trafalgar was still nearly a year in the future. And it is in a veritable storm that the strange girl from the sea is as it were thrown upon the hospitality of the four Fane sisters and their aunt who live in an old house on the coast. The strange girl, who describes herself as English and gives herself the name of Mary Smith, stays on in the role of French governess with the Fanes, an object of the championship of some, and the suspicion of others. Another person saved from the wreck is a low bred Frenchman who disappears and reappears in most mysterious fashion, and plays his part in the pretty series of adventures which culminates in the disappearance of Georgina, the eldest of the Fane sisters, and the exciting search for her. That search is of course finally successful—for does not her wounded sailor lover take part in it?—and a healthy, cheerful romance is brought to a fitting close. The girls are all well individualised, the sharp-witted invalid Nancy being perhaps the one whom the reader accepts as the true centre of an attractive story which is a pleasant blending of sentiment and action.



From **A Gallery of Heroes and Heroines** (*Wells Gardner*). **Nelson.**

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SHE SAW A ROUND WHITE OBJECT.

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ON THEY WENT.

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XUM